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MEMOIR

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ELIZA P. GURNEY.

EDITED BY

RICHARD F. MOTT.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE following extracts from E. P. Gurney's extended correspondence are submitted in the belief that their intrinsic value will commend them to the approval of many who appreciate the records of a beautiful and consecrated life. In the pleasant task of selecting from the mass of letters and journals such parts as seemed especially worthy of preservation, the editor desires gratefully to acknowledge the valuable assistance of the relatives and friends of E. P. Gurney, to whom her papers were confided, and at whose request the work was undertaken. Omitting very much that might appear like eulogy, the aim has been to exhibit, as much as possible in her own words and those of her intimate friends, a true portrait of her rounded and symmetrical character. An expression of her friend, J. Bevan Braithwaite, in reference to Joseph John Gurney, seems equally applicable to her: "Letters from others to him, or about him, are likely to be especially valua-

ble. A Christian, such at least as he was, describing himself, necessarily dwells upon his infirmities; he mourns over his shortcomings, and seems hardly conscious of his attainments. Others looking on see the light."

The many allusions to seasons of affliction and bereavement which these letters contain, may give to the volume a sombre cast not fairly descriptive of the life which it is sought to represent,—a life which, both in Europe and America, was substantially a bright and happy one. E. P. Gurney was by nature and by grace well fitted to take her place in a circle of which one of its members writes Third mo. 15th, 1869, urging her return to England: "Though there has been much to try and humble us, thou wouldst not find the family overwhelmed. I think they have a wonderful power of looking at and enjoying present blessings, and rising above sorrow, however deeply it may wound."

It is hoped that this volume may recall more freshly to the memory of those who knew her, her work of faith, and labor of love, and patience of hope; and to some who knew her not, may present her as the Christian lady, the thorough and conscientious Friend, the gifted and faithful minister of the gospel. However she might have shrunk from the exposure of some of these papers, dealing with

subjects which seemed to her almost sacred, nothing would have been more grateful to her than the thought that the evidences of her devotion to her blessed Master should continue to extend in widening circles of influence for good after her departure. Diligent as she was in endeavoring to "sow beside all waters," we may trust that

> "Soon or late a time will come
> When witnesses that now are dumb
> With grateful eloquence shall tell
> From whom the seed thus scattered fell,"

and that the sower and the reapers may at last rejoice together in the harvest of the thirty-, the sixty-, or the hundred-fold.

BURLINGTON, N. J., First mo., 1884.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ELIZA P. GURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

Eliza Paul Kirkbride was the fifth daughter of Joseph and Mary Paul Kirkbride, of Philadelphia, and was born in that city Fourth mo. 6th, 1801.

But few memoranda remain of her early childhood. She attended Friends' Boarding-School at Westtown, Pennsylvania, about three years, from the age of eleven to fourteen. Two of her schoolmates at that time speak of her as being remarkably lovable, and a great favorite with all about her. Of quick perceptions and sanguine temperament, her disposition was characterized in early life by an impulsiveness almost approaching impatience. Her conclusions were rapidly formed, and stated with candor and frankness; a tendency which, under the subduing influence of Divine grace in later years, con-

tributed largely to her effective service in her field of labor. The free correspondence among the scholars, which was encouraged by the teachers, tended much to promote the ready expression of their feelings, and many of these early friendships continued through life.

After leaving Westtown, E. P. Kirkbride lived with her sister, Frances M. Shoemaker, in Philadelphia, to whose house she frequently refers as a most happy home.

The most complete record of this period is contained in the following journal, commenced at the Grove, near Norwich, England, in 1857, and concluded at West Hill, Burlington, N. J.:

"At the urgent request of my precious departed friend, H. C. Backhouse, I once penned a brief account of my early life, perhaps two hundred pages, but after it was done, I so shrank from the idea of its falling into the hands of a stranger or some indifferent person who would only criticise it, that I foolishly destroyed it, which I have often regretted since, as the history of my life, if faithfully written, would present as remarkable instances of the pardoning love and sparing mercies of our heavenly Father as have ever been exhibited in the journal of any individual. How often has He renewed the visitations of His

Holy Spirit, and how again and again have I rebelled against Him! So that truly, in taking a retrospective glance at my past life, while I am bound to acknowledge gratefully that unto the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, I am also constrained to confess that unto me belongs nothing but shame and confusion of face, for had He not followed me all my life with His preserving and forbearing love, where had I been? 'Kept by the power of God.' Then may I bless and praise His name forever.

"Among my earliest recollections is the death of my dearest mother, which occurred, I believe, in the year 1807, at which time I was only just six years old; yet I well remember being carried by the maid into a darkened room to see her dear remains, and also the feeling of childish sympathy which I had with my precious father, whose sad and altered countenance I fancy I can even now recall, after an interval of fifty years.

"I have also a most vivid recollection of his solemn footfall as he paced with measured steps his solitary chamber, and so strong was my affection for this honored parent, that I can truly say, even to the present time, my heart has ached at seasons in the remembrance of his sufferings at that awful hour. He was devotedly attached to my mother, and she

was taken from him, as it were in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I believe in her forty-second year, leaving him with seven motherless children, the eldest not yet eighteen years of age. He never fully recovered his spirits after this sore bereavement, though he survived her loss about eight years. My eldest sister took charge of the family; those who were old enough were sent to a boarding-school, my younger sister and myself remaining at home. In the course of a year or two, my sister Frances (who had now become a plain Friend) was married to Dr. Shoemaker, and my sister Julia came home from school to keep my father's house. I have a very pleasant impression of my childhood. It certainly was not a time of trial such as I have often heard this period of life described by others. My father was very indulgent, though firm in his treatment of us, and I remember always feeling it my pleasure as well as duty to obey him. To the best of my recollection, he never reproved me but once. When a very little girl, I had thrown myself on the floor in a pet, and was crying away tremendously, when he observed with perfect quietness, and yet somewhat upbraidingly, 'Don't be a booby.'

"I never shall forget the effect of this rebuke: it calmed me instantly; and naughty as I may have been when out of sight, I think my father never saw

me in a pet again. Bright is my recollection of my early home, a sunny, pleasant house on the green bank of the majestic Delaware, with a long grassy walk under fine dark, spreading cedars. The gardens and the orchards, too, I well remember, and the large cellars filled with rosy apples, nuts, sweet cider, and various other tempting articles, the fragrance of which I perfectly recall, even at this long distance of time. Well do I remember, too, the joy in the house on my sisters' return from boarding-school. Indeed, I think a brighter or a happier family party could not well be found. We had few associates in the neighborhood, but our friends and connections in the city were frequently with us, and I may truly say we were never lonely. My eldest sister was settled happily at Frankford, about two miles distant, and delightful it was to welcome her and her 'belongings' to the homestead,—a pleasure which we frequently enjoyed. How often have I watched and waited at the window, with the greatest eagerness, to see their carriage drive up to the door, and seized the first dear little niece with fear and trembling lest somebody should rob me of the treasure! With the exception of my maternal grandmother, my grandparents were deceased before my memory, perhaps before my birth, but well and vividly do I recall my aged grandmamma as she sat by her drawing-room

window with knitting in hand, the picture of peaceful content and quiet happiness. Vividly, too, do I recall the cupboard in which she kept all sorts of tempting things, and how the pulses of my heart were quickened when she unlocked its stores. I think I see her now, the dear old lady, looking so dignified and yet so sweet and kind, her house a perfect pattern of good order, neatness, and (my impression is) of simple elegance. She was in fact a model housekeeper; possessing but a moderate income, she lived in real comfort. My uncle, Joseph Paul, a widower, resided with her and her two single daughters, Sarah and Martha; the former a most sensible, superior person, but rather deaf and in a deep decline, which lasted several years. I well remember hearing of her peaceful close during my stay at boarding-school; and sincere was the sorrow I felt at the loss of this beloved and honored relative. In 1825 my uncle Paul was united in marriage to Hannah Lewis, a very valuable Friend and elder, who served as clerk to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for more than twenty years. They were betrothed in 1820, a little while before dear William Forster's visit to America; but, as he wished my uncle to accompany him in the long pilgrimage through our land, the marriage was deferred five years,—surely a striking instance of self-sacrifice. My uncle,

Joseph Paul, then took his place as guardian to his mother, and all these days are full of pleasant memories. Both my maternal uncles, John and Joseph Paul, stood high in the estimation of the community. A valued Friend once remarked to me, 'There are no two men in Philadelphia whom I would place before them for integrity and conscientiousness,' and I believe they well deserve this good opinion. But I am anticipating, and must go back a little in my history.

"I was born in Philadelphia in 1801, and shortly afterwards my parents removed to Chalkley Hall, —the former residence of Thomas Chalkley,—two or three miles from Bridesburg, which then became the happy home of our family for sixteen years,—a home to which my young heart clung with great tenacity. We sometimes spent our winters in Philadelphia, when I was sent to a very good school kept by Elizabeth Cox and her daughters; one of whom told me some time afterwards she well remembered me a very straight, proud-looking child, to whom she was at times almost afraid to speak, though I could only have been eight or nine years old. This certainly was a mistake, as I am quite unconscious of ever having such a feeling in my heart; and I believe that what she called pride must have been a natural timidity.

"Towards the last of 1810 I was sent to Westtown School, where four of the family had been educated before me, and my sister Harriet remained another year, till my only younger sister was ready to join me. Here I spent three years very happily, and probably should have continued longer but for the serious illness of my precious father, which ended in his death in 1816. My sister Julia and myself were his constant attendants, and she had the true comfort of witnessing his triumphant close, of which I was myself deprived in consequence of the illness and death of my sister Shoemaker's little babe,—a circumstance which I think I may say I have never since ceased to regret. It would have been such an especial privilege to hear him speak of his perfect trust in his God and Saviour, and declare with his dying breath that 'he would not exchange the sweet feeling of peace which filled his heart at that solemn moment for all the gold of Ophir.' My sister called it a blessed translation, and said it seemed as if the gates of heaven were opened to receive him. A few months after this our family dispersed. My brother John married, and brought his bride to our dear old home; my sisters, Julia, Harriet, Sally Ann, and myself going to Philadelphia to live with our married sisters, Frances M. Shoemaker and Mary Ann Williams.

"Soon after, my sister Harriet was married to A. M. Howell, a son of Arthur Howell (a well-known minister of the Society of Friends), and her house became my home until her death, some six years afterwards, when she was taken from her husband and three lovely boys, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Her disease was consumption, and it was very instructive to observe the wonderful change that was made by long-protracted suffering in this once gay and joyous being, whose life seemed almost like perpetual sunshine, until, in His tender mercy, the Lord was pleased to bring her low and let her see herself as she was seen of Him. After passing through a baptism of suffering such as I never witnessed in any other instance, her purified spirit was suddenly introduced into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. The pattering rain was music in her ears, the balmy breezes like the breath of heaven, and she called upon us all in the most earnest and solemn manner to praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

"After her death I had a truly pleasant and congenial home with my beloved and honored uncle, Joseph Paul, who acted the part of a loving and tender father until, in 1829, he finished his course with joy, and through the riches of redeeming

mercy his gentle spirit was united to the just of all generations, washed and made white in the precious blood of the Lamb."

In 1827, E. P. Kirkbride entered into an engagement of marriage with John L. Howell, of Fancy Hill, near Woodbury, N. J., and a future of great promise appeared to await them. Of her appearance and character at this time, one of J. L. Howell's nieces writes:

"I know when I was a little child your dear aunt was constantly at our house in Philadelphia; she was so lovely that they used to laugh at my silent admiration of her. I can recall, even after all these years, my going to the nursery and telling them that 'Uncle John's pretty Kirkbride was down-stairs to tea.' Then she was so gay and full of bright and happy spirits."

J. L. Howell was a young man of fine character and promise, and attractive social qualities. Their bright prospects, however, were soon clouded by his failing health; and before the close of 1828 their hopes of earthly happiness were ended by his death. The letter proceeds:

"My uncle died in 1828. Your dear aunt went down to Fancy Hill after his death, and was with my grandma some time. They were such a comfort to

each other; and then began the change and deepening in her religious views, which finally ripened into the perfect character of that long and lovely life."

A long period elapsed before E. P. Kirkbride was enabled to rise above this crushing sorrow; but bowing submissively to the stroke, she could at length acknowledge that it was in wisdom that she had been afflicted, and that infinite mercy had been largely mingled with the bitter cup. Her own language was,—

"Hush! hush! my thoughts are resting on a changeless world of bliss;
There is no voice of gladness now can lure them back to this;
I look to Thee, Redeemer! Oh, be every crime forgiven,
And take the weary captive to Thy paradise in Heaven:
Or teach my heart resignedly to say 'Thy will be done,'
And calmly wait Thy summons home, Thou just and Holy One!
Thou mayst have spoiled my cherished schemes, to let my spirit see
That happiness is only found, great God! in serving Thee."

In 1830, Hannah C. Backhouse, a valuable minister from England, accompanied by her husband, Jonathan Backhouse, came to this country on an extended mission of gospel love, visiting most of the settlements of Friends in the United States and Canada during a period of nearly five years. E. P. Kirkbride early became deeply interested in the public services and personal attractions of this dear friend, and the mutual attachment which sprang up between

them continued through life with unabated warmth, and exerted a powerful influence in determining the course of active Christian duty upon which E. P. K. thenceforward entered.

The exercises of her mind at this time are indicated by the following letters to her friend:

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

WOODBURNE, Fifth mo. 23d, 1831.

'Tis in accordance with thy kind request, my dearest friend, and truly so with my own inclination, that I embrace an early opportunity of thus renewing the delightful intercourse which, for the few short days that we sojourned together, yielded to me at least such new and pure and heartfelt happiness. Oh, may I never lose the grateful recollection of my heavenly Father's tenderness and care in causing me, in my first steppings in the narrow path which He marked out for me, to meet with one on whom He has so bounteously bestowed the gift of healing and of binding up the broken heart! Ah, no! though rough and rugged be my future course, the memory of this sweet "brook by the way" which He prepared for me will often steal across my troubled soul, refreshing, strengthening it and filling it with gratitude to God. I had an almost silent journey home, my precious friend, and when I stepped on

the piazza my heart grew faint within me at the thought of the sad change a day had made in our late pleasant habitation; but in a moment I distinctly heard the sweet assurance sounding in my ear, "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength; in returning and in rest thou shalt be saved," and it comforted and supported me unspeakably.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

WOODBURNE, Fifth mo. 23d, 1831.

Oh, the joy, the peace, in trusting and believing! Truly, my beloved friend, words fail me in the attempt to prove my thankfulness to thee for all the sweet encouragement thou hast held up to me to leave all else and follow only Him, whose service I am confident must be entire freedom, perfect liberty. The world has ever been a hard taskmaster to all who have enlisted in its service, to me it was the worst of tyrants, for where I serve at all, it is with my whole undivided heart, and truly I have found my recompense for such devoted servitude to be a chalice full of gall and bitterness. To-day I feel more settled, and the view before me seems a more unclouded one than I have ever known before. Pray for me, dearest friend; pray that my faith fail not.

Soon after the date of this letter, at H. C. B.'s

particular request, E. P. K. accompanied her to New England Yearly Meeting, and continued with her till the last of the Seventh mo. But on returning to Philadelphia, some Friends thought it would be necessary to have a minute from the Monthly Meeting if she proceeded farther; and as she did not feel prepared to ask for this, a very valuable friend and elder (but quite a stranger to H. C. B.) offered her services, and set out with J. and H. C. B. to Ohio Yearly Meeting.

While thus separated, E. P. Kirkbride wrote frequently and with great openness to H. C. B.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Eighth mo. 27th, 1831.

How gently does our gracious Master deal with us! how easy does He make hard things appear! Last First day morning I put on my plain drab bonnet, and though I cannot say it was a cross to me, I could not help but feel it was a solemn thing to make profession as it were to the world that I was following a meek and crucified Redeemer, and my whole soul did supplicate that both in word and deed I might be thoroughly consistent, wholly uniform.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Ninth mo. 21st, 1831.

Pray for me, dearest friend, pray that I may be kept from day to day; for, truly, I have nothing in myself that can preserve even for a single hour. Oh, I do sometimes shrink from treading in the untried path that is before me now, feeling I have no might, no power of my own, and that my steppings at the present time are awfully important to my future peace! May an omniscient God watch over me continually, for He alone can make us dwell in safety!

I think this separation has been good for both of us. I am sure it has been for me, and I believe that when we meet again, though thou wilt be as dear to me as thou hast ever been, yet my affection for thee will be better regulated, and all things brought into much better order. It was very sweet to me, when friends were interceding for thy children, that thy heart affectionately included me; truly, I do feel thou hast a right to call me so, for if I am but faithful to what thou hast shown me to be right, thou wilt have done far more for me than any earthly friend has ever done; if, under grace, I owe thee my eternal happiness or my hope of it, no wonder thou art dear to me, even as my own soul.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, First mo. 6th, 1832.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,—The entire spirit of thy last sweet letter, dated the 30th of Eleventh mo., is so decidedly maternal that, having just concluded reading it, I felt constrained to address thee by this most endearing of all appellations; and, as thou sayest, I feel so much like an adopted child to thee, I am persuaded that I could not love thee more if thou in very truth hadst been my mother. Sometimes, indeed, I have feared thou hast too great a hold on my affections; and yet I verily believe that, truly kind as thou hast been to me, and much, too, as our tastes assimilate and all our feelings are in unison, I love thee more for thy devotedness to the service of our blessed Lord than for any other cause. Oh, may our union ever be in Him! begun in Time, perfected in Eternity.

Soon after the last letter was penned J. and H. C. B. returned to Philadelphia to attend the Yearly Meeting, at the conclusion of which E. P. K. obtained a minute from her Monthly Meeting to accompany her beloved friend through the remainder of her mission to this country, if Truth should open the way. Accordingly, in the Fifth mo. they set

out for Virginia, and, after spending some weeks in the neighborhood of Richmond (Indiana), including the attendance of the Yearly Meeting there, they proceeded to New England, where they remained many months visiting families, holding meetings, etc.

The providential escape from death noted in the following letter occurred during this visit:

E. P. K. to her Sister.

YARMOUTH, MASS., Second mo., 1833.

. . . J. Backhouse having left us near Sandwich last First day to attend some Quarterly Meetings to the East, we slept together, and early in the evening asked the friend with whom we lodged if she could let us have a fire in our chamber, to which she answered that there had never been one, and she thought the chimney, being new, would very likely smoke, but she would put a pan of coals on the hearth and make us comfortable. The pan or furnace was a large one, and we went to bed feeling the room was warm, but not the least suspecting there was danger. We soon fell asleep, and about twelve o'clock H. C. B. woke me, saying she was very faint, and begging me to raise the window quickly. I instantly sprang out of bed, but found I was myself so nearly gone I had to throw myself against the wall to keep from falling, and soon perceiving by

the shortness and suspension of her breath that she had fainted quite, fright gave me strength, and as I was in total darkness and could not find the door, I pounded with my elbows on the wall until my strength gave out and I fell senseless on the floor. The noise, however, had aroused our hostess, and coming up to our door, she thought she heard us whispering within, and thinking all was safe, concluded she would not disturb us; but as she turned to go down-stairs, she felt so uneasy she came quickly back again, and opening the door, let in the air, and thus restored that breath and life to us which, had she not returned, might possibly have been extinct forever. It was the most awfully alarming night I ever knew. I feel we have been mercifully cared for, and are bound to acknowledge gratefully the guardian care of that all-seeing eye which slumbers not.

In the spring of 1833, E. P. Kirkbride paid a visit to her friends in Philadelphia, leaving H. C. B. at Providence under the care of William and Anna Jenkins.

In the Fifth mo. she rejoined her beloved friend in New England, and continued with her till the autumn of 1835, when H. C. B. returned to England, having visited seventeen States of the Union and spent eight months in Upper Canada.

Their correspondence was steadily maintained during the next two years.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Eleventh mo. 20th, 1835.

Unfaithfulness! oh, what a clog it is! how easy to resolve, how hard to execute! In looking back upon our journey, and writing bitter things against myself, which I invariably do when so employed, the thought of Peter has a little cheered me. How quick he was to promise, though all should be offended because of their blessed Lord, yet would he never be, and when informed by Him who knew the heart, "Before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice," he spoke vehemently, "Though I die with thee I will not deny thee." Yet when his Master's soul was sorrowful, even unto death (directly after this), and He commanded him to watch and pray, we find he slept because his eyes were heavy. What must his feelings at that hour have been when his Lord tenderly rebuked him thus: "Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" Then as though feeling for our great infirmities: "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak." And when he denied Him and his Lord turned round and looked upon him, no wonder he went out and wept so bitterly. It does

not seem to me an upbraiding look, but rather one that said, "Ah, Simon, I knew thee better than thou knew thyself, and I have suffered thee to be thus tempted that thou mightest be thoroughly acquainted with the weakness and depravity of thine own heart, and know that of thyself thou canst indeed do nothing."

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth mo. 26th, 1835.

To-day my mind is stayed and quieted in a sweet feeling that the world gives not, under the precious influence of which we are enabled to feel gratitude of heart for every dispensation that we have to pass through, however painful some of these may be, trusting they tend to forward us upon our journey to that state of fixedness where disappointment and anxiety can never come. In this sweet sense of resignation to our Father's will the mind can form a truer estimate of the brief moment that we tarry here, the transitory nature of our griefs and joys, and though it be but through a glass and darkly, have some faint glimpses of that better world whose joys are perfect and eternal too. Here, my sweet friend, we may at least believe (if we continue in the blessed Truth) we'll meet again, to part (oh, joyful thought!) no more forever.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, First mo. 8th, 1836.

. . . Oh, truly, it will be a comfort when we can settle down in harmony and quiet once again, and feel that we indeed "owe no man anything but to love one another!" My prayer has been for thee, my precious friend, that thou mayst still be kept in that pavilion which truly is above the strife of tongues, in which thou hast assuredly found safety during thy tarriance on our shores even in a very dark and cloudy day.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, First mo. 17th, 1836.

. . . Do, dearest, in thy low, discouraged moments, think of this: remember that in working righteousness thou art doing only half of thy allotted business, for the Apostle's exhortation is "Rejoice alway." The Psalmist bids the righteous not only be glad, but shout for joy. I do not know why I have written thus, but I have often longed thou mightest be more unvaryingly cheerful, and not write bitter things against thyself. For in the tabernacles of the righteous we are told the voice of gladness and rejoicing is,—so surely it may be heard in yours.

E. P. K. to H. C. B., on the Decease of her Youngest Son, Henry.

PHILADELPHIA, Fifth mo. 29th, 1836.

I have received thy sweet though tenderly affecting letter, my own dear friend, and truly you have had my heartfelt sympathy, for this I am sure has been no light affliction.

Oh, how my heart has ached for each and all of you! But, my dear friend, I have also rejoiced in that the God of all true consolation has been manifestly near, enabling, in a furnace such as this, to glorify His great and holy name. Oh, you have proved indeed "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and that He knoweth those who trust in Him!" How precious must have been the seasons round the bed of death! Oh, I remember such among the most rejoicing of my life! Yes, 'tis at favored moments such as these the awful veil which seems to cover the eternal world, in pity to our weakness, is uplifted, and we behold as with the eye of faith "the heavens opened, and the Son of man, Jesus our Mediator, sitting on the right hand of God;" and then while burdened with infirmities and feeling that we have no righteousness of our own to trust to, these glorious truths with sweet appropriation are in love brought home to us: "It

is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin;" "He is the resurrection and the life; they that believe in Him shall never die." We seem as for the first time to comprehend the blessed import of the invocation of the Son of God, and feel that the believers in His name, though parted for a little season here, will, in a world that is unchangeable, unite again, forever and forever, to ascribe high praises unto God and to the Lamb: "Father, I will that they whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am;" "I pray for them;" "As Thou in me and I in Thee, that they, O Father, may be one in us."

How sweet to think of your beloved boy retiring daily to renew his strength! Oh, my dear friends, the wing of heavenly goodness has surely overspread the precious lambs whom you committed to your Master's care, and His own promise has been sweetly verified: "Leave your fatherless children; I will preserve them alive;" for I believe it embraces those who for a little period are made orphans for His own Truth's sake, and that it has been wonderfully fulfilled to such as are made permanently so, in wisdom infinite although inscrutable, thousands can testify, and my own heart does at this moment witness to the fact, my own dear, precious friend, remembering all that thou hast been to me.

In 1836, in response to urgent and repeated invitations, E. P. Kirkbride paid a visit to H. C. Backhouse, in England, and while there accompanied her in a religious visit to Scotland and the north of England. She thus describes her first visit to Earlham, afterwards the centre of such deep and varied interests to her, in company with Elizabeth Fry, the sister of Joseph John Gurney:

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Fourth mo. 1837.

But I must tell you of our day at Earlham; in the first place thy cousin Fry was there, and I did thoroughly enjoy her company. Directly after we had taken off our bonnets she said she must show me all the interests, and we sallied forth. The first sight of Earlham, a place of which one has heard so long and so much, is something like the first view of Niagara, rather overpowering, especially after reading Priscilla Gurney's journal, and I can scarcely tell thee what my feelings were when dear Elizabeth Fry showed me the likeness of her father and described him to me, told me how many happy days they had enjoyed together, what varied scenes they had since witnessed there, and pointed out the room in which poor Mary Gurney closed her eyes forever upon the loving circle and bright scene around her. I trust that my reflec-

tions altogether, though of a serious kind, were not unprofitable. Often, in hearing of that family being left so young without a mother's tender but restraining influence, without the gentle government by love, which none except a mother knows how to exercise, I have been reminded of the lively group that used to circle round my father's hearth; and now, remembering how dispersed and scattered were the happy band whose merry voices had in other days resounded joyously within these walls, it brought before me rather painfully our own changed, broken household and deserted home.

First, I must tell thee I thought it quite a "place," admired the old house and grounds exceedingly, and think that when the foliage is on the trees it must be beautiful. Whilst E. F. was conducting me upstairs she stopped abruptly and exclaimed, "How very strange that I should show thee Earlham, and how very pleasant too!" I told her it was truly so to me, and she assured me with her wonted kindness that meeting me had been a bright spot in her visit here, and that no one before had half so much encouraged her about her brother's going to America. Now don't begin to think I am in danger of being hurt by all these kind expressions. I have had some experience in life and learned to weigh things in, I believe, a pretty just and equal balance, and it is not

enough to think what things are said, but who has said them, too. Thus dear E. F., out of the abundant kindness of her heart, says very much that frail humanity likes well to hear, but which indeed means nothing more than what my dear and truthful friend H. C. B. would sum up, in her own laconic style, in one or two abrupt sentences.

After a delightful and comforting visit, E. P. Kirkbride returned to America in the Seventh mo., 1837. Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, crossed in the same vessel, in pursuance of a prospect of extensive religious service, for which he had been liberated by his friends. The wide experience which E. P. Kirkbride had gained during her long travels with H. C. Backhouse enabled her to give valuable information and counsel to J. J. Gurney respecting the prosecution of his journey over very similar ground. Arrived in Philadelphia, she resumed an active correspondence with H. C. Backhouse and her now largely-extended circle of English friends. Her letters bear testimony to the deepening work of Divine grace in her soul, and her earnest desire to submit herself wholly to its purifying and renewing power.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth mo. 9th, 1837.

Thy earnest wishes for me were truly sweet to me, and I may say to thee, the fervent breathing of my spirit is that the whole will of my Almighty Father may be done, and that He may enable me to glorify His holy name, be it by life or death. I never felt so free from all anxiety about the future, nor less disposed to carve and plan and fashion for myself, trusting that He who has so gently dealt with me my whole life long will still direct my steps. My spirit is at times contrited in me under a sense of His preserving care, which has so sweetly sheltered me thus far from many of the rougher ills of life which flesh is heir to, and which I feel I could so ill bear. 'Tis true I have seen some dull and cloudy days, but in the darkest hour I have known "a bow of promise sweetly spanned the storm,"—not promise truly of bright moments here, but of a better and a happier home prepared for the redeemed, for those who, serving faithfully their Lord, can with the eye of faith look past the night of gloominess and woe to where the morning dawns without a cloud. May we be found, my very precious friend, among the unnumbered multitude who worship there, and

join in hallelujahs unto Him who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth mo. 21st, 1838.

During a family sitting at my brother's house, a highly-gifted minister addressed me very remarkably in language of which I give thee an abstract:

"I feel it no light matter to address thee, my endeared sister, being deeply impressed with the conviction that thou art under the preparing hand of thy God, that He is fitting thee for a remarkable service in His Church and family. I do not know how it has been with thee in early days, but my impression is thou hast been under the especial, providential, and preserving care of thy Almighty Father all thy life long, that He has visited thy soul in very early life with His day-spring from on high, and given thee to see and to admire the beauty and the excellency of the truth as it is in Jesus; and though thou sometimes may have turned thy back upon His visitations, which since has caused thee deep humiliation before the Lord, at others I believe the language of thy spirit was "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,'" etc.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fifth mo. 17th, 1838.

Oh, how I long for thy soothing sympathy! and were it not for a sustaining sense which has at times been mercifully given me that we all have a glorious High Priest, touched with a feeling of our great infirmities, who does compassionate our low estate, I think I should have fainted by the way. But very sweet have been the consolations of His holy spirit, even in proportion, I have sometimes thought, to my entire destitution of all outward aid. Oh, it is good for us, I do believe, thus to be thrown singly upon the love and power of God, that He may satisfy the thirsting soul with the pure pleasures of an endless life, at least a very blessed foretaste of them, on which it is sustained for many days. Such, I may say to thee, has been my sweet experience of latter time, and never have I felt my will so swallowed up in earnest prayer that the Divine will may alone be done, whether for joy or sorrow, life or death, finding a home with thee, or seeing thy dear face again no more.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

WOODBURN, Seventh mo. 28th, 1838.

"May the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace," as well I know that

only in Him canst thou enjoy peace. The perfect quietude and deep tranquillity of my own spirit are cause of astonishment to myself; knowing such feelings usually betoken an approaching storm, they make me feel a good deal serious, but all anxiety about the morrow seems mercifully to be taken from me. A few days since, on waking from a nap, one of those fearful thoughts about the future that used to cause me such uneasiness flashed through my mind, but in a moment these words appeared to be distinctly uttered, "It is in the hands of the Lord," and a confiding trust that He would order all things well stilled every feeling of anxiety. This surely is the working of Almighty power, for of myself I am a very coward, and dare not face a single adverse storm. He "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" only knows what the dread of them has cost me, and for awhile has graciously withdrawn it. "Let all flesh bless His holy name forever."

During this year E. P. Kirkbride first appeared publicly in supplication and ministry at her own meeting. She thus describes the exercises of her mind in contemplating this requirement, and the peace which followed her obedience to the call:

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

WOODBURN, Eighth mo. 18th, 1838.

Thou knowest that I told thee some years ago I had such an insurmountable and fearful dread of having to appear in public as a minister. I often prayed my life might be accepted in the place of this to me far costlier sacrifice. I cannot say what suffering the thought of this requiring has often caused me. After a time, however, it abated, and I became almost indifferent upon the subject; but for a few months past, may I confess to thee, my foster-mother, I have almost longed to tell of the redeeming love and mercy of my heavenly Father to my own poor soul. The language of my heart has often been, "Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise." Do tell me what thou thinks of such a change. I am sometimes almost ready to conclude the will has been accepted for the deed, and that no more will be required of me. I dreamed the other night that, in great weakness and simplicity, I uttered a few sentences in meeting, and, oh! the full sweet tide of holy joy that flowed into my bosom afterward!

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Ninth mo. 17th, 1838.

Oh, if I could but live in some snug spot, with just a few dear-loved, congenial friends about me, I should be quite as happy as 'twere safe to be; but I have sometimes thought in my formation the nerves were left without the usual shield, and being thus exposed and unprotected, so surely as I come into the bustling world again so sure are they to get some fearful jar. Oh, most assuredly if, through the matchless mercy of my heavenly Father, I ever wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, no one of all His rational creation can have more cause to give Him all the glory, for the infirmities of flesh and spirit were never made more manifest in any creature.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth mo. 8th, 1838.

Well, my dear friend, in our large morning meeting yesterday thy unworthy child was constrained (as she believes, by the love of Christ) to supplicate the throne of grace, and was enabled, not surely by any might of her own, but by the power of the Highest, to do it calmly and distinctly. Praised be His holy name forever! I went to meeting without any ap-

prehension of such a requiring at that time, but in a little while the impression on my mind was very strong that if I left the meeting without making a surrender I should suffer for unfaithfulness, and I besought my heavenly Father to give me some unequivocal intimation that it was indeed His own requisition, and that this was the period for yielding to it, which, in gracious condescension to my weakness I believe, He was pleased to do. M. A. Loyd soon rose, observing that if some present were fully faithful she believed their lips would be touched with a live coal from the altar, then spoke of the danger of delay, quoting the passage, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice," etc., and ending with that beautiful verse in Isaiah: "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation," etc. As soon as she took her seat I felt that I must give up, and truly I may say that from that moment to this my heart has overflowed with love and peace and gratitude to Him who wonderfully condescends to make hard things easy and bitter things sweet; nay, I might almost say that which my soul loathed has become my pleasant food. But, oh! my mother in the truth, I cannot describe the sense of awfulness which has been and still is the covering of my spirit,—the holy fear (may I not call it so) of proving, by an inconsistent walk

or any deviation from the narrow path, a stumbling-block instead of a way-mark to Zion. Pray for me that I may be kept as at the feet of Jesus, and that the preserving fear of God may encompass me about from hour to hour, for herein only there is perfect safety. Oh, how I longed for thee yesterday! I thought thy sympathy would be so sweet to me. But yet I do believe it is all rightly ordered; better I should be cast alone upon that Power which can and has sustained me, enabling me to adopt the language of the dear Redeemer (even in the midst of much apparent destitution), "And yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me;" "And where He vital breathes, there must be joy." So do not be concerned about me. I have many kind friends here, and several have already been to see me, and thou knowest His promise is that "no good thing will He withhold from those that love Him." Oh, that I may be enabled to do so with my whole heart and mind and strength, that so at the conclusion of my mortal pilgrimage, having kept the faith, I may receive the blessed sentence of "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I do not wish to dwell much longer upon the subject, for I believe it will not be profitable to my own mind, but I will just say that much of my time was spent in my own room yesterday, and though I passed some wakeful

hours in the night, they were extremely quiet ones, nay, almost joyful. I must also tell thee that at the last little meeting I attended at Woodburn, the following text so seriously impressed my mind that I believed I ought to have repeated it: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." I think it was not withheld by any unwillingness on my part, but I had been so light in the intercourse I had had with the neighbors, that I felt as if there would be an inconsistency in it, and left the meeting not quite comfortable. This served, however, as a lesson for me, and showed me the necessity of being serious. Ah, surely it becomes us to be so, when we know not what an hour may bring forth.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Tenth mo. 12th, 1838.

My younger friends have been very kind to me, and I have never been more sensible of the sufficiency of His support, who is and must be our all in all; so do not be the least concerned about me. "The work it is His," and the desire of my soul is that He may perfect it to His praise, whatever be the suffering it may cost. If in the end of our checkered pilgrimage we can but say with our blessed Pattern, "I have finished the work which

Thou gavest me to do," all else thou knowest, my mother in the truth, will be as light as air and very vanity. That this may be the experience of us both is the sincere desire of thy own friend in gospel fellowship.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Eleventh mo. 9th, 1838.

Could my solitary chamber find a voice it might inform thee, my beloved mother, not only of the many moments of extreme peacefulness that thy far-distant E. has lately passed through, but also of the agony of soul which is at times her very bitter portion, the wormwood and the gall which at this very hour she is partaking of. Truly, the desolation and the loneliness thou speaks of have brought floods of sorrow from my eyes. Oh, how my heart has longed for some dear friend, whose sympathy might soothe and strengthen me! How I have longed for intimate companionship with even one who seemed as if he or she really comprehended me! How I have longed for thee! For though I am bound to acknowledge thankfully my heavenly Father has been very near, sustaining by His love and power in a most marvellous manner day by day, I may also say that there are moments of discouragement when my heart aches most painfully under a sense

of its exceeding loneliness, and were it not that I can pour out my full soul to Him who is indeed a refuge for us, I know not what would have become of me.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Eleventh mo. 13th, 1838.

I wrote the above, as thou wilt see, while in a state of very deep depression, which, no doubt for some wise and gracious purpose, was for a season meted out to me; but I may gratefully record on this same page that He who will not suffer any to be tried above what they are able to endure has once again arisen on my soul, even as a morning without a cloud. Oh, for a voice to praise Him as I ought! And may He strengthen me to lie quite passive in His holy hands, that, in a teachable and childlike state, I may receive and profit by the various lessons He is giving me to learn, one of which is to make full proof of His sufficiency when all the streams of earthly consolation are, for a period at least, withheld; and yet I cannot say that they are all withheld, for truly thy last letter came like a cordial to my drooping spirit, and seemed to bring thee very, very near. Thou seems indeed to have understood my state even better than I did myself, I think.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Twelfth mo. 31st, 1838.

My dearest sister, Sally Ann Bacon, is still very low, but no material change within a day or two. The doctors think she cannot continue long, and, after many very bitter pangs, we have quite resigned her. She is most sweet and patient; and though she says but little on the subject, I have the most unwavering conviction that her "peace is made." I never felt so perfectly divested of every feeling of anxiety upon the subject in any instance of the kind before. And now, my mother in the truth, I must inform thee that once again thy poor unworthy child has been constrained to speak in the assemblies of the people, to utter a few sentences in fear and trembling before the Lord, and once again a full and blessed recompense is given her. Oh, who dare say that He who ruleth in the earth is not a covenant-keeping God? I had not been to meeting for two weeks, but felt compelled to go there yesterday, much in the cross, and not without some thought of what might follow. A. Dirkin rose soon after I sat down, and gave me marked and strong encouragement. Indeed, I have not wanted for it in this way; some late communications have been rather striking. But, oh! this can do little for me if our blessed Lord will

only condescend to make His will and pleasure clearly manifest. What need I more? except a little counsel and encouragement from His most highly prized and precious gift, my own dear chosen friend.

The verse thou names was very often in my thoughts on that First day, and I conceived that I could almost hear the blessed voice of Him who is our glorious Intercessor at the Throne. "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are one." So be it, and so be it, saith my soul.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, First mo. 19th, 1839.

Most mercifully has He dealt with me, my soul is bound indeed to testify, and though He has been pleased the last four months to heat the furnace even seven times hotter than it was wont to be, so that at seasons it has seemed as if I must have perished in the flames, He never for a moment has deserted me. His waves and billows truly have rolled over me, but He has not allowed me to be overwhelmed. "His voice is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea," and always when the floods roll very high the blessed words are spoken, "Peace, be still." Through very deep and very humbling baptisms a willingness is wrought

from time to time to make the feeble offerings I have been called to do in the obedience of faith. But proportionably great and bountiful has been the recompense of Him whom above all I do desire to serve, sweetly reminding me of His own promises: "Bring all your tithes into my store-house, saith the Lord, and prove me now herewith, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing till there shall not be room to contain it." Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together!

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Second mo. 12th, 1839.

Does it not seem to thee that the "glad tidings" of the truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners can alone properly be called the gospel, although we may believe the heathen,—those who have never heard the name of Christ,—if they are faithful to the light received, will be "accepted in the beloved," even as the little child who yields its breath before its senses have been exercised by use, before it knows to choose the good and to refuse the evil?

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth mo. 1st, 1839.

I never have been better satisfied of the necessity of an unclouded faith in all that has been done and suffered for us by Jesus Christ of Nazareth, even Him of whom the prophets testify, the "Lamb of God," who, as the apostle says, was fore-ordained before the world was formed, but in these latter times made manifest. I also do assuredly believe no man can truly call this Jesus Lord but by the Holy Ghost, and that a merely nominal belief will not avail.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Third mo. 14th, 1840.

Yes, my tenderly beloved friend, some moments of enjoyment have been ours such as I have almost never known before, such as most fully satisfied my heart,—a blessed foretaste, as I humbly trust, of those enduring joys which are prepared for us (if we hold fast our confidence) in that far better world where we shall part no more. Ah, surely we have sat together, my own precious friend, in "heavenly places," and very pure and full has been our joy; yet still our tarriance in them was but temporary. Oh, who can tell the bliss of abiding there?

Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into any heart thoroughly to conceive the height and depth and fulness of the blessedness which is in store for those who love the Lord and serve Him faithfully. Sometimes a little glimpse is given me, but it makes me long to fly away. I dare not dwell on it. My coward heart shrinks from the thought of having to endure yet closer conflicts, yet more proving baptisms, forgetting that with God all things are possible, and that He will not lay upon us greater burthens than He Himself will give us strength to bear. Oh, if I were but near thee, that I might whisper in thy ear how graciously, how condescendingly, how marvellously He has been dealing with my soul, raising it from the very "dust of death," and filling it with peace and light and love!

Thy vision for me has so far been realized, and fervent were the breathings of my heart this morning that if He now should "send prosperity," I never may forget the wormwood and the gall, the misery and bitterness which in His wisdom He has portioned out to me, but that my soul may ever have them in remembrance and be humbled within me. Father of mercies! hear my earnest prayer, and grant it, I beseech Thee, in the name of Jesus.

Katharine Backhouse to E. P. K.

Fourth mo. 10th, 1840.

. . . I want to say that I am glad thou art endeavoring to employ the talents entrusted to thee in faith; and the more thou canst commit thy way unto the Lord without anxiety or care the more comfortably wilt thou go on from day to day. We often perplex ourselves and add to our own difficulties by looking too far forward and reasoning upon consequences; whereas, if we really did put our trust singly in our holy Leader, we should so confide in Him and in His leadings that each successive step, being taken in obedience to His will at the time it was made known to be our duty, would bring its own reward of lowly peace, and there would be no room for fears and perplexities. This, therefore, is the course I would affectionately recommend to thee, my dear younger sister. I do not, however, write without a true sympathy with thee in the conflicts which I believe to be inseparable from the work of the ministry, whether we have more or less to do with it. May thy good Master be very near thee in all thy conflicts, lead thee safely through them, and largely bless thee with His love!

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Fourth mo. 29th, 1840.

Our friends are all, I think, in usual health, and glad our Yearly Meeting passed off comfortably. Clouds truly hung about us when we met, but we soon found they were indeed the chariot-wheels of Israel's King: "At the brightness that was before Him the thick clouds passed, hail-stones and coals of fire." His promise is that His own people, those who love and serve Him, shall dwell in peaceable habitations and sure dwellings and quiet resting-places, and His promises are yea and amen forever.

H. C. B. to E. P. K.

Fifth mo. 6th, 1840.

. . . That He, the Shepherd of Israel, may lead and feed thee, as He has assuredly been doing, is the fervent desire of my soul, in which all others, strong as they are, seem absorbed; and if in His leadings He brings thee into that state in which Jacob found himself when obliged to quit his father's house, with a stone for a pillow and the canopy of heaven over his head, there mayst thou trust in Him, and following Him in this way that He has directed thee, make truly the covenant that if He will be with thee, give thee meat to eat (spiritually

and temporally), and raiment to put on,—what thy poor body stands in need of, and what thy soul desires to wear, the robe of His righteousness,—thou wilt offer unto Him the tenth, the gift of His own appointing, the first fruits of all thy increase. So may He multiply unto thee grace, mercy, and peace; and in days to come an altar may be erected in commemoration of His marvellous dealings, that in and through all sufferings He may, as it were, enable thee to adopt the language, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan," etc.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

Fifth mo. 29th, 1840.

We now and then have bright accounts of thee, and they are always cheering; but I well know, my own most precious friend, thou art very often passing through the deeps, and trembling lest thou shouldst be overwhelmed. I quite believe the language to thee is, "Trust, and be not afraid." He, thy compassionate and holy Guide, who has from time to time so graciously measured the waters, brought thee safely through, and caused thee to exalt His worthy name, will not forsake thee now; nay, He has promised, and He will never break His covenant, that He will be with those who love and serve Him even to the end. Then be thy whole dependence placed on Him; go on

in simple faith and never cast away thy confidence, for great, I do assuredly believe, will be at last thy glorious reward. Light is sown for the righteous and peace for the upright in heart.

E. P. K. to H. C. B.

WOODBURN, Seventh mo. 27th, 1840.

Whether it is the will of my Almighty Parent soon to restore me to thy own dear self again, or whether, in His inscrutable but perfect wisdom, He now designs to cut off every stream of earthly consolation, that it may be my meat and drink to do His blessed will, that I may give Him my whole, undivided, dedicated heart, I cannot in the least pretend to say; but knowing that "His will is our sanctification," and desiring above all things to be made holy as He is holy, I trust I can with some sincerity breathe the petition, "May Thy will be done."

Elizabeth Fry to E. P. Kirkbride.

Ninth mo. 30th, 1840.

. . . Thou hast no doubt already heard of the sweet and peaceful return home of our dearest Joseph, and how much everything he committed to his Lord appears to have been kept, blessed, and prospered during his absence; and I may truly say that I think his long journey has been blessed to him, and tended

to enlarge, and not diminish, his spiritual life and boundaries, which I delight to observe. He looks back with deep interest on his journey, and deeply feels the kind sympathy, help, and unity he has met with from many, and none more than thyself, thy uncle and aunt Paul, and Stephen Grellet.

. . . I wish, my beloved friend, to have an intimate letter from thyself respecting thy own dear mind; indeed, about all that pertains to thy present and everlasting welfare. As it respects thy gift in the ministry, I truly desire that thou mayst be faithful to thy Lord, not warped by any man; that the truths of the gospel may be upheld by thee in their purity, simplicity, and power; and may grace be given thee to keep very watchful, humble, and circumspect in all thy steppings. I crave for myself and my friends this walking before the Lord, and that, under what we may consider wrong sentiments, wrong feelings, and wrong conduct toward ourselves and others, our spirits may be clothed with the meekness of wisdom and of true charity toward our opposers. I often think it good for myself to have my Christian principles thus exercised, or I might not know what was in my heart; and I do not find it easy, when those dearest to me are concerned, not to feel hurt at unfair conduct towards them.

Dost thou think of returning to England at pres-

ent? Thou wilt have a cordial welcome from thy friends, and my desire is that when the right time comes nothing may hinder thee; but I do not want thee to come before. I should like to be affectionately remembered to thy uncle and aunt Paul, and to other dear friends who love and serve our blessed Lord. May His grace and His peace be abundantly with you all, and may His blessing rest upon you!

Her friends J. and H. C. Backhouse were now in advanced life, and the former in failing health. Their appeals had been frequent and urgent to E. P. Kirkbride to visit them once more in England, to which the affectionate promptings of her own heart warmly responded. She had become accustomed to wait until satisfied that her steps were in the path of duty, and she now felt that she could properly accept the invitation. She accordingly sailed from Philadelphia Tenth mo. 19th, and wrote from on shipboard to one of her sisters:

ON BOARD PACKET-SHIP
"SUSQUEHANNAH," Tenth mo. 20th, 1840.

. . . I think you will like to know how we are getting on in this fine northeaster, or rather how comfortably we are standing still, not on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, but on the quiet Delaware,

six or seven miles from where you left us. I felt sad enough at the moment of parting from you, but I think I have not often spent an afternoon of more entire quietness, or one more wholly exempt from every anxious thought. I think I feel a degree of humble confidence that "the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me," and surely I need ask for nothing more. I have thoroughly enjoyed the perfect quietude; indeed, I could not help thinking this afternoon that, were it not for the sea-sickness, I would be glad if we should have a good long voyage, so much do I enjoy a thorough break-off from a busy world and its important trifles,—a little time for undisturbed reflection, that I may learn to know and understand myself. Very sweet has been the remembrance of many dearly beloved ones I have left behind. May peace be with you all! How strange it seems to be at anchor in your very neighborhood, and yet so thoroughly divided from you.

22d. We are now under full sail, with a fair wind and bright sky, and quite expect by sundown to be fairly out at sea. I believe the two days of entire rest on the Delaware have been very useful to me, as I was a good deal worn in body, heart, and mind when I came on board. As I may not be able to write when I get in rough water, I will once again

bid you a long, last farewell. I quite hope we shall meet again in this world; but should the all-wise Disposer of events direct it otherwise, and be in His inscrutable wisdom preparing for me a watery grave, I want you to know that I humbly trust and believe the precious seal of peace which is now resting on my spirit is an unquestionable evidence that I am in the path He has Himself marked out for me; and I humbly hope, frail, faltering, and unworthy as I am, that having in integrity of heart desired to serve Him, through the unbounded mercy of our blessed Saviour He will at last receive me to Himself; that being long a pilgrim on the earth, having indeed no certain dwelling-place, my next remove may be to an unchanging, fixed, and settled habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down. Bright and delightful as the thought of seeing H. C. Backhouse again is, I must confess the thought of an eternal resting-place is even yet more bright. But may our heavenly Father's will be done!

Upon her arrival she was received as one of the family of J. and H. C. Backhouse, at Darlington, and became a member of that meeting. Soon after she attended H. C. B. in a second visit to Scotland on religious service.

E. P. K. to Anna Gurney.

Twelfth mo. 29th, 1840.

. . . The news of the decease of dear Abigail Barker was a thorough shock to me, for, though I had often said I thought her getting through the winter doubtful, I did not think the end was quite so near. Truly the sudden absence and removal of a mind like hers from off the earth ("for in that very day his thoughts perish") is a prodigious miss. I have not often felt it more than on this occasion, for surely she was no common person, and she has always been to me the kindest friend. However, it is cause for joy and thankfulness that one has more beloved ones beyond the storms of Time than still exposed to them, and I have almost ceased to mourn the dead. May we, my dearest Anna, in our turn join the "ten thousand times ten thousand" who surround the Throne, —the spirits of the just who sin no more.

Continuing faithful to the intimations of duty which from time to time were so evidently presented to her mind, her public communications were cordially approved and sanctioned by her friends, and on Seventh mo. 20th, 1841, she was duly recorded by Darlington Monthly Meeting as a minister of the gospel of Christ.

CHAPTER II.

The course of our friend's history has now reached a point of peculiar interest. During the early part of 1837, as before stated, Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, near Norwich, England, had felt his mind drawn to religious service in America, and in the Seventh mo. of that year he sailed for Philadelphia in the prosecution of this mission. For the succeeding three years he was constantly engaged in visiting and holding meetings with Friends and others in various parts of the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. He labored much in Philadelphia and the vicinity, and his home in that city was at the house of E. P. Kirkbride's uncle, John Paul. Their acquaintance was further developed by subsequent intercourse after J. J. Gurney's return to England, and the intimacy finally ripened into an engagement of marriage. E. P. Kirkbride had now become widely and favorably known to Friends in England, and a cordial welcome awaited her from the members of the Gurney family.

J. J. Gurney's household at this time comprised

his two children, John Henry and Anna, and his eldest sister, Catharine Gurney. The latter wrote to H. C. Backhouse:

1841.

My dear Hannah,—Shall I write to thee or Eliza Kirkbride? I cannot delay the expression of my cordial approbation and satisfaction in the engagement that has taken place between her and Joseph. That it is a right conclusion no one who knows anything about the matter can doubt; and she will, I fully believe, be an invaluable addition to our family circle. Above all, she will be the very person to make Joseph happy, and be the greatest help and pleasure to Anna, who already delights in her. What a wonderful working of Providence may we see in the whole affair! It has the best stamp upon it, and we can but acknowledge it as a rich blessing bestowed on our dearest brother, a portion of that "hundredfold now in this present world" promised to them who forsake all for Christ. All that I have heard of her, both from thee and Anna, convinces me that she has in her character that enlargement of mind and good sense and tact which are needful to meet the varieties in our family. With kindest love to her, and welcome as my sister-elect, I am thy truly affectionate cousin.

A note from H. C. Backhouse to J. J. Gurney, dated First mo. 26th, 1841, referring to the engagement, seems in the light of subsequent events strikingly prophetic:

"My faith is strong that she will be thine as long as thou lives; and if I am suffered to look into the future, I see her surviving us both, standing in a conspicuous station in the church, and through thee in the world, making hundreds to rise up and call her blessed for her liberal distribution of things both temporal and spiritual, waiting in humble confidence and holy submission for that day which shall re-unite her spirit with those she has most dearly loved on earth in the kingdom of her Lord."

Amelia Opie writes to E. P. K. at this time:

My beloved friend, my heart prompted me to write to thee some days ago, but opportunity seemed wanting. Now, however, it is before me, and I hasten to tell thee how heartily I rejoice in the happiness of my dearest friend, in and by which, I trust, thy own is included and will be through life secured. You have both of you experienced close and deep trials, and know from painful experience how full of changes and vicissitudes this life is, and how the pleasantest pictures are marred; but you have

through Divine mercy been brought to rest your hopes on Him who changeth not, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. And He who was your comfort and friend in hours of sorrow and adversity will continue to watch over you for good in the more dangerous period of happiness and prosperity.

The marriage took place at Darlington, Tenth mo. 21st, 1841.

It is difficult fully to realize the new influences and surroundings among which our friend now found herself placed. The family into which she had so agreeably entered was very widely spread, —she somewhere speaks of having acquired one hundred and nineteen nephews and nieces by her marriage,—its members were wealthy and influential, of high culture, and remarkable for piety and devotion, many of them prominent in the Society of Friends.

Earlham Hall, about two miles from Norwich, for a long course of years the home of successive generations of the family (though only held on a long lease), was a large and elegant establishment, beautifully situated, and complete in all its appointments. The highest refinement that wealth could procure, guided by delicate taste and feeling, and sanctified by a pervading sense of Christian duty, was diffused

through its spacious halls, and shared freely by numberless guests from far and near.

> "In this mansion used to be
> Free-hearted hospitality;
> Its great fires up the chimneys roared,
> The stranger feasted at its board."

In this delightful home E. P. Gurney now found herself installed as mistress. Her frank and generous nature expanded in its congenial atmosphere, and she rejoiced in the enlarged opportunities it afforded for the active exercise of the benevolence which was one of her prominent traits.

Catharine Gurney writes soon after the marriage:

1841.

My dearest Joseph and Eliza,—My mind and heart are so full towards you that I do not incline to turn to other interests till I have expressed to you the happy impression left from my intercourse with you, and the true, solid comfort I have in thee, my beloved sister. I am so glad to feel such a capability of loving thee and being intimate with thee. It is not for us to extol the creature, but it is good to love and value one another in its just subordination, and allowable sometimes to communicate our approbation and sympathy, to stimulate and animate one another on our way; and in entering a new

period of life and sphere of duty, encouragement from those we love is a cordial. What a most remarkable fulfilment of the promise of the "hundredfold now in this present life" is your connection, and the whole history of your being brought together. I have no doubt that great good will arise from it in various ways. The savor of your united influence will be strongly felt, not only in our own circle of relations, but in many others, I fully believe. For the sake of real good to be done and spread, I hope you will not be too exclusive in your plans about visiting. I told thee, dear Eliza, my regrets at Joseph's strict line and rule about dinner visits,—it throws such a shackle on the intercourse with some first-rate society in Norwich,—and I am very sorry that two such bright and polished instruments as you both are should be under what seems to me such a needless bondage. This is my view, and I know that I have a particular dislike to rules and restrictions of this kind. I like liberty and following the common ways of society, unless a positive conscientious objection interferes with it. However, it is not for me to advise, or hardly to give an opinion to those whom I truly feel above and beyond me, as I do both of you; and if you differ from me, I shall be sure you must have good and substantial reasons that I do not understand nor appreciate.

H. C. Backhouse to Julia K. Clarke.

LEAMINGTON, Eighth mo. 6th, 1841.

This was the meeting-house where, more than eleven years ago, I laid before Friends my concern for going to America. Little did I then think of the event of this day, as little did the Friends of Philadelphia when, overruled by a judgment not their own, they gave Eliza the minute through which, in the wonderful workings of her heavenly Father, it may now be said she has been brought into this land, to be, at least for years, her earthly home, and in which I have as strong a faith as I had that she was bound to go with me through your land, that she will have an important post to fill, both naturally and spiritually, and that if she is a faithful steward of her manifold gifts, it will be no inactive one either. I feel more than perhaps any of you would think parting with her, though I perfectly approve the connection. She has been such a beloved adopted child, that I cannot give her up to another without feeling it; but I know the time is come for her using her talents in a larger sphere than she can hold with me, and that there is a time to give up as well as to receive.

E. P. G.'s letters at this time clearly indicate how

deeply she felt the responsibilities of her position, and how entirely she looked to her heavenly Guide to conduct her safely amid its varied duties.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Tenth mo. 29th, 1841.

I have been longing to tell thee of our sweet and marvellously peaceful arrival here last evening. Nothing could exceed the perfectly familiar home-like feeling that was in mercy given me on entering this abode of rest and happiness, for such I assuredly believe I shall find it, through the tender compassion and unmerited loving kindness of our gracious Lord. Bright, beaming, and cordial beyond description was the cheering and heart-tendering welcome we received from these most precious children, whom I feel to be gifts of inestimable value from the all-bounteous Giver of the manifold and various blessings I am now enjoying, and in the possession of which I well know that thou, my dearly beloved mother, will rejoice with me.

This morning, in our family reading, I was constrained to beseech that a rich blessing might be poured upon this gathered household, that the mantle of those who had gone before us into glory, with a double portion of their spirit, might descend on some of us, enabling us to discharge our relative

and varied duties to the honor of our Lord, that we might walk in the light of His countenance, and in His name rejoice all the day, etc. A hallowed feeling seemed to cover us, and after our private reading in our lodging-room, we had a sweet call from William Forster. Then took a short walk, had a sight of the beautiful greenhouse (my bridal gift), and since luncheon we have enjoyed a social call from Anna Forster. She was most pleasant, but looks a good deal altered since I saw her last. To-morrow our dearest sister Fry comes to us, and Catharine on Second day.

E. P. G. to Susanna Corder.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 19th, 1841.

. . . I trust thou wilt continue to follow us with good desires, and even prayers for our safe guidance, faithfulness, and preservation; for truly I do feel that in the midst of vast responsibilities, and countless mercies, too, we have no power at all to keep ourselves, and were it not for the assured belief that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for us, overwhelming to myself would be the increase of relative obligations into which my new position must inevitably lead. On this grace I rely, and I think I am bound to confess that so far I have found it, to my humbling admiration, supporting and sustaining

beyond what I could ask or think, making things easy which in the distance seemed impossible; and in the midst of the absorbing interests attendant on my coming to this new and most indulgent home, it has preserved my mind in sweet tranquillity and perfect peace. I know, my beloved friend, and I almost think I hear thee telling me to remember, that this state of things cannot last, that we must prepare to endure hardness, as good soldiers, etc. Yet surely when our compassionate Captain permits us for a season to rest as in green pastures, and by the still waters of life, we may accept the offered mercy with thanksgiving, and call upon His name for the ability to drink the cup which overflows with blessings, to His praise. Most sweet and comforting is the reception I have met with from these precious children, and, indeed, the whole family circle without any exception.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Twelfth mo. 16th, 1841.

I must write a single line to thank thee, my own loved mother, for thy kind note and acceptable letter, which came together yesterday, and to tell thee, in answer to thy kind inquiry, that I am much more comfortable, though I have been in a low spot since I wrote before. I have received no letter since the

one which brought the intelligence of my dearest brother's decease, but hope soon to have more particulars, which I will forward to thee. In the midst of countless blessings, I can unite in what thou sayest about praising the dead that are already dead more than the living that are still alive, groaning, as at seasons all must groan, under the burthen of mortality, and when they do rejoice, rejoice with trembling. Yet we must both wait patiently the appointed time until the change shall come; and may we not, by too much dwelling on the trials and afflictions that we meet with by the way, neglect to number the abounding mercies of a gracious God? Thy sympathy is always sweet to me; I know its depth and sincerity.

. . . How thoroughly the stamp of "right" which is sometimes mercifully set upon our movements, repays for hours of conflict no one knows better than thyself.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eighth mo. 20th, 1842.

After I despatched my hasty lines to thee from Wells I received thy welcome letter, and was truly glad to hear of thy comfortable getting on, although it is still, I perceive, through no small tribulation. Dearest Joseph and I often contrast our compara-

tively smooth path with thine, and conclude we are thorough idlers; yet we trust we are numbered among those servants who "stand and wait," and are really willing to leave our delightful ceiled house if it is required of us. We had some excellent service in our journey round the coast, and as to myself, I feel as if I had nothing to do but quietly study my alphabet. Whether I shall ever get beyond this seems rather doubtful, and I can truly say I have not much anxiety about it; but I do heartily and increasingly desire that an abundant portion of preserving grace may be bestowed upon me, and that I may be kept from hour to hour in the coolness, the integrity, the wisdom, and the stability of the truth, for how innumerable are the temptations to swerve from it in one direction or other.

E. P. G. to Mary Anna Longstreth.

EARLHAM, Eighth mo. 31st, 1842.

We very much enjoyed our stay at Cromer, especially the daily intercourse which it afforded with our precious sister, E. Fry, who was our near neighbor, and part of the time we were there we had the delightful addition to our party of the Backhouse family, which you will readily believe was pleasant to us all. Dear E. Fry, as you know, is always engaged

in endeavoring in some way or other to benefit her fellow-creatures, and very sweet it is to be able to be co-workers with her for a season in her labors of love. There are a great many sailors at Cromer, and we had some extremely interesting meetings with them (not exactly religious meetings), which commenced in a very simple way. At certain seasons of the year, not having anything to do, they are often lounging about the cliff for hours together; and one day, looking over a tract which seemed peculiarly applicable to them, I proposed to dear Joseph that we should ask them to come into our large dining-room in the evening and read it to them. He being always ready to uphold me in every good word and work immediately agreed, and so we strolled about the cliff and invited them in as we happened to meet with them scattered about in little companies. Quite a large number came, and I read to them the tract called "The Two Seamen," to which they listened with the most profound attention, and afterward dear J. addressed them very suitably, when they departed apparently well satisfied with the opportunity. On mentioning it to our sister Fry, and also that we intended having them in very soon again, she seemed much pleased with the plan, and said she would like to be with us when we met next time. Accordingly a few evenings afterward we had the room nearly

full, and it was an occasion certainly not soon to be forgotten. The most profound silence reigned while I read to them a very impressive tract entitled "The Roll-Call, or How will you answer It?" Then my dear J. spoke to them beautifully, and in a way which seemed to impress them very much indeed, and dear E. F. addressed them sweetly too, and then appeared in solemn and most striking supplication. It was a time of unusual interest, and one which I cannot at all do justice to by my imperfect mode of description, the sailors seemed so deeply impressed by the whole thing. We had one or two very interesting meetings afterward, but I think this was the most striking, there was such great solemnity from the first, and the tract, which perhaps you have read, seemed so completely to rivet their attention. And when my dearest Joseph in a solemn manner exhorted them to be prepared for that great day wherein ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands out of every kindred, nation, tongue, and people would most assuredly be summoned to appear before the judgment seat of Christ to hear the last roll called, the most profound solemnity prevailed, and I could almost fancy that I heard the general response, "How shall I answer it?" But I must not fill my sheet about Cromer, or I could tell you many interesting anecdotes of our

visits to the cottages of the coast-guardmen, establishing a library for the sailors, etc.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 25th, 1842.

. . . The delightful atmosphere which I continually breathe of love and purity, in which the spirit of defamation, of envy, of selfishness has never found an entrance, is an atmosphere I have all my life longed for and had quite despaired of obtaining,—one in which I have continually to guard against the evil propensities of my own haughty heart, that I may feel it a home atmosphere, that I may not appear an odd one in this precious circle.

I think thou wilt like to hear how each day passes, that thou may be able to picture us. We rise about eight. At a quarter before nine the bell rings for family reading, and, all the servants being collected, we make quite a little congregation. Either Joseph or John H. reads the New Testament, and I often read a psalm or a few verses out of Priscilla Gurney's collection. Then we all sally forth for a walk till breakfast is on the table, and afterwards my dearest J. and myself adjourn to our beautiful sitting-room for our own private reading. Before this, however, I always go into the housekeeper's room and order dinner, etc. Then Joseph and I take a long walk,

sometimes in the garden, sometimes in the park. By the time we reach home the letters have come; these read, we go into our respective sitting-rooms, write letters, read, or employ ourselves as we like till luncheon at one, after which I often accompany Joseph to Norwich, and while he is engaged for an hour or two at the bank, I visit the jail or hospital, or perhaps make calls on the sick, and thus my time passes pleasantly till he is ready to return. We dine at six, and afterwards adjourn to the drawing-room, where we settle in for a comfortable evening, always having some book on hand, which we go on reading, let who may be here, unless they are only guests for the day. J. H. is often our reader, when Joseph employs himself with his pencil, and Anna and I with our needles. On First day evenings at half-past eight the hall bell is rung, and the Earlham cottagers, amounting, with the servants, to about forty persons, assemble in the ante-room, where we read to them, and often have an interesting little meeting afterwards.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

My beloved Mother,—I am sure thou wilt be interested in hearing that my letters from America, received this morning, have brought me the sad intelligence of the decease of my dear Aunt Fletcher,

and also of the unlooked-for removal of Chalkley Shoemaker, my sister's eldest son.

Is it not remarkable how one piece of mournful information follows another in quick succession, till it seems as if my whole family would be swept away? I confess I have felt a little stunned by the news of to-day, but nothing causes me the slightest misgiving as to my being in my right allotment here.

I have always felt that I was brought into it by an irresistible arm of power, and even though all this should prove "but the beginning of sorrows" (which I have thought to-day was more than possible), I believe I shall feel that "it is the Lord," and trust I shall be strengthened to say, "Let Him do what seemeth Him good." But my heart is very hard, my dear mother; pray for me that it may be so "exercised" by these multiplied afflictions as to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and true holiness.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, First mo. 26th, 1843.

I was struck with what thou sayest of being thankful to be employed in so good a Master's service; but I fear I know little of this grateful feeling, for although I am again and again brought to the ac-

knowledgment that hitherto He has helped me, my faith for the future often fails me, and the exposure is so utterly at variance with my taste and inclination that nature shrinkingly exclaims, time after time, "In this thing, oh, in this one thing, have me excused!" But I think I am getting a little more trustful, and have a faint hope that, if I must continue in this crucifying path of faith, the day will come when perfect love will banish every fear,—every unrighteous one I mean, of course.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

HAM HOUSE,* Fourth mo. 10th, 1843.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—It was a true disappointment on arriving here to find we were not to see thee again, and I could not fully take in the uncomfortable fact until we got to the meeting-house this morning and found surely enough thou wast not there. I trust thou hast been in thy right place, and if so, as thou sayest, it would not have promoted the comfort of either party to have been together; but I could have longed for thee to partake with us of the true refreshment which was graciously afforded in the unusually solemn and uniting season we were

* The residence of Samuel Gurney.

this day favored with. The waters did seem on our first sitting down together much more than ankle-deep, and they soon became such as a man could swim in. It was exactly the meeting thou wouldst thoroughly have enjoyed, and I could not help feeling that it might have brought us together as in days of old, when we did truly drink of the same spirit, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. But though separated in body, I trust we were not far distant in spirit, and that when many, many miles divide us thou wilt often remember us for good. Nothing can exceed the full tide of unity that has poured in upon us to-day from every quarter, loudly calling for a return of gratitude and praise to Him whose covenant is sure, and who has promised that He never will forsake His children whose trust and confidence are placed in Him alone. Samuel Tuke's presence and sweet little sermon added not a little to the weight and comfort of the occasion. I cannot pretend to tell thee who the speakers were; I counted about twenty that I knew, and there were many that I did not know; almost every one gave us a nice little sermon, and some of them were beautiful and most encouraging.

May the Lord bless thee, my endeared friend, and keep thee every moment under the shadow of His holy wing, is my sincere prayer for thee.

The above letter refers to an engagement upon which E. P. Gurney was about entering to accompany her husband and their friend, Josiah Forster, in an extended visit of gospel love to France, Switzerland, and some parts of Germany. Elizabeth Fry and one of her daughters were also of the company for a time. In pursuance of this prospect, they left England Fourth mo. 10th, 1843, with the full concurrence of their own meetings. E. P. G.'s deeply interesting experiences while on this journey are graphically described in the following letters and journal.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

PARIS, Fourth mo. 21st, 1843.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It was at some cost that I left England without seeing thee again, as I had quite persuaded myself thou would be at the morning meeting, though I confess my impression on parting with thee at the Grove was very different. I then felt almost sure it would be long before we met again.

I have often thought of thee in our journey, how much there is in it that thou wouldst enjoy, and how many of my enjoyments would have been heightened by having thee with us to share their novelty with me. Being in France is an old story to all the party

but myself, but to thee it would be equally striking and new, and I have often thought how greatly such and such a thing would have amused thee. Dear Anna has probably told thee of our arrival at Boulogne, visit to Amiens, etc. We then went on to Clermont, where we had rather rude accommodations, but the country about it is charming. Josiah Forster, whom we find a most agreeable and useful companion, took me off after breakfast into a wood to hear the nightingales, and very sweet they were. The weather, too, was lovely, and the views of Clermont and the finely-cultivated valleys from the neighboring hills exceeded anything I almost ever saw for charm and beauty, and would have thoroughly refreshed thee I am sure.

It is certainly much more like travelling in America than in England, and often reminds me of our tour through Cherry Valley, in the western part of the State of New York. The light and clean-looking houses with their green Venetian shutters and the frequent rows of poplars seem like old friends, while the bright sky and dry atmosphere almost beguile me into the belief that I have got back to my own native land. On the other hand, the difficulty of getting there was brought painfully home to me in my suffering sea-voyage, being scarcely able to hold up my head from the time we left Dover till

we reached Boulogne. I think I scarcely ever was so ill at sea before, and yet the captain called it a fair passage.

I think I mentioned in my letter to Anna, which I desired thou might see, that we visited a miserable prison at Amiens,—the people poorly employed and looking dirty and uncomfortable; one poor boy shut up in the castle, a dismal, dungeon-like, unhealthy-looking place, so damp I should not think that any one could live there long. But at Clermont we visited a prison forming a striking contrast to this wretched place. It is on the silent system, and certainly the most favorable specimen I have seen. About nine hundred women, decently clothed, and busily employed, and looking really comfortable, were quite a cheering sight. We were not permitted to speak to them at all, nor even to our conductress, except in a whisper, and therefore the most profound silence reigned throughout, to relieve the monotony of which they occasionally break forth into hymn-singing.

Some of them were engaged in beautiful embroidering, others in reeling and fine needle-work. Nothing could exceed the neatness of their sleeping apartments, about two hundred in each, high, airy, and most comfortable. They are under the care of the nuns, and I had just come to the conclusion that

they really did deserve credit for this labor of love, as I supposed it to be, when we were told they were amply repaid for their services. This was a take-off certainly; still one admires the perfect order and true cleanliness, and I for one am willing they should have their due. The superior conducted us over the house, and when we returned to the parlor we found about twenty nuns collected to receive us, dressed in their gray attire and neat white caps. They looked all joy at seeing us, and dear E. Fry spoke very nicely to them, which Katherine interpreted. Among other things she observed that we were all unprofitable servants, and that however pleasant and right it was to be employed in good works, there was no merit due to the creature, that we must ascribe all praise, etc. The superior responded to her remarks until she came to this, when she directly said in a pathetic tone, "Oh, yes, I think there is a little merit in the performance of good deeds," to which an old nun, who seemed really spiritually-minded, with a very pleasant countenance, replied, "But Madame Fry means to convey to us that she gets such a reward at her heart when she does right that she has no need of anything more." It was a very interesting time, and they were certainly the most satisfactory set of "Papists," as Joseph calls them, that I have yet seen.

From Clermont we came to Chantilly, a charming place, where we were quite refreshed. Here we saw the stables of the great Condé, which I suppose are the most remarkable things of the kind in the world, —beautiful stalls for two hundred horses, and the gilding of the harness ridiculously splendid. We did not go into the house, but the gardens are lovely. On Fourth day noon we reached Paris, and are now occupying pleasant rooms in a hotel in one of the finest parts of this magnificent city, for so it truly may be called. Nothing can be warmer or kinder than Aunt Fry's "dear friends," most of whom speak English, which is a relief to me, who only understand about five words in ten in French. At the urgent request of the Countess Pelet (who is an invalid) we all called upon her yesterday, and I do not know when I have seen any one who interested me more, she appears to have such a truly Christian spirit and warm, affectionate heart; they say she is so like Rachel Gurney. I was going to speak to her very ceremoniously, but she drew me towards her and gave me a hearty kiss. Joseph and I have just been paying her a social little visit in her carriage, which was at the door, and we thought we would go down and inquire how she was; but she begged we would get in and sit with her a little while, and seemed so full of love that, although I am rather

slow in forming friendships, I begin already to feel it would be quite easy to love her. We dine with them on Fourth day evening, and to-morrow are invited to the Mallets, which Joseph and myself have declined. We mean to spend an hour in the evening with them. E. Mallet is an interesting person, and quite religiously inclined.

Last evening we had a chief from the Sandwich Islands and two or three other gentlemen, and this morning we have had a few callers, but the tide has not yet set in. It is a real trial to be in this land and not speak the language. It does not much signify with regard to the "great" people, as many of them speak English, and I do not know that I have much to do with them at any rate; but when the flocks of interesting-looking people of the poorer class crowded around our carriage as we came along at every halting-place, and seemed so anxious to be noticed by us, I quite longed to talk to them. Thou wouldst have smiled to see the eagerness with which they seized upon the little books and tracts we scattered on the road, and how good-naturedly they laughed aloud when they missed catching them. Some of the women have such mild, sweet faces, and many of the children are quite charming.

MEURICE HOTEL, PARIS, Seventh day morning.

My letter does not seem to give a true impression, it looks as if we were all sailing on so smoothly; but I assure thee, my beloved friend, we sometimes find ourselves in troubled waters, and once or twice have almost "shipped a sea." So far, however, the billows have not been permitted to overwhelm us, and a very sweet dream which I had a night or two since has given me fresh confidence that they never will. I went to bed rather disturbed and somewhat comfortless, but I seemed to have a little taste of heaven in my slumbers, and these sweet words were spoken in the gentlest, kindest, and most soothing accents, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." A noise awoke me, but the savor of this pledge, that our Lord is with His followers always, and that He will keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Him, was truly precious, and remained for some time. Yesterday we made several calls, and in the evening had some interesting visitors. To-morrow morning we hold our little meeting in Ann Knight's lodging, and have a meeting in the evening in the French Methodist Chapel. I think Joseph is rather better for his journey, and my sister altogether nicely.

Last evening we had a call from the Count and Countess Gasparin, and to-day from the Duc de Broglie. The countess is one of the most pleasing persons I have yet seen.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

PARIS, Fifth mo. 12th, 1843.

Our stay here has been full of interest, and though I have been in many respects led by the way of the cross, especially in being so continually in a crowd of people, yet altogether it has been more agreeable to me than I anticipated, and I have felt my heart really drawn in love towards several individuals we have met with. The Countess Pelet and Madame André, very sweet and humble-minded Christians, I have felt particularly interested in, and dearest Joseph and myself paid both of them a thorough friendly family visit, which they received with warm and hearty thanks. They have both been refined by adversity, and are very superior women naturally. I have also felt a great attraction to some of the young people: they speak English well, and manifest true cordiality towards us. We have had two very interesting evenings with them, but as I have given the particulars in some of my letters, which thou wilt probably see, it is scarcely worth while to repeat them. I forget whether I told thee that we dined

with Guizot, and that he took a quiet family dinner with us, both of which occasions were highly satisfactory. He is a truly affable and polished gentleman, and gave due attention to all the various subjects that were laid before him. His three dear children seemed much to enjoy coming to us, and a few mornings since I had them for an hour or two reading English with them, in which they have made some proficiency, and are greatly pleased with it. Yesterday we attended a meeting for the parents and children of the British and foreign schools, in which Joseph was most interestingly engaged, and in the evening he had a party, composed of about twenty of the first men in Paris, on the anti-slavery question. The ladies only remained in the room long enough to have a sight of these great personages and then withdrew, returning again to take a cup of tea with them at the close of the evening; but Joseph and Josiah say it was a most interesting and relieving opportunity, enabling them fully to unburthen their minds on this important subject, over which the French people are, I should fear, in great danger of going to sleep. However, I trust they were a little roused last evening.

We have been to see all kinds of people, among the rest the Baron Rothschild and his lady, who received us most hospitably in their splendid mansion,

which seems ready to groan under its costly and magnificent decorations. They wished us very much to come to dinner, but this we resolutely declined. We have been interested in meeting the daughters of Oberlin and Lafayette, both of whom are said to be serious persons. What the extent of seriousness and, above all, of self-denial in some of these professing Christians is it may be difficult to determine; happily, we are not their judges. I cannot but believe many of them have been very seriously impressed under my dear sister's and husband's ministrations. As to myself, I rank the little I have had to do very, very low, and feel sure my own heart needs thoroughly mending before I can do much toward cultivating the good seed in others. Yet I have been mercifully helped to be faithful to the little that is required, and have felt true peace in giving up my own stubborn will, which always, I think I may say, rises against it.

First day morning.

I must just add a line or two to tell thee about an evening which we all felt to be a most weighty occasion. For my own part, I may truly say, my heart was like lead all day, under the apprehension that I should have to declare some plain truths to a company of Protestants and Catholics, which it seemed to me it would be impossible to utter.

However, the rooms soon filled, and after dearest Joseph had addressed them very interestingly, I repeated the blessing that was pronounced on the children of Israel in the Sixth of Numbers: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," etc.; then observed that whilst I had desired the best of blessings might descend on every individual in that company, even the blessing that makes truly rich and to which no sorrow is added, I had to remember the solemn words which were addressed to King Belshazzar: "Because thou hast not humbled thy heart, but hast lifted up thyself against the God of Heaven, and hast praised the gods of silver, of gold, of brass, of wood, and of stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know, and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, thou hast not glorified, thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting: God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it;" and while I desired this solemn sentence might never go forth against any of us, I thought we might all acknowledge that, in one way or other, we too had been praising the gods of silver and gold, etc., and had not sufficiently glorified Him whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion is from generation to generation. Yet our God is a jealous God. He will not give His glory to another, nor His praise to any graven image; He calls for the whole

heart, quoting His answer to the young man who inquired, What must I do to inherit eternal life? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and then directing all sin-sick souls to Him as the only Saviour, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, for "there is yet balm in Gilead, there is yet a physician there." My sister Fry followed very sweetly, confirming what I had said of giving Him the undivided heart, and Joseph finished in solemn supplication. I did not know how the Catholics would receive the doctrine; but to my comfort, several of them took me warmly by the hand and expressed their great satisfaction in what they had heard. Lafayette's daughter, who is one of the serious among them, seemed full of love, and said, "We have had a blessed evening." I cannot say the weight that was taken off my soul by being faithful, but it was no small effort, as thou mayst suppose. We had two of the ladies in waiting on the queen, the Baron Mallet and all his family, Lafavelle, Count Pelet, etc., amounting in all, I should think, to seventy persons or more.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

FONTAINEBLEAU, Fifth mo. 17th, 1843.

I think I sent thee my hasty journal up to Seventh day evening. On First day morning we had a sweet

little meeting with about twenty persons in our own little meeting-house, and in the afternoon a large and memorable one, certainly the best we have had in Paris, in a fine airy room which we have occupied on First day afternoons, and found it answered well. Dear Joseph, I thought, was unusually helped, as well as my sister, and the people seemed brimful of kindness when the meeting closed. In the evening we had about seventy persons in our own hotel, English exclusively, and the day ended in peace. And now I must go back a little in my story and tell thee that when Guizot dined with us, about a week ago, my husband expressed his desire to see the king, to which he replied that he thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining an interview, and that he would undertake to arrange it. However, as several days elapsed and we heard nothing further, Josiah Forster called on Guizot, and informed him that Joseph was about leaving Paris; but he did not receive much encouragement as to the probability of his obtaining an audience, and we had quite given up the expectation of it, so that after having visited the "Enfants Trouvés," which is certainly one of the most affecting sights I ever witnessed, and spent a very pleasant evening with the delightful family of the Dellessères, we were preparing for a start on Third day morning, having all our things packed

up, when a letter comes from Guizot, announcing the king's pleasure that "Madame Fry and Monsieur and Madame Gurney" should wait upon him at Neuilly (his own private palace, about six miles from Paris) at half-past eleven the next day. Here was an end to our journey for the present, so our party amused and occupied themselves in various ways. For my own part, I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing the refuge for poor penitents, an admirably ordered institution, which I had much wished to see, and in the evening we were all interested in a nice party of talented gentlemen whom Aunt Fry had invited to meet her on the prison question. This afforded Joseph an opportunity of fully relieving his mind to several distinguished individuals, so that even in this respect the detention answered well. And now I must tell thee exactly what my feelings were on finding that I was included in the invitation to Neuilly, which was quite an unsolicited favor, though I confess my heart had been much attracted towards the royal family, and I thought more than once, "Had I mamma's faithfulness, I should ask for an interview." Notwithstanding, when the unlooked-for permission came, I was almost ready to decline the favor; but it seemed to be sealed on my spirit that if I went in simplicity, and was faithful to what was made manifest, I should feel a greater flow of

peace and joy than I had yet experienced since I came to Paris. So we dressed ourselves up in our neatest and away we went. My heart was none of the lightest, I assure thee, and when on observing to my sister that I thought we must not shrink from doing our duty, whatever it might be, she replied that when she was with the king, some years ago, it seemed almost impossible to introduce anything of a serious nature, the load was increased, and by the time we reached the palace I felt sober enough, being almost convinced, from a certain sort of oppression which never deceives me, that so surely as I went into the palace I should have to request to have a religious opportunity with the part of the royal family we might happen to see. We were shown into the king's reception-room, where we remained about five minutes, and were then ushered into the presence of the queen, the Princess Adelaide, the king's sister, and three or four ladies in waiting, beside the aides-de-camp. The queen received us with the greatest kindness, desired us to be seated, inquired about our visit to Paris, journey for the summer, etc., and in a few minutes the truly intelligent and agreeable-looking king appeared. We all rose to receive him, according to etiquette, but he begged us to be seated, and on finding I was from Philadelphia, he spoke with apparent pleasure

of having attended Friends' meeting in Second Street before I was born. My sister Fry then alluded to the affecting circumstance of the sudden death of the Duke of Orleans, which they have all felt extremely, and expressed her sympathy for them, and afterward she introduced the prison subject. Then Joseph gave them a short account of the present state of the free West India Islands. They listened with great attention to both statements, and we had some interesting conversation in reference to them; but I found I dare not leave it here, and actually had courage to request permission to express what was resting on my mind toward them. They instantly bowed assent, the king saying, "Certainly, certainly," in the most gracious manner, and after a short pause I was strengthened to address them for several minutes in an unexcited manner, and with more quietness of spirit than I have often known when speaking to the humblest individual. I think in mercy I was raised above all fear for the moment; the ladies, including the queen, directly dropped their worsted work in which they were busily engaged, and they were all profoundly attentive until I had done, when the king in the kindest manner exclaimed, "Allow me to return you our heartfelt thanks for your good wishes and prayers for our family," with several other very kind expressions, to

which the queen and Princess Adelaide most cordially responded. Then my sister and Joseph in a few appropriate sentences set their seal to what I had said, and desired their heavy afflictions might work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, etc.

After the interchange of a few kind expressions we rose to depart, when the queen with a great deal of feeling turned towards me and observed, "I must thank you from my heart for your prayers for us," to which the Princess Adelaide subjoined, "Yes, from our hearts we thank you," and the king, coming forward and putting out his hand, said in the kindest manner, "Allow me to shake you by the hand, and again express my warmest and most grateful thanks." So thou seest I was abundantly rewarded, even in this way, for my first act of dedication before the great ones of the earth. After we left the palace, Joseph said he had been so reminded of thy prophecy that "I would one day see more of royalty than ever my sister Fry had done," and insisted upon my putting down, as nearly as I could remember it, just what I had communicated and send it to thee, which I have accordingly done. But thou must not expose it, lest it may convey the notion of my feeling myself of some importance in the world, when truly I never felt so utterly unequal to do any good

thing in my own strength, and seldom have I known such seasons of deep abasedness of spirit as during our truly interesting stay in Paris. I began with saying, "Whilst I have earnestly desired that the best of blessings may descend upon the king and queen of the French, and upon every member of the royal family, my heart has been touched by the remembrance that even kings and princes are not exempt from the common lot of humanity, but that the interesting circle now before me have had to partake largely of the bitter draught of adversity," and I begged to be permitted to remind them of the words of sacred Scripture: "The Lord doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men, but whom He loveth He chasteneth; and as a tender father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust."

"My heart has been tendered under a sense of the painful exemplification which the royal family of France have lately had of the succeeding words: 'As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.' Yet sad as are these reflections, how consoling is the assurance of the Psalmist, 'That the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting

on them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children to all those who keep His covenant and remember His commandments to do them.' May I then be allowed to express my ardent desire for the king and queen of the French, that by faithfully keeping their covenant with their God, and remembering all His commandments to do them, they may know that peace which passeth all understanding to rest upon them; yea, that their peace may ever flow as a river, and that the mercy of their God and Father may descend upon their children and their children's children to all generations; and finally, being washed and made white in the precious fountain of a Saviour's blood, they may through the abounding love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord be received into that kingdom of eternal blessedness where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, where kings lay down their sceptres and worship Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and who is indeed both now and everlastingly worthy of all our service, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise."

There were tears in the queen's eyes, I believe, more than once, and she seemed particularly to feel the allusion to the sudden removal of her son, which has, we understand, been a great blow to them all. . . .

I wanted to tell thee about our affecting visit to the "Enfants Trouvés," where we saw hundreds of poor little new-born babies, bleating like lambs for their mothers. They told us they received about thirteen a day, of whom about one-third die. Their little curtained beds looked truly pretty, and I enjoyed quieting several of the poor little innocents by patting them on their backs. They wrap them up in thick blankets, so that they can neither move hand nor foot, and nothing can exceed the pallid and almost deathlike appearance of many of them.

J. J. Gurney to Anna Backhouse.

The loveliest of all the ladies whom we have seen and to whom thy mother has been attracted is the Duchess of Orleans, whom we visited by appointment yesterday morning. She received us alone at the Tuileries in the kindest and most open manner, and interested us very deeply. She is simple, refined, unaffected, and warm-hearted, of a slender frame, and a most pleasing countenance. She spoke most affectionately of "Aunt Fry," and after some easy friendly conversation thy dear mother proposed silence, which was immediately complied with. Soon afterwards she addressed the duchess, who speaks and understands English well, with remarkable force and clearness, expressing the deep and tender sym-

pathy which she had felt for her before leaving England; citing various passages of Scripture relating to those sudden and terrible afflictions which are sometimes permitted, and contrasting them with others; depicting the rich and abundant consolations of the gospel; declaring her belief that, should further troubles assail her, she would be supported and comforted, quoting the twentieth Psalm, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble;" and that her prayers for herself and her children were and would be answered. The scene was truly touching.

E. P. G. to M. A. Williams.

Fifth mo. 28th, 1843.

We are now among the dear, simple-hearted friends of Nîmes, having paid a most interesting and memorable visit of a week at Lyons. Two of the evenings especially I think we shall not soon forget. Between two and three hundred persons were assembled at our hotel, and after interesting them for about an hour, the first evening on the subject of emancipation, and the second on the desirableness of improvement in prison discipline, the advantage of the solitary system, etc., we gradually got into a profound silence, and had one of the most solemn religious meetings I ever attended.

Then we came to Avignon, where we had two

sweet little meetings, and arrived here yesterday, greatly to our satisfaction. We go to Congenies next week, and then to Switzerland. Will it not be a treat to see that lovely country?

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

VALENCE, Sixth mo. 18th, 1843

Dear Joseph has been extremely ill, and is only now so far recovered as to enable us to go forward toward Geneva by easy journeys and with great care. Thou mayst imagine what it has been to have him laid low with an alarming attack of fever at Congenies, a little village in which it is difficult to obtain the very necessaries of life, ten miles from a medical man in whom we could have any confidence, and the dwelling we were in quite as rough as the log houses in the backwoods of America. However, this rude abode was made comfortable and even pleasant to us by the kind and affectionate attentions of the dear friend to whom it belonged, but, above all, by the lifting up of the light of the countenance of Him in whose presence, even under the most painful circumstances, there is fulness of joy.

The meetings have been very large and satisfactory, and truly cheering it has been to find so many weary of the form and panting for the substance, awaking to the truth of the apostle's doctrine that

"the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." At Lyons, Chalons, Avignon, and Nîmes we found this most especially the case, and in each place we had large public meetings, besides the smaller towns and villages in all their neighborhoods.

It was most pleasant when we got to Nîmes to sit down once again with our own friends, who have a little meeting there, composed of six or seven families and the dear children at the school, which has been lately opened, and promises to be a real blessing to the little band at Nîmes and Congenies, in whom we felt a deep and lively interest. Christine Majolier, whose name I do not doubt thou hast often heard, is a superior person, and a great stay to the society about these parts. Indeed, I do not know what they would do without her, as she is clerk both for the men and women at the Two-Months' Meeting, and a most useful person every way.

E. P. G. to her Aunt Paul.

Seventh mo., 1843.

My last, I think, was sent from Valence to my sister Julia, and I know you will be glad to hear that since that time my beloved husband has made steady progress toward the recovery of his health, and that I have now the true comfort of seeing him stronger and better than he has been for a twelve-

month. Indeed, he often says he feels quite well again. This is an unspeakable favor, and one for which I desire to be duly thankful. After we left Valence, we spent a few days at Grenoble, where we had some large and interesting meetings with the little band of Protestants who reside there.

We then proceeded to Geneva, and remained in the neighborhood about three weeks. Many circumstances combined to make this period one of the most interesting of our summer tour. In the first place, it was our introduction into Switzerland,—a country which I have had a longing to visit all my life, and which, now I have seen it, I can acknowledge not only equals, but far exceeds my expectations with regard to its unique character of picturesque loveliness. In the next place, we became acquainted with several excellent and eminent persons, for whom Geneva is celebrated,—D'Aubigné, the author of the "Reformation," who is one of the finest and most sensible-looking men I ever saw; Gaussen, the author of the "Theopneustic," also a highly-talented and serious man; and with the Baroness de Staël we were extremely pleased, a thoroughly accomplished lady, yet an humble Christian.

The most striking time we had, however, was on the occasion of a breakfast to which my husband and Josiah Forster thought it right to invite many of the

serious people of Geneva, including about twelve or fifteen pastors, some of them truly spiritually-minded men I have no doubt. We had a pleasant, social meal, and afterward a memorable meeting, which seemed to bring us very near together, making us realize our Saviour's words: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." Their hearts were full of love and kindness when they parted from us, and I quite believe our coming together was not in vain.

Extracts from E. P. G.'s Journal.

Geneva, Seventh mo. 10th, 1843.—I cannot pretend to describe the loveliness of our drive from Grenoble to Chambéry. The fertile valley of Idere, with its beautifully-trellised vines, its flowery chestnut-trees, its bright green fields of grass and grain, with here and there a well-filled team or two, surrounded by the happy haymakers, both men and women, the latter with their gypsy hats and cherry-colored handkerchiefs and aprons, formed one of the most charming pictures I have ever seen. The effect was magical, and it became a perfect fairy-scene when, added to all this, upon our right the snow-clad Alps of almost dazzling whiteness burst on the view, and to the left the rock-ribbed mountains formed a magnificent and towering battlement

for many miles. The cold expression of the eternal snows contrasted strangely with the almost golden flood of light and heat that poured upon us from a burning sun, and we could scarcely think the whole was no illusion. The next day we reached Annecy, and had a lovely row upon the lake just as the sun was setting. The scenery was truly beautiful.

On Fourth day noon we got to this sweet home, and found most pleasant rooms provided for us on the Rhone.

On Fifth day we took the steamer for Vevay, and a delightful excursion we had. The mountain-scenery, as you approach Vevay, is truly charming, and our hotel in the best situation possible for an entire view of it. On Sixth day morning we took a carriage and drove to Villeneuve, stopping to see John Backhouse's delightful residence upon the lake, where they had spent six months some years ago.

We looked at Chillon, too, with real interest, and my husband sketched it. The footprints in the prison-floor, worn by poor Bonnivard, and the islet with "three trees," so exactly answering to the poet's lines, were curiously attractive, for I thought I had grown far too prosaic to care aught about them. And then I do so utterly condemn Lord Byron's course, I hardly liked to be so influenced by his productions. Had he but used his master-mind

to improve and not demoralize his species, we cannot calculate the vast results. This observation will apply with equal or greater force to that incalculably naughty man, Napoleon, who is almost idolized in France for his bad deeds.

At Villeneuve, which is at the head of the lake, we again took the steamer and returned to this place. Just before we landed a sweet-looking lady came up to me and introduced herself by saying she believed I had seen her sister, the Princess of Orange, at the Hague. I replied that my husband had; on which she immediately rejoined, "Oh, I was sure that must be Mr. Gurney, from my sister's description of him." We had some pleasant conversation afterward, dear Joseph joining us, and yesterday morning she called, attended by her lady in waiting. It appears she is the eldest daughter of the king of Würtemberg, and is married to the son of the husband of Maria Louisa (former wife of Napoleon). His name is Niepberg. There is something remarkably sweet and simple about her, and at my husband's suggestion I wrote her a little note.

Seventh mo. 25th, 1843.—We are now happily out of Geneva without the weight of a feather upon us, but truly the three weeks that we passed in its vicinity had as much of weight and trial in them as it was easy at seasons to bear. There

are many very interesting and highly intellectual people at Geneva, and many high professors. How much there is of simple, genuine, unmixed Christianity is not for us to judge. There is much diversity of sentiment, and perhaps some want of charity, among them. There were, however, several pastors who appeared to be really devoted men, with whose company we were much pleased. A strong prejudice evidently existed against women's ministry, of which we heard as soon as we arrived; and, with the burden which was certainly laid upon me towards the people, I was placed in the most painful and apparently indissoluble bonds. I scarcely know which was the most annoying, the objection in the minds of some, or the strong curiosity and inclination in others, inducing them to beg that I would speak. But truly our merciful Lord does make a way for us where we can see no way. Did any ever trust in Him and were confounded? Our first meeting was in our own hotel, and very satisfactory; afterward my husband gave an account of his visit to the West Indies to a large company in the Casino, six or seven hundred. He told his story well, giving it a very instructive turn toward the close, reminding them that there was a slavery even more terrible and more to be dreaded than that under which the poor Africans groaned,—the cruel

bondage of a tyrannizing world; directing their attention to the one great Liberator, whose blessed office it is to burst every bond and let the oppressed go free. Nothing could exceed the solemn silence which prevailed throughout, and I believe it was a time of favor that will be long remembered by many. On First day evening he had a large meeting for worship at the Casino, which was also very satisfactory, and in the course of the week we paid several social visits, which ended with religious opportunities. On Second day morning, intending to leave the next day, we gave a breakfast to all the "pastors" at Geneva and several other serious gentlemen, amounting in all to about twenty-one. We had a very pleasant meal, and after my husband had read a portion of Scripture, and addressed them in a beautiful and appropriate manner, I was constrained to relieve my mind toward those who were "ambassadors for Christ." It was no small trial to me to be faithful on this occasion, especially as the two ministers who were said to be so entirely opposed to women's ministry were sitting near me; but instead of being offended by what I said, they were as cordial as possible afterward, hoping the Lord might bless our labors of love, and expressing with many others the comfort and satisfaction they had had in the opportunity.

In the evening we took tea at Colonel Frouchin's, where we again met with several of our morning company, and many more, a party probably of sixty-five or seventy. A very sweet evening we had, visiting the capital chalet which this truly liberal man has erected for the sick poor, at his own expense and on his own grounds. We had a religious opportunity with the inmates, I hope to their refreshment, and afterwards with the party at the chateau, to our own relief and comfort.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above," etc. Their hearts seemed to overflow with love and kindness toward us, and we parted from them not expecting to see their faces again in this scene of mutability; but, to our surprise and pleasure, a few of them waylaid us on our road next day to take a final leave. It was very bright and cheering to see them once again, and the effort which they made for it, waiting some time in the heat, proved their sincerity. At Yverdun and Neufchâtel my dear husband had good service in meetings appointed in the Oratoire, and therefore, of course, I could have no part in them, as women are not allowed to speak in their churches.

We are now at Berne (Seventh mo. 30th), and expecting to hold a meeting in our inn this evening

We reached this place on Fifth day evening, and on Sixth day noon we took a drive to Hofwyl. I cannot say that the spirit of this place is very satisfactory, and greatly fear that, commendable as Fellenberg's system is in many respects, there is not a full recognition of Divine truth to be found in it, and hence is an indescribable chilliness over the whole thing, which is very uncomfortable.

Zurich, Eighth mo. 7th.—We had a truly satisfactory meeting at Berne on First day evening. A burthened mind was my portion all through the day, which is always an earnest, and often a fearful one, that I shall have some part to take in the vocal service; and after my dear husband had been very interestingly engaged for nearly an hour, I had to employ him as my interpreter while I warned the assembly, composed as it was of serious people, of the danger of self-confidence, and pointed out the necessity of placing our whole dependence upon Him who can alone preserve us from the power of the enemy. "Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The meeting ended very solidly, and we had several serious persons in our saloon afterward. On Second day morning we left Berne (where we also visited a school for orphans and a refuge for naughty boys, both well conducted), and made a lovely ex-

cursion to the Oberland. My husband wished to have meetings at Thun, Interlachen, and Lauterbrunnen, and none of us had any objection to feast our eyes on the delicious scenery with which this part of Switzerland abounds.

Grindelwald especially has the most unique character of picturesque loveliness,—the beautiful Swiss cottages, with their outside staircases and latticed balconies, forming a highly ornamental feature in the charming landscape; the happy-looking peasants in their bright costumes; the Alpine horns reverberating through the mountain fastnesses; the thrilling "Ranz des Vaches," sung with peculiar sweetness by the mountaineers; the bounding goats, led frequently by children down the winding paths; the wondrous glaciers, so blue and beautiful, which mock description; and now and then a thundering avalanche comes rolling down the distant mountain-side, adding fresh charm to this enchanting spot. But, beyond and above all, the towering Bernese Alps, capped with eternal snows, burst on your marvelling and delighted sight at every turn. Of these, the Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch, etc., are conspicuous; and of the beautiful dark mountains in the Oberland, the Niesen stands unrivalled.

A pious old schoolmaster resides near the falls (which are highly beautiful), who informed us that

his grandchildren were the finest singers of the "Ranz des Vaches" on the mountains, and directly summoned them to make good his word, which they did, I have no doubt, for such extraordinary power of the human voice I never met with. My husband, who seldom loses an opportunity of doing good, had a nice little meeting with them afterward, and the tears trickled down the old schoolmaster's face while he addressed them.

Basel, Eighth mo. 11th, 1843.—After we left Thun we came to Lucerne, where, although way did not open for a meeting, we were pleased with having some communication with a serious gentleman and his wife, by the name of Bost: he is a young pastor just about to settle at Amiens. In the afternoon we had a delightful row on the lake, which is one of the most romantic we have yet seen, and its four arms (the "Quatre Bras") curious and beautiful. From Lucerne we had a pleasant drive to Zurich; Mount Pilatus rising up in isolated and silent dignity to take his leave of us on our departure. I think this is my favorite of all the unsnowed mountains, it looks so thoroughly majestic, and then its outline is so bold, irregular, and truly fine. The clouds are said always to gather on it, and it was capped with them while we were there, dark, lowering thunder-clouds, which added to the grand effect I think.

When we arrived at Zurich we found that Gessner, the venerable old pastor, whom we hoped to see, was just deceased, and that funeral sermons were to be preached for him in the different chapels on the following Sabbath. This, I have no doubt, contributed to the solemnity of the meeting which my husband held in the evening, and which proved a remarkably satisfactory one. Our new friend, Matilda Esher, who belongs to the same class as Christine Majolier and Sophia Wurstenberger, useful and independent, had got the meeting up in a suitable apartment in her brother's house. His sermon was a very interesting comment upon the text, "Not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called," and seemed to make a deep impression on the attentive hearers.

While we were at Zurich we paid a delightful visit to our dear friend the Countess Pelét, who, with her amiable husband, was at Baden-Baden, about twelve miles off. She received us with the utmost cordiality, and said she could not refrain from weeping when she found she must leave the neighborhood the next day, and therefore resign all hope of seeing us, as her health was too delicate to make the exertion to come to us. She is certainly the finest woman we have seen on the Continent, both as regards the natural powers of her comprehensive mind,

her superior cultivation, and the soundness and settlement of her religious principles. We seem to have been drawn together by a very strong bond, and I trust our Christian friendship may not end here.

At Zurich we were much interested in visiting the unmarried daughter of Lavater, who resides in the house in which he was born. She is evidently a woman of a sorrowful spirit, apparently too refined and sensitive to pass easily through the roughnesses of this world, but alive in the truth, and cheered upon her dark and thorny way by the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. She showed us a small library of her father's manuscript books, and appears to have the highest veneration for his memory.

We had a large and very interesting meeting at Schaffhausen, in which dear Joseph was well interpreted by a nice young man, and toward the close of the meeting I was considerably frightened by feeling a concern to rise, as he could only translate from French into German, and that I could not speak. However, in a little faith, I ventured to commence in English; my husband kindly put it into French, and the interpreter into German, sentence by sentence, until I had done, and the meeting ended under a covering of much solemnity.

We left Schaffhausen on Fifth day morning,

and came on to Basel, where we now are, in the poorest accommodations we have had in Switzerland. On our way thither we visited Burgen, a well-conducted institution, under the care of Zeller, a man of good spirit and respectable abilities; his wife seems an efficient helper, and both the children and the young men who are preparing for teachers looked very agreeable. The spirit of the whole thing was a perfect contrast to Hofwyl, where there is more talent, more display, more exact arrangement, and more completeness in many ways, but far less of the one great charm of all benevolent establishments,—the integrity and simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. At Burgen my husband had an interesting little meeting with the thirty-five young men who are qualifying themselves for teachers, and when we came down to the yard we found the children, who had been in the fields at work, all assembled to meet us. Both he and Josiah addressed them, to which, at the request of their master, they returned a hearty "Danke!" in full concert, and we parted from them very agreeably impressed with the good order of this establishment.

Basel, Eighth mo. 14th.—On First day morning we had our own little meeting, in which my husband was engaged in supplication very sweetly, and I had afterward to express a few words, to my

humiliation, for it is seldom more trying to me to speak than in these very small assemblies composed of our own party.

In the evening we had a larger meeting at the Mission House, in which my husband was very solemnly engaged, both in ministry and prayer, and afterward we partook of the humble supper of the missionaries.

Carlsruhe, Eighth mo. 16th, 1843.—On Second day morning we left Basel, and came on to Strasburg, where, after a time of no small suffering, we had a large and relieving meeting. My own mind had been very much attracted to this place, yet as the meeting was to be held at the Oratoire, there seemed no possibility of relief, as we have always understood that there was an entire prohibition to women speaking there. However, my husband had some conversation with the pastor on the subject, and found, to his surprise, that not only did no objection exist in his mind against it, but that he was quite willing to prepare the minds of the people, in case I should have anything to say, by informing them what were the views of Friends on the subject of women's ministry, which he did in German, and, moreover, as I afterwards understood, assured them that I would address them, so that it was very well I had something given me to say, which I had very

little expectation would be the case when I went to meeting.

We had a very nice meeting in the evening, and when two young men who attempted to interpret for my husband failed, a sweet young girl from India, whom Hoffman beckoned to, stepped up upon the platform and translated beautifully from English into German, without the least forwardness, but also without the least hesitation. The next day we went to see the celebrated prison at Ludwigsburg, in which there are about nine hundred prisoners, all men. The regulations appear to be good, but they are sadly crowded together, the prison being only intended for five hundred. We visited five of the wards, and the poor creatures seemed very much touched with what was said to them. Some of the soldiers also looked greatly interested, and although much of the seed, no doubt, fell into stony and thorny places, some, I trust, also was sown in good ground. And now, at the close of this truly remarkable journey, in which we have been led as the blind by a way that we knew not, and wherein we are bound to confess that darkness has again and again been made light before us and crooked things straight, what can we do but unite in the acknowledgment, "O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto us confusion of face as at this day." May each one of

our party return home refreshed and deepened in the root of life.

Brussels, Eighth mo. 25th, 1843.—We are now rapidly wending our way homeward. For my own part, I feel as if I had not the burthen of a feather upon me; and though, on a retrospect of this deeply interesting journey, which has occupied nearly five months, it is sensibly impressed upon my spirit that so various have been my besetments and so manifold my infirmities, that the unmeasured and immeasurable mantle of a Saviour's love alone could cover them, yet through the tender mercy of that gracious God, whose penetrating eye sees through them all, even to the depth of my weak heart's sincerity, a precious feeling of sweet peace is given me, in which I can most gratefully adopt the language, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word."

Calais, Eighth mo. 29th, 1843.—We made some agreeable acquaintances at Brussels, among whom were the Baron du Bois, Pastor Panchaud, and an English lady named Peterson, who appeared to be well employed in philanthropic objects; and on First day evening we had a large meeting in the saloon of the hotel, in which Joseph was for some time very interestingly engaged. The next morning we left Brussels with unclouded minds; and here we

are, waiting for the packet of to-morrow. It gives us a nice opportunity for getting a little into the quiet before we encounter the full home stream.

The following letters, although in some respects a recapitulation of the journal already quoted, are preserved as giving some new views of the events of this interesting tour.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

NIMES, Sixth mo. 3d, 1843.

I think I sent my last letter from Lyons, but I believe I did not tell thee of the intense suffering I had in going there. It seemed to me almost impossible to endure life any longer, and I wept as we went along until I was completely ill. However, a quiet evening and good night brought me round a little, and in the morning we began to inquire what was to be done in that great place, the second city in France. Presently the Pastor Cordes called, and on Joseph's asking permission to attend his chapel and address the people, if he found it required of him, it was cheerfully granted him. The ladies, however, were given to understand that it was contrary to the law of the Sanhedrim for women to speak in the churches. I saw my dear husband's countenance fall directly, but my naughty heart was

ready to jump for joy. The pastor, however, kindly offered even to interpret for me if we should have a meeting in our own hotel, but I hoped never to trouble him. I think I told thee that the attendance of the meeting at the chapel, and of one on the succeeding evening, was very satisfactory, the last particularly so; and on Sixth day evening we had a reunion of about one hundred and seventy persons in the large and accommodating rooms of our hotel. My soul was in greater heaviness all the evening than I can describe, and after Joseph had told them some interesting facts connected with emancipation, my spirit was enfranchised from its bonds, in comparison with which I would hope the fetters of the poor slave are light, or how can it be possible for him to wear them year by year?

I was mercifully helped to deliver a very close communication to a mixed company, and felt true peace afterward. A very nice young gentleman, named Perrin, interpreted for me. Our Pastor Cordes was present and two other ministers, and the whole company seemed full of love and cordiality. My husband closed the meeting with solemn supplication, and a more interesting evening we never had. We always distribute books, which they receive most gladly. On Seventh day morning we took breakfast with a Christian lady by the name of

Evesque, who was truly kind to us. She has a beautiful place a few miles from Lyons, and it was quite a treat to enjoy the charming prospect and delightful breezes. She afterward took us to the principal prison, where we were met by a gentleman of rank, a nice man, but a stanch Catholic. He sat right before me the evening before, which did not make it any easier to speak plainly of the sinfulness of idol worship. We went over the prison arm-in-arm, and at last, to my humiliation, I had to stop and address the female prisoners, many of whom wept much and really seemed to feel the opportunity. But I believe I touched upon a tender chord in quoting our Saviour's memorable words as He approached Jerusalem: "If thou hadst known the things that belong unto thy peace, but now are they hid from thine eyes, therefore your house is left unto you desolate," remarking on the sad desolation which sin and transgression had introduced into their houses, separating the wife from the husband, the mother from her child, etc.; that by coming to this Saviour in living faith, and proving that faith by a thorough amendment of life, they might yet know their peace to flow as a river. I had also to speak to a large company of boys, who behaved well, but looked hardened enough for anything. Dear Joseph spoke in several of the wards, and, con-

trary to what we learn has been their usual custom, the way was most completely opened for us. There has been a division among the Protestants in Lyons, and those who go to the Temple call the seceders Methodists; whereas they consider the Temple attenders to be little better than Unitarians. My husband wished to have a meeting with the last on First day evening, but it was contrary to their rules to admit a stranger. However, the pastor kindly offered to invite his congregation to attend a meeting at the hotel, and as some notice was also given to the chapelites, we had a mixed company of about three hundred persons,—Catholics, Unitarians, and Methodists. After a time of no small suffering we had a most interesting and relieving meeting. A few explanatory words from Joseph, and then I had to preach the longest sermon, if such I may venture to call it, that ever I did in my life, and though it was certainly the plain, unvarnished truth, it was well received, many thanking me afterwards in the kindest manner.

The country about Avignon is beautiful; the fig, the olive, and the vine flourish in great abundance, and quite delight the eye at every turn. But I must tell thee of our visit to the old palace of the Pope. A part of it is now used for the barracks of the military, and our little guide conducted us into a

room adjoining their apartments, while she went to look for an older escort. I soon became tired of waiting, and altogether rather low, not having much pleasure in sight-seeing at any time; but it all at once occurred to me that it was a pity not to turn our idle moments to some account, so I proposed to Joseph to endeavor to have a little serious conversation with the soldiers who were lounging about in the next room. It seemed rather an experiment, but nothing could answer better. They seemed to me to think that war was the one great object of their existence, so I begged Joseph to tell them that all wars must come to an end, but that the immortal soul would live forever, therefore it was the one great business of life to have it cleansed from its pollutions and prepared for a happy eternity. They looked really thoughtful, and listened to him for some time with great attention. I felt much more cheerful afterward, and concluded we might be in the way of our duty even when apparently in the neglect of it. In the afternoon we had a most striking visit to a capital institution for disabled officers, numbers of whom we found sitting under the shade of the fine old elms; and as we walked about we joined the different groups, and literally had meetings by stealth with very many of them. Joseph managed to interest and attract their atten-

tion by relating an anecdote of Napoleon, for whose memory they have the most unbounded veneration, which was told him by a gentleman we met on board the steamer. It was the Abbé Coquereau, who went to St. Helena to bring home the Emperor's remains. He said he became entirely convinced of the truth of religion, and died a Christian. Joseph took the opportunity to impress on the officers that if this account were true, it must have been through sincere repentance and change of heart, as our Lord declared, "Ye must be born again or ye can never enter the kingdom of heaven." One of the old soldiers expressed a belief (which I imagine is common among them) that if a man die in battle he is sure to die happy, and we reminded him of our Saviour's words, "If you die in your sins, whither I go ye cannot come;" that many fall in the midst of their sins, consequently there is no ground for hope that such will be received into rest and blessedness. It was a most interesting and striking time, and we felt that our visit there was rightly ordered.

We got to Nîmes on Fifth day evening, just in time to sit down with the little band of Friends; and truly sweet it was to be with them, not having been at a regular meeting of Friends before since we left England. There is nothing like it, I am persuaded, and I believe I shall always stick to the old ship, let who

will forsake it. After making a very satisfactory visit here, having had some large meetings and reunions, which Christine, who is our kind helper, thinks will not soon be forgotten, we are just about to set off for Congenies, but shall return in about two weeks on our way to Geneva. We are much pleased with the school, and the dear children seem delighted to have us. Justine Benezet, the teacher, is a sweet-spirited woman, an acknowledged minister. I must tell thee a little anecdote about her sister, a person of sweet countenance and the greatest simplicity of character I ever met with. She was telling us her grandfather and grandmother were both ministers, and Joseph expressed a wish that their mantle might descend upon her, on which she beautifully answered with the most striking naïveté, "*Voici la servante du Seigneur*" ("Be it unto me as thou wilt"). I could not help thinking how thou wouldst have enjoyed her simplicity. Poor thing! her husband was murdered a few years ago. She has lost one fine child, and the only one left is an idiot.

On Second day morning, with feelings of unclouded peace, we took leave of the dear kind friends of Congenies, who assembled in a body at the door of our dwelling-house and parted from us with tearful eyes, and pursued our way to Nîmes, where we found J. C. Backhouse awaiting our arrival. On

Third day morning we had a sitting with the children of the school, and then set out on our journey; dear Joseph very weak, but evidently improving every day. Our visit to Grenoble was as deeply exercising and as truly satisfactory in its results as any we have yet made; but I will not enter into particulars, for I am tired of writing about ourselves, and I fear thou wilt be weary of hearing of our performances. The few serious people of Grenoble expressed their earnest hope that the opportunity might be blessed to the little church there, which they represent as being in a very dead state. The pastor said he did not think so large a company had ever been collected for worship before since he had resided there. There were several soldiers among them. The next morning we had a very sweet time at the girls' school, which is under the care of the pastor's wife. Some of them are under serious impressions at this time, and Martha Yeardley's visit is held in lively remembrance, though I believe they had no meeting at Grenoble, except the one at the school.

Zurich, Eighth mo. 5th.—When J. Forster joined us at Geneva, as my husband had not regained his strength, we concluded to spend a few days at Chamouni for rest and refreshment, and such a rare treat of fine scenery we certainly never had before;

but it so wholly mocks description that it is almost idle to attempt it. The whole drive is one of uncommon loveliness. After we left Geneva, we had large meetings at Lausanne, Vevay, Neufchâtel, Berne, etc., and again we feasted our eyes on the most magnificent scenery. At Grindelwald there were also beautiful glaciers in sight from our inn; and near Brienz we saw the lovely Giesbach, one of the finest waterfalls in Switzerland. We had several very interesting meetings at Interlachen, Thun, and Lauterbrunnen. The one at Thun especially was very interesting, being attended by a little company of Primitive Christians, who reside in the neighborhood, whose souls seem truly thirsting for the living spring, and I believe we were refreshed together. We had a very interesting meeting here last evening.

Zurich, Eighth mo. 7th.—The good old Pastor Gessner, whom we had hoped to see, deceased a few days before we arrived, and his funeral sermon was preached in the different chapels yesterday, so that it was rather an unusually serious time, and I have no doubt tended to the solemnity of the evening meeting, which was very relieving to Joseph's mind. We have just been refreshed by interesting visits, one to the widow of Gessner, the other to the single daughter of Lavater, who resides in the house in which he was born. I believe they are truly of the

household of faith, and it was cheering to be received by them as brethren and sisters of the Lord. The dear old lady seems only to realize that the partner of her joys and sorrows has, in the tender mercy of his God and Saviour, been taken home a little while before her; and the instructive language of her grateful spirit seemed to be, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be His name."

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

BRUSSELS, Eighth mo. 26th, 1843.

The last month, since I wrote thee before, has perhaps been as striking as any part of our journey, and certainly when we left home we had no expectation of finding such an open door in France and Switzerland, and I may now add Germany; for, passing over our very interesting month at Geneva and the neighborhood, visit to Yverdun and Neufchâtel, Berne, Schaffhausen, Strasburg, Zurich, Basel, etc., I must give thee a little account of our remarkable experience at Stuttgart, which ought to confirm my faith all the days of my life. I think I told thee of our meeting the Princess Marie of Würtemberg when we were at Geneva, when she cordially invited us to Stuttgart, but my husband told her we had no expectation of coming that way. When she left she wrote me a sweet little note, commending her father,

the King of Würtemberg, to our prayers, speaking of him as the "noblest being in the world, and the one dearest to her." However, time passed on, and we were steadily pursuing our homeward journey (not the direct route certainly, but the one we proposed before leaving home), when my husband seemed rather arrested by the thought of Stuttgart, and he and Josiah made several inquiries as to distance, the probability of the King's being at home, etc.,—all which resulted in determining them on the negative side of the question. We had all turned from it as a sort of impossibility, when one evening some time after, as we were sitting in silence in a meeting at Neufchâtel, it was clearly impressed on my mind that we should go to Stuttgart, and that we should see the King. The next day I told Joseph, and as we progressed on our journey we made fresh inquiries, but nothing could be more discouraging. We were told that both the Princess Marie and her father were then in Italy, and not expected home for weeks to come; that it would take us seven days longer at least to go by Stuttgart; still my faith did not fail, and our party seemed willing to go there. When we arrived we found the reports were true: the King was in Italy, and, though he was expected in a day or two, it was very uncertain when he would come. So we went on with our work, visit-

ing Kornthal, a most interesting colony of Primitive Christians, about six miles off, on Sixth day afternoon; spent Seventh day at Ludwigsburg, the famous prison, where we had really solemn service with the prisoners in several wards, fifty or sixty in each. The prisoners and the soldiers at the door seemed much affected. Josiah Forster was our kind interpreter, as they all speak German. On First day morning, as we sat in our little meeting under some discouragement, the chief object of our visit appearing less and less likely to be accomplished, the words of our Saviour very unexpectedly revived in my mind: "Your times are always ready, but my time is not always," accompanied with a strong belief that we ought to wait His time. I felt relieved by repeating them, and expressing my desire that we might resign ourselves wholly into the hands of Him whose ways are above our ways. In the evening we had a large and satisfactory meeting in four rooms communicating with each other at the house of a Christian friend, and afterward my dear husband told me he felt quite relieved, and, as there seemed now no more probability of the King's return than when we arrived, he thought we could not delay any longer. I cannot describe to thee the anguish of spirit this brought over me; indeed, through our whole visit, and especially on every

fresh discouragement, my heart was like lead, for I was fastened to the place in the most singular manner, and dare not break my bonds; so I begged we might stay till noon, and see if anything opened; if not, and they wished it, we would go. In the morning we were told that not only was the King not arrived, but it was now wholly uncertain when he would come. I really began to conclude that my faith would be wholly destroyed, that I should have to leave Stuttgart without any answer to the deep impression which had been so singularly made on my mind, and which nothing had been able to shake. If this proved a delusion, how could I believe that any of my former experience was true? I threw myself on the bed and wept in an agony of soul which was known only to the All-seeing Eye. About this time a person came to request we would have a meeting in the evening at the house of a lady, to which many people wished to come who were not at the previous meeting. Joseph's mind seemed drawn to it at once, contrary to his usual custom, and I felt sure it was right. The meeting was appointed, and consequently we remained through the day.

About three o'clock, when we should otherwise have been on our journey, as I believe in deep sadness of heart, a messenger arrived to say the King was come. Confirming as this was to my faith, and

in that way an inexpressible relief, I felt it such a solemn undertaking that I was almost ready to regret we were not off. The meeting in the evening was allowed on all hands to be one of the very best we have had on the Continent, and nothing could exceed the flow of love from hundreds afterward. In the morning fresh discouragements arose: on applying to the aides-de-camp of the King, they said that an immense quantity of business was waiting his attention, that the Queen was at her palace in the country, and the King did not receive ladies alone. They promised, however, to make known our wishes, and my husband said we should be very glad to be able to go on the journey the next day, but, of course, we should wait the King's time. About two o'clock a messenger came from the palace to say their "majesties" would receive us at six o'clock in the evening at the Queen's palace in the country. Thither we all repaired, and after waiting a few minutes in the ante-room, we were ushered into the balcony, where the King and Queen were surrounded by their children, and perhaps thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen. It looked formidable indeed, but they received us very kindly, and we stood conversing together for some time. Dear Joseph spoke to them about the prisons, slavery, etc., and then whispered to me that I must now relieve my mind; but

in such a party, standing in the open balcony, I felt it was impossible, and in a strength that truly was given me, I asked the King and Queen if they would kindly allow us to sit down together in silence; to which they assented at once, saying, "Certainly, certainly," and, followed by the crown prince and the two princesses, walked into the drawing-room, the Queen herself placing our chairs just opposite to them.

My husband addressed them, after a little pause, very sweetly, and then I was constrained to bow the knee in supplication, and a very solemn time it was to my own feelings and, I trust, to theirs. The King and Queen shook us by the hand and thanked us warmly, the former saying he had been "penetrated" by what was said. Most glad was I to turn my back upon the palace and all that it contained, and truly thankful, I trust, to that wonderworking Being, who had thus marvellously opened a way for us where we could see no way. We were rather surprised when we came out of the drawing-room to find that the whole party of ladies and gentlemen, or lords and ladies, had left the balcony and come into the adjoining room, so that we had in fact been holding a meeting with them all. But now, my dear friend, thy poor unworthy child is returning home, covered from head to foot with a humbling sense of her manifold infirmities, yet with some ability to rejoice in

the conviction that whatever may be the depth of her weakness, the fountain of the mercy and forgiveness of our God and Saviour is deeper still. We hope to be at Upton on Fifth day.

This busy summer, with its weighty engagements, was succeeded by a winter of the peaceful, happy, but not inactive life at Earlham. The following letters refer to this period:

E. P. G. to Anna Gurney, shortly after her marriage to John Church Backhouse, of Darlington.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 15th, 1843.

. . . We miss thee exceedingly, my sweet child; indeed, I never knew how dear thou wert to me before, though of one thing I was always assured, that no daughter ever behaved with more perfect propriety and sweetness than thou hast done to me since I came into this family. And I need not say how deeply sensible I have always been of thy constant faithfulness to one who has indeed been the most indulgent as well as most watchful of parents to thee. His own frequent testimony to thy unvarying attention is of itself a sweet reward for thy devotedness. And now that thou art entering on a new career, and wilt have new duties to perform and new difficulties to contend with, what can I desire

ciously given thee, in which all the little threads that are worn thin in the well-used (I would not say well-abused) net may be carefully mended.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Seventh mo. 4th, 1844.

We are now permitted to settle down quietly in our beautiful home with the feeling of calmness and peace, having in some degree passed through the baptism of the cloud, which no doubt for some wise purpose was dispensed to us. I have, however, in the last few days been brought into close sympathy with my far-distant relations by the tidings which have reached me both of the removal of my precious niece, and of the rapidly-increasing illness of my valued uncle Paul, who, I should think, would very soon be numbered with those blessed ones "who die in the Lord." Dear Margaret's close was calm and peaceful, though she was not entirely restored to reason, as they fondly hoped. Her doubly-widowed mother will return to Woodburn with my sister Clarke, as she is much in need of rest and quiet, and will find both there. I very much approve of this arrangement, believing it will be a comfort to them both. Oh, that I could be with them for a little while! but it is ordered otherwise, and I am sure that it is ordered well.

Believing that further Gospel labor was required of him on the Continent, J. J. Gurney, with his wife, again set forth in the Fourth mo., 1844, on a second tour in France. She thus writes to her American relatives:

E. P. G. to her aunt H. Paul.

BORDEAUX, Fourth mo. 20th, 1844.

Thou wast probably aware that my husband did not accomplish the whole of his prospect of religious service last summer, and therefore retained his certificates; but our dear sister Fry's state was so very uncertain, and her sufferings at times so great, it seemed impossible to think of setting out the middle of Third mo., which we had looked to. However, just at that time a decided improvement took place, and as it was strongly her own wish that he should pursue his prospect, after spending a few days in her neighborhood, accompanied by Josiah Forster, we set out. Rough enough was our passage over the Channel, and glad enough we were to find ourselves safe on *terra firma* again. Had meetings at Rouen, Boulogne, etc., and spent ten very interesting days at Paris. The Baroness de Staël, the Countess Pelét, and the Baroness Mallet and her daughters were among our kindest friends. Nothing could exceed the affectionate attentions of the two former,

loading us with kindnesses of various sorts. They are both sweet Christian-spirited women, sincerely interested in the spread of truth and righteousness upon the earth, and we had many pleasant hours in their company. My husband had three or four meetings for worship in Paris, and, in unison with Josiah Forster, George Alexander, and John Scoble, held a large anti-slavery meeting, which I hope made some impression, as the French people generally are very much asleep on the subject of emancipation, and sadly want rousing. It was a very satisfactory occasion, and I think would be productive of good. But the most interesting circumstance of our Paris sojourn was a precious interview which we had with the Duchess of Orleans, whose son, thou knowest, is heir to the throne. She is a truly pious Protestant, though surrounded by Catholics, and one of the most delicate and lovely-looking young creatures I ever saw. It is often difficult to obtain access to her, and we applied for an interview without much hope of success, but the answer was, "She would see us with pleasure," appointing the day. When the time arrived we drove to the palace of the Tuileries, and were taken from one apartment to the other, resting a little while in each, till at last we were shown into the most magnificent drawing-room I ever saw, and in a little while a graceful,

slender figure clothed in mourning entered the room, and walking up to us, took my hand in both of hers, and in the warmest manner exclaimed, "My dear madame, I am so very glad to see you!" She then welcomed my husband and Josiah in the kindest manner, and seating me beside her on the sofa, requested them to "help themselves to chairs." After a little friendly conversation we asked for silence, which was readily granted, and a memorable opportunity we had. She thanked us heartily with tears in her eyes, kissed me most affectionately, and we parted from this interesting creature in true love, and with a feeling of interest excited in our hearts which will not, I believe, be soon destroyed. May she and her two lovely boys experience preservation in the exposed and elevated position which they occupy! and this, I believe, is the fervent desire of her heart. But, of course, they will be educated as Catholics, which is, I do not doubt, a real sorrow to her. We were invited to dine with Guizot, the minister of foreign affairs, who was very kind to us last year, but his daughter being taken suddenly ill prevented it. I see by the papers she is better. He is considered one of the most talented men in France, and perhaps there are few individuals more extolled by their friends or defamed by their enemies; but this, I believe, is the lot of most who are placed by circumstances in con-

spicuous and exalted situations. The evening we left Paris we had a leave-taking party of about seventy of our friends, and a very satisfactory opportunity it proved, ending in a thorough Quaker meeting. Dear J. J. G.'s facility in French is quite surprising. A gentleman observed the other evening, after he had been speaking for more than an hour, that there was but one word in all he had said which betrayed that he was not a Frenchman. It is beginning to be much more understandable to me, but I never venture to speak it, and indeed there is not much necessity, as almost all the educated people here speak English, or at least a great many of them. Since we left Paris, we have had meetings at Orleans, Blois, Tours, Saumer, Nantes, and Rochelle. Expect to have one here to-morrow, and then proceed to Sainte-Foy, Toulouse, and Montauban, hoping to return in time for our Yearly Meeting on the 20th of Fifth mo. Our congregations vary exceedingly; we have sometimes the great of this world, and sometimes the lowly. The little flock at Saumer was extremely primitive, reminding us of the simple-hearted Friends at Congenies. They met in our hotel, and after Josiah Forster had explained the object of our mission there was a profound silence, which was presently broken by a neat-looking woman in a peasant's costume exclaiming with some earnestness, though

rather timidly, "I suppose monsieur the pastor will commence presently." It was rather a droll beginning, but we had a truly sweet and refreshing meeting notwithstanding. I do not remember that we have had one more so. They were the poor of this world who composed it, but I believe many of them were rich in faith and heirs of the heavenly kingdom.

21st, First day evening.

Dear Joseph has been very low since coming here, and rather poorly; his mind under much exercise for the people of Bordeaux, yet no way seemed to open to obtain relief. The pastors, being rather divided among themselves, are not willing to lend their chapels to strangers. However, one of them at last advised Joseph's hiring a large room called the Casino; and after all his discouragements, he has had the largest meeting this afternoon—and I believe I might say the most truly satisfactory one—that he has had in France this year. To-morrow evening he is to have a large anti-slavery meeting in the same place, and then I trust we shall leave this town, in which he has passed through deep baptisms, in health and peace. But truly, with all the kindnesses we receive,—and they are many as we go along, from high and low, learned and unlearned,—this sort of journeying is humbling work; and in coming as

strangers into a large town, looking so differently clad from all about us, I have more than once thought of the words of the men who went to search the land of Canaan: "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." I often long to be quietly settled in our dear-loved home again; indeed, I only came out this time as care-taker to my husband, not feeling any particular concern of my own, which I could not say last year. But wherever we are, may the language of our lives and conversation be like that of Moses formerly (Numbers i.): "We are journeying into the place of which the Lord said, I will give it to you; come thou with us."

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

MONTAUBAN, Fifth mo. 4th, 1844.

We spent a few days at Toulouse last week, and were much pleased with the Courtois, three brothers who live under the same roof, and with their wives appear to be of one heart and one mind,—decidedly religious people, and very desirous to promote the good cause by every means in their power. Dear Stephen Grellet will know them, and it will be interesting to him to find that we are now in the midst of his relations, having seen his venerable sister this morning, and now his brother Joseph and wife, who

reside here. We had seen Charles previously in Paris. There is a strong resemblance between the three brothers, especially in voice and manner, and truly pleasant it is to be reminded of our very dear friend in such a way. We were much pleased with his ladylike sister, who, though a Catholic, we thought was no stranger to true religion, and we had to revive the Scripture declaration that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him," and to encourage her to press forward toward the mark through every trial and through every difficulty. She seemed very grateful for our visit, and only regretted that we could not spend the day with her; but as we are anxious to reach London in time for the Yearly Meeting, we could not delay.

E. P. G. to Thomas Wistar.

Sixth mo. 29th, 1844.

. . . After two months spent on the Continent entirely separated from Friends, it was very pleasant to find ourselves among our own people again, and we could freely acknowledge that although we had felt sweet unity with many spiritually-minded people under different names, there is nothing so completely to our taste, so restful to our spirits, so congenial to

our hearts, as a true, simple-minded Quaker after all.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Sixth mo. 29th, 1844.

. . . Our visit to the Channel Islands was very satisfactory, and having spent three weeks between Guernsey and Jersey, holding fourteen public meetings, and visiting the members of our own society, who are not numerous, we returned to Upton on Second day last, and reached Norwich just in time for our own Quarterly Meeting. We had about an hour to revel in the flowery loveliness of our own sweet home before the Select Meeting began, and never did two little children enjoy anything more. After a long drought of nearly three months (an unheard-of thing for England), there had been a delightful rain the day before, and just as we reached the park gate the sun shone out most brilliantly, gilding the trees, the river, and the lawn, and making the whole a perfect fairy-scene. For the first time I felt it would be a true cross for me to leave Earlham, this most indulgent and happy home. It has always appeared to me such a responsible thing to be placed at the head of such a large establishment, that I have been almost inclined to wish we might be obliged to leave it; but now I felt it would be a real trial to tear myself from a spot in itself so

full of charm, and now endeared to my heart by numberless associations. Still, if it is too luxurious and too indulgent, I trust we may be enabled to see it; for I believe it is the sincere and unfeigned desire of both our hearts to be found in the bounds of Divine appointment, wherever these may be, and whatever sacrifice it may involve as to personal comfort.

E. P. G. to M. A. Williams.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 13th, 1844.

. . . Oh, when we come to stand before the righteous tribunal of the Judge of all the earth, not only shall we have to give an account of the deeds done in the body, but we shall be solemnly responsible for time mis-spent, for wasted talents, for neglected opportunities, for the non-fulfilment of all the various relationships that have contributed to form our stewardship and swell the list of duties to be done. Sins of omission will rise up in terrible array against us unless we look well to it, and we shall have most mournfully to realize the poet's words,—

> "How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
> To him who is at ease in his possessions;
> Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
> Is all unfurnished for the world to come!"

J. J. and E. P. Gurney visited the north of England, the lake country, etc., in the latter part of 1844, with a minute from their Monthly Meeting for religious service among Friends and others. Nothing of special importance seems to have occurred during the following two years to interrupt the quiet and peaceful current of E. P. G.'s life.

E. P. G. to M. A. Longstreth.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 4th, 1844.

I must tell thee what a very interesting journey we have had through the charming lake scenery of Westmoreland, Cumberland, etc., though two meetings a day, beside divers calls, have not left much time to admire it, or rather, I should say, to explore it,—admire it we have at every turn, Keswick and Ulleswater and Windermere perhaps especially. We called on William Wordsworth when at Ambleside, but I was rather disappointed in him. He gave us a most kind reception, but there is none of that simplicity about the man which so distinguishes his poetry, and he has not an interesting countenance. We also saw Fox How, with which, by name at least, you are no doubt familiar. It is a most charming spot.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Tenth mo. 10th, 1844.

My thoughts were much with you during our silent meeting this morning, and if I had any sympathy with thy spirit, it was clothed with that true peace in which hard things are made easy and bitter things sweet. Was it not so, my dearly beloved friend, and did not thy heart even rejoice and give thanks in the grateful sense permitted thee that as the streams of earthly consolation are one by one cut off or turned aside, the unchanged and inexhaustible Fountain becomes inexpressibly precious to thy soul? In connection with thy own dear self, I have thought much to-day of the beautiful text, "My covenant was with him of life and peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me and was afraid before my name," with something of a persuasion, I think, that thou wouldst know this blessed declaration concerning Levi to be more and more fulfilled in thy own experience; but I am a poor creature, and dare hardly say I am persuaded of anything.

Eleventh mo., 1844, J. J. G. writes in his journal: "A long letter on the subject of the ministry to a dear friend and relative, the result of some thought

and exercise of mind, my dearest E. P. G. approving. She is indeed a capital guide, and I seldom, if ever, do wrong or foolishly when I have her full accord." . . . "What a blessing our union is to me no words can describe; and I take it not only as good in itself, but as a token for good, even those richer, higher, and larger blessings which immediately affect the soul's salvation! I know not what I should do without my ever-cheering friend and helper, the daily partner of my passing hours, whose finger is ever skilful to extract each worrying thorn. What thanks can I render for such a gift?"

Ninth mo., 1845.—"It is a very great comfort that during the whole of this journey (to the north of England), in private and in public, we have been closely united in our exercise of mind and in our ministry. My dearest E. P. G. has often had to prepare my way, and to point out its true direction in the gallery. And her own ministry has been lively, weighty, searching, and yet encouraging; truly prized by her husband and partner, and acceptable to Friends. Never was I more sensible of the nice adaptation to my needs, and of the unutterable value of this precious gift from the Lord."

J. J. Gurney to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 2d, 1845.

Ah, my dear Julia, what a favor it is for me that the deep chasm thus occasioned, and which would otherwise have been scarcely supportable, has been and is so wonderfully filled up for me in thy dearest sister, who is, like our beloved Elizabeth Fry, wonderfully gifted with ability to sustain, comfort, and gladden others. Under Providence, she is my guide and helper to a most remarkable degree. America has cost me some conflicts certainly; but why should I complain? That free and happy land has also supplied me with my dearest earthly treasure.

J. J. Gurney's journals and letters abound with expressions similar to the above of trust and appreciation. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

E. P. G. to F. M. Shoemaker.

EARLHAM, Third mo. 30th, 1846.

. . . When my husband gets through with his various engagements, we not unfrequently drive out in our little pony gig and call upon the neighboring cottagers, which, when the day is bright, we much enjoy. Sometimes he drives me to the village

schools, which we have under our especial care, and then puts questions to the children, to their great delight, as young people are all so fond of him, you know. The school at Babur, about two miles off, is admirably managed. I rarely ever saw one flourish more. A short time since I promised a book to every child who could repeat a poem perfectly when we might happen to look in again. Accordingly the whole school learned it, as I quite expected, and about a week ago I took seventy-seven books, which were distributed among them, I hope to the benefit of some. I do not know whether I told thee that on First day evening the cottagers always assemble at the hall to our family reading, having been in the habit of doing so for thirty years or more. On First day, after our return from the funeral of our beloved sister Fry, my husband informed them that the next time we met he would have one of her little text-books for every one who came, as a little remembrance of her. We had a pretty large party the following First day of course, and he distributed the books accordingly, bestowing a few that were left on those who had children at home too young to attend the reading. One undergardener, however, who has a large family, had one little boy about six years old for whom he had no book, which appears to have been greatly to his disappointment. We heard

nothing about it until about a week afterward, when we were informed the little fellow was dead. We went directly down to their pretty little cottage, and the poor afflicted mother gave us the affecting particulars, first taking us into the room to see the remains. The pretty little curly-haired boy was neatly laid out in clean white linen, and on his breast, to our surprise, we saw a little red-morocco text-book. She thus explained the reason for its being there: "Please, ma'am, when we came back from the hall on Sunday evening my little boy was so distressed because there was no text-book for him; for you know, ma'am, I thought they would be of more use to the older children. But he seemed so troubled about it all the next morning that, as I knew my master had given the butler some to distribute, I took the liberty to send him up to the hall to ask if he might have one. You never saw anything so delighted as he was when he brought it home, dancing about for joy. He would not put it out of his hands for a moment, and one of the first things he did was to search out a text which he had learned at school, and when he found it he read it over and over again: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' This was on the Monday, ma'am, and on Thursday morning he was a corpse. Poor little

dear! he never let go of the book for a moment, even when he was in great pain, and I determined it should be buried with him, for I could not bear to have it taken away." Here the poor woman wiped the tears from her eyes, which flowed freely; but she seemed to be greatly comforted by the beautiful text which appeared so remarkably sent to her dear little boy. I thought thou would be interested in this little story.

CHAPTER III.

Joseph John Gurney's health had for some years been delicate, but nothing had occurred to awaken special anxiety until Twelfth mo., 1846. On the 22d, on his return from his customary ride to Norwich, his horse stumbled, throwing him with some violence into the street. No serious injury appeared to have been sustained, and for the following week he continued to attend without special difficulty to his usual occupations. On the 28th, however, he became seriously ill, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of medical skill and the watchful ministrations of loving hands, he continued gradually to sink until First mo. 4th, 1847, when he peacefully expired.

One is disposed to draw a veil over the crushing sorrow that now oppressed the heart of the widowed mourner. "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." To the reader experienced in similar bereavements words are needless, and to

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others it were idle to attempt to depict her feeling of utter desolation, as regards all earthly things.

> "With silence only as their benediction,
> God's angels come
> Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
> The soul sits dumb."

Yet her habitual dependence on a higher Power in times of extremity soon came to her aid, and she was strengthened to wash and anoint, that she might not appear to men unduly to fast, but to manifest that the Everlasting Arms were underneath to sustain and comfort; and although her "sorrow was stirred" to its depths, it was not long that she "held her peace, even from good." She felt that there were others whose loss was scarcely less than her own, that the whole neighborhood and the church were mourners with her, and that it was her duty not only to show forth the sustaining power of Divine grace, but to see that this solemn lesson should not fail of its designed effect through any neglect of hers to impress it upon those around her. Her public ministry, chastened and sanctified by suffering, was faithfully maintained; the evening gatherings of her large household, increased by many sorrowing neighbors, were regularly kept up;

and as time passed on she endeavored still to extend a watchful care over the many charitable and other interests in which she and the departed one had been engaged together.

It was comforting in this time of trial to have the society of her niece, Harriet H. Kirkbride, from America, who had come to her a few months before.

She naturally turned for sympathy to her honored friend, H. C. Backhouse, to whom she wrote, First mo. 5th:

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, First mo. 5th, 1847.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—They are strange tidings that I am going to tell thee, and I scarcely know how to put them on paper, yet I do not like thee to hear them first from another than myself. My precious husband is gone! gone with the redeemed of the Lord to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon his head. This blessed assurance is so sealed upon my spirit that at present I have only an appalling consciousness that something awful has happened. The full sense of all that I have lost in that most tenderly beloved one, has not come over me, or rather is swallowed up in an overwhelming tide of gratitude to that adorable God and Saviour who dealt so mercifully with him to the end, shielding

him, in His tender pity, from an immediate view of the dark valley, which he had always rather shrunk from entering, and gilding his approach to it with sunny gleams. Life has been remarkably bright and pleasant to him of late, and his health unusually good, enabling him to labor for the welfare of his fellow-beings with increased activity. But the fall from his horse, which I mentioned to thee, together with exposure to the cold, and possibly some other minor causes, combined to excite the system and bring on the attack which gently let him down to the bed of death. I have long had a kind of undefined impression that his end was not far off, and now "that which I feared is come upon me."

Last evening, about ten o'clock, without the least convulsive movement or the slightest groan, he fell asleep in Jesus, that blessed Saviour whom he loved and served so long and faithfully. I have not yet met the solemn fact that I am left alone; that after five years' constant sweet companionship I am deprived of one who was perhaps too much the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes, whose Christian example was bright,—may I not say faultless? I think I may to thee, because thou knew him well, and will not therefore set it down to undue partiality. The full sense of this desolating change is yet to come; so far I have been marvellously sus-

tained, and, oh! that this support may be continued! The boundless mercy that has been extended, enabling him to finish all the work that was assigned him, then gently gathering him to perfect peace and joy and blessedness, giving me strength to minister to all his temporal wants, both night and day, during this week of great infirmity, and enabling me to bear this awful blow and not faint under it,—a blessed sense of this is now my portion. But, oh! think of me, my dear, precious friend, in the dark days of solitude which must be mine, and pray for me, that I may bear them patiently.

Richenda Cunningham, a sister of J. J. Gurney, writes at this time:

January 7th, 1847.

Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth was obliged to speak in thankfulness to God for the gift E. P. G. had been to us as a family; that through her instrumentality the latter years of the dear departed one had been gilded; that she had been raised up to minister to his every want, temporal and spiritual, to share his every sorrow, and to partake in his joys. Oh, what a blessing had it been to us that the evening of his life should have been thus cheered; that they had striven together for the faith of the Gospel; that they had been companions in labor,

heirs together of the grace of life; that her tender watchfulness had guarded him from so much that might have hurt his tender spirit or injured his delicate frame! And such was her love and devotedness to him that we, as a family, were most thankful to give him up to her. And now, during the last solemn week of his life, how could we be thankful enough for her soothing, judicious care of him by night and by day, watching over him with intense solicitude, ministering with her own hands every alleviation that human heart or love could devise, thus cheering him on unto the end, that it might be called a favored illness! A soft mantle seemed cast over him, hiding from him the dark valley, and shielding him from the sorrow of parting with his beloved.

E. P. G. to G. V. Bacon.

EARLHAM, First mo. 18th, 1847.

He has taken away "the delight of my eyes" and "the joy of my heart" as with a stroke, and brought a deepening shade of gloom and loneliness over this once bright home, yet He is faithful to His promises, He has not left me comfortless; He has sustained my drooping spirits by the sweet incomes of His love and peace; He has filled my now solitary dwelling-place with very tender, sympathizing friends, and has enabled me to feel and to acknowledge that

He doeth all things well. He gave and He hath taken away, and blessed be His holy name forever! It is in very "faithfulness He hath afflicted me,"—of this I have not the smallest doubt,—and He has dealt so gently and so mercifully with us both in various ways, He has so gently sloped the pathway to the tomb, and even gilded it, that I feel as if I ought to speak only of His love and faithfulness.

Samuel Gurney to E. P. G.

First mo. 24th, 1847.

My beloved Sister,— . . . I am passing a very quiet Sabbath, which suits well my tone of feeling in returning to my own home after so great a sorrow and bereavement. My mind has been much with thee in thy sorrowful widowhood. Truly have I desired that thou mayst continue to be sustained in that resignation and submission to the Divine will which has been so eminently thy portion, enabling thee to preach most impressively amongst us by conversation and example under such severe affliction. My dearest Elizabeth unites in these feelings. Surely the loss of one so peculiarly near to each of us, under which we mourn together, will unite us very closely. Thou hast indeed lost a husband of no common order. Sorrow must long continue to be thy portion, but mayst thou from day to day ex-

perience that Divine love is still near thee, and that peace prevails through and over all. I much feel entering again into my usual occupations and facing the world and its interests. It will be a privilege indeed if I am increasingly able to keep these things under my feet; but my position is a peculiar one. I must more and more endeavor after that spirit under these things, of which the dear departed one set so bright an example.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 17th, 1847.

For my own part, I am helped to get through each day without being overwhelmed, though now and then the sense of loss and want pours in like a flood, and were it not that there is a voice mightier than the noise of many waters, the stream would indeed "have gone over my soul." But this Almighty voice has again and again proclaimed a calm, and even enabled me for a little moment to rejoice in a blessed sense of his deliverance from all adversity, and of his cloudless happiness, his perfect joy. We have interesting letters from Stephen Grellet, my sister Julia, and others, but they are utterly unconscious of what is passing and has passed amongst us. My mention of his having been indisposed has caused them some anxiety, and they were longing

for the next intelligence, but would evidently be wholly unprepared for the mournful tidings which before this have no doubt reached their shores.

Stephen Grellet to E. P. G.

Second mo., 1847.

My beloved and deeply-afflicted Friend,— Every sensible feeling and tender emotion of my heart is awakened toward thee. My tears are mingling with thine; for thy loss,—our loss, many of us can also say,—the loss of the church militant, and that of the poor and needy, is great. Nevertheless, my dear sister, we mourn not, as thou fully knowest, like those that are without hope. Therefore, amidst thy sorrows, thou hast heavenly joys. The morning that I heard of the solemn event, just as I was going to meeting, it seemed as if the language spoken respecting Enoch was applicable to thy dear J. J. G.: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death, and was not found, because God had translated him." Many of his friends have this seal respecting him, "that he pleased God." But now, further, we see how his translation has been such that he did not see death, nor feel the pangs of it. Therefore, my dear friend, have we not amidst our mourning great cause to rejoice, in that our bereavement here is the addition of another among the purified

and sanctified ones? This strong additional attraction of thy soul to the heavenly places seems to me designed to give unto thee, like the portion that Elisha had desired of Elijah, "a double portion of his spirit."

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Third mo. 1st, 1847.

In the last few days I have felt something of the healing virtue of the Saviour's love, and of the mighty efficacy of His word when it proclaims a calm; a little courage has been given to go on, a little trust that I shall yet be helped to bear life patiently, and to encounter all its roughnesses with some degree of Christian fortitude, and, above all, that I shall be enabled to fulfil my stewardship, perform my various duties faithfully, and wait the appointed time until my change shall come. But the future is entirely concealed at present, nor do I try at all to penetrate into its hidden pages. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

If I am mercifully permitted to keep under the shelter of my own dear home for the present year at least, I shall esteem it another proof of the tender, loving kindness of a pitying Father, who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust."

I am glad thou wast interested in the American letters. They were very touching to me, and after I

had read them I was reminded of the language: "From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous;" but I said, my leanness, my leanness, woe unto me!

Anna Backhouse to E. P. Gurney.

BLACKWELL, Third mo., 1847.

I never think the remarks people make of the healing that time brings, are very helpful, even if they are true. It seems better every way to endeavor to submit to the present weight of suffering, and to taste the consolation and help that are given to endure each day, rather than to look forward in any way. I cannot bear to look forward for thee, so that I can easily believe it is too much for thee to do so for thyself.

Anna Backhouse to Julia K. Clarke.

BLACKWELL, NEAR DARLINGTON,
Fourth mo. 28th, 1847.

Seldom indeed has there been the severing of such a tie as existed between her and my dearest father. Thou can tell what she has lost, for thou knew him so well; but perhaps no one who did not see their married life could quite imagine the extremely close dependence of one on the other. They were seldom separated for more than an hour or

two at a time. They shared every object together, small and great, and he would never do the least thing, if he could help it, without consulting her. Thou knows that amidst all his happiness he had often much to pass through. In every difficulty he reposed on my mother, so that her constant attention to him was needed; and I have often thought, while watching him when poorly in body and low in mind, that nothing could be more beautiful than to see how she cheered and animated him, and how he returned her care by the fondest and most dependent love. It almost seemed as if such a tie could not be broken. Thou can easily imagine how the remembrance of all this endears my dearest mother to us; how thankful it makes us that it was permitted to this precious one to have his last years so brightened by such a wife,—as he says himself, "a helper exactly adapted to all my necessities," constantly speaking of her with the deepest thankfulness in his journals.

Ann F. Barclay to J. K. Clarke.

Fourth mo. 24th, 1847.

. . . I hope that the wish to give thee any little particulars I can of dearest Cousin Eliza will gain acceptance for my letter. What she is to all of us, who for the last five years have been delighting in

what *they* were unitedly to the whole family circle, thou must imagine, for I cannot describe it. She is indeed most tenderly cherished by us all, for her own and for his dear sake, who seems now to have left her to our care and love in his absence. But, oh! it makes one's heart ache to feel what the absence of that love and of the beaming brightness of his presence must daily be to her stricken heart. Yet to be with her, to feel with her, and, I might say, to suffer with her is a satisfaction; and whilst doing so, to be made sensible, in observing her meek submission, that day by day the Hand of Love which has dealt this fearful blow, is supporting her and giving her strength equal to her day. The balance is clearly perceived to be perfectly adjusted in a love which we may well trust, though we cannot fathom it. How much I should like thee to see her in her daily course! Especially would it touch and yet comfort thee to see her, with calm serenity, take *his* part with this large household every morning in the family Scripture readings, and on First day evenings, when it is further increased by the villagers, who collect in one of the spacious rooms; and then, with clear voice and tranquil, serious manner, she reads what *he* used to read. And often in the ensuing silence does the hushed stillness seem to savor of the repose of his spirit, though affectingly united

with the sense of his loss. In the deportment of all the people there is a sort of respectful sympathy that is very interesting, and it is one among the minor soothings for her to be surrounded by such a feeling.

E. P. G. to Ann F. Barclay.

EARLHAM, Fourth mo. 29th, 1847.

. . . I did truly feel parting from thee yesterday, and, as is often the case when one is suffering from any particular cause, several *minor* troubles rose up to disturb me, so that I came back to my stripped home low enough, and did not recover my equanimity for some hours. Truly could I adopt the words of which that most beloved one was so fond,—

"I seem forsaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar,
And every door is shut but one,
And that is Mercy's door."

This morning, under some feeling of a revival of faith and renewal of comfort, I think I can add the concluding lines,—

"There, till the dear Deliverer comes,
I'll wait with humble prayer;
And when He calls His exile home,
The Lord shall find me there."

. . . I love to dwell upon the things which he enjoyed, which at one time gave me such a pang; and this morning, before meeting, as I walked about our bright "chrysanthemized" garden, repeating his own words,—"Can it be that

> "'From Paradise to Paradise
> My upward course extends;
> My Paradise of flowers on earth
> In heaven's Elysium ends,'"—

such a precious sense was given me that this question had been answered in the affirmative, to his unspeakable joy, that for a little moment I forgot to mourn,—a feeling of enjoyment filled my heart to which it has been long a stranger.

E. P. G. to Ann F. Barclay.

EARLHAM, Fifth mo., 1847.

. . . The duties which were once a pleasure are become a burthen, for there is none to give the look, the smile of cordial approbation,—none to extend a hand of help, or even a word of kind encouragement. And then our stripped and desolate, and sometimes dry and useless, little meetings! How often have we sat together there in heavenly places in Christ Jesus! How often has his soul-awakening ministry quickened my lukewarm spirit! And often, too, when not

a word was spoken, we have been united in living worship, for I could not help catching something of the glow and exercise of his dedicated soul. Yet there are seasons wherein the Heavenly Shepherd does still respect His weary heritage; and, though the plaintive language may go forth, "The prophets are gone, and the fathers, where are they?" we are given to feel "the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." . . . I do desire to cherish a feeling of gratitude to the bounteous Giver for the bestowal of such a choice and precious gift on one of the most unworthy of the Lord's children for the five years and three months in which my cup of blessing overflowed,—in which, I believe I enjoyed a larger share of unmixed earthly happiness than often falls to the lot of any one. Then the beautiful finish to his work of faith and labor of love, the complete and perfect winding up of life, the tranquil, peaceful, and unclouded close! There seemed, indeed, to be nothing in the way,—nothing to intercept the entrance of the pure and gentle spirit into its own congenial home of love and joy. What more could I ask? For myself, I may and do desire a grateful, humble, dedicated heart, even that a portion of his spirit may descend upon me.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Fifth mo. 15th, 1847.

At our reading this morning a sweet calm was spread over us, and as I read the fifth verse of the second chapter of Colossians, I felt an humble trust that it might be even so. But, oh! may we be steadfast in our faith; and as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so may we walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as we have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. I think I can earnestly desire this for myself and our whole household.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Sixth mo. 5th, 1847.

I feel a little like being fastened down to "the grave's mouth" to-day, and my soul is truly in heaviness; but I strive to look beyond the sorrows of this fleeting scene to that bright world of glorious realities, where the unfettered spirit counts all the little trying things which so annoy us here, lighter than air and very vanity. Oh, that I may learn to weigh all things in the unerring balance of the sanctuary, that I may see with the eye of faith that these are "light afflictions," that they last "but for a moment," and that far more exceeding and eternal

is the weight of glory which they are working out for those who love Jerusalem and love her King above their chiefest joy! I trust this is the case with us both, dearest mamma; indeed, I am sure it is with thee, and I hope it is so with thy poor friend, weak and unprofitable and laden with infirmities as she feels herself to be.

Samuel Bettle to E. P. G.

PHILADELPHIA.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Thy very beautiful token of our long, and to me very precious, friendship has been gratefully received. "As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not for a blessing is in it," so we can appreciate the privilege of a new-made friendship, with its "blessing in the cluster;" but as years roll on, how fully do we realize, as many of our old friends are taken away sometimes from the evil to come, the value of those that remain, even as it is written, "No man, having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith, the old is better." Oh, my dear friend, how does the memory of one so dear to thee come up in remembrances of the past and passing years, like "precious ointment poured forth"! And now most sweetly am I reminded, in reference to him and his labors, and the seals to his ministry, that "they that

are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Before the close of this eventful year another dark cloud seemed gathering over E. P. Gurney's pathway. Her lovely step-daughter, Anna Backhouse, had for some time shown symptoms of pulmonary disease, which did not yield to ordinary treatment, and occasioned much anxiety to her friends. It was finally thought best to try a change of climate, and in the Ninth mo., accompanied by her husband and children, she left England for the south of France. To this movement allusion is made in the following.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eighth mo. 17th, 1847.

She (A. B.) speaks of being brought into a strait place; and, curious enough, when I picked up my Bible for my regular morning reading, I opened on the verse, "And David said, I am in a great strait." It immediately occurred to me we could not do better than utter the petition which follows: "Let me fall now into the hands of the Lord, for very great are His mercies, but let me not fall into the hands of man." If we commit ourselves wholly into the Lord's hand, we are sure that when the afflictive

dispensation has served its purpose He will say, "It is enough," and we shall not have one more pang than is absolutely needful for us; but if we fall into the hands of man (be he physician or be he not), we never can be sure that the trial in every way may not be greatly aggravated, and in the end those be made sorrowful whom the Lord would not have made sorrowful. I own this is my greatest fear in consulting the London doctors, who we are sure will advise their going abroad, and we are also sure that if they do so advise, they will go. And if this is in right ordering it will all be well, and we may see this dear child return much improved in the spring. But, on the other hand, if the M.D.'s happen to advise wrong, and instead of getting better she should grow rapidly worse, what a thing it would be for John to have the whole charge of her and the children in that far-off land! And who is at liberty to go to them?

I own I do feel it a very serious step, and one that requires to be looked at all round, though I dare not discourage it, and can only earnestly desire that we may fall into the hands of the Lord, and that He will graciously condescend to direct all our steps. Thus may we "dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Last Fifth day, at our Monthly Meeting, when I was constrained out of the depths to pour forth my supplications, dear William Forster, to my great encouragement, took up what I had said, and spoke beautifully upon it. His sermons have been really helpful lately, and being faithful always puts him in a nice mind, so that we have quite enjoyed his company.

Ann F. Barclay to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 17th, 1847.

. . . I desire that thou mayst find the power to cast thy past and present griefs and thy unknown future into His hands whom winds and seas obey. Dost thou remember the lines,—

> "Through waves and clouds and storms
> He gently clears thy way.
> Wait thou His time: thy darkest night
> Shall end in brightest day"?

This seems the only true view that can be taken of the deep trials and wasting sorrows that abound,—the view of faith,—and certainly the only one that brings comfort in the contemplation. Probably if we were not thus hemmed in, and all the natural brightness of this life shut out, we could more fully appreciate the gentleness of the Hand that leads us and the preciousness of the light of His countenance,

and understand how the blessing may be as great in withholding as in giving. But yet, my darling cousin, we may be feeling for each other while the course of this discipline is going on,—if not desiring that one another's trials may be lightened by being removed, yet lightened by the strength given to endure, the experience of which even now we can sometimes feel to be a better blessing. How much more in time to come shall we not rejoice together that, though pitied, we were not spared.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Ninth mo. 18th, 1847.

Thy sweet letter came in most seasonably, dearest mamma, just after our solemn reading yesterday morning, wherein I was constrained, on the bended knee, to return heartfelt thanksgivings that our most tenderly beloved one had been gathered, with a hand of infinite love and mercy, from the conflicts and trials of this changing scene, and earnestly to petition that, whatever might be in store for any of us, the work of Divine grace might go forward in our hearts until we were prepared for a blessed reunion, where there is no more separation, no more death. I could not ask for the life of our darling child; I could only desire that He who knows what is best for any of us would take us into His own safe care

and keeping, and finally perfect that which concerneth us to His own glory. I felt relieved, and able to enjoy thy sweet letter afterward, which I showed to Anna, who smiled as she pointed out the remarkable coincidence between thy train of thought and that which had just been before us. It evidently was a comfort to her. Dear child! her spirit is almost too heavenly to leave us much hope that she will linger in this sinful world a great while longer, so full of resignation and cheerful acquiescence to the Divine will. It is truly touching; and altogether this further stripping has afresh caused me to feel that "I am bereaved," that life will soon contain but very few to bind me to it.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Eleventh mo. 2d, 1847.

I never felt the same freedom and power in supplication before, and perhaps have not often had the same suffering to prepare for it. Dear J. H. felt it evidently, and he was so kind and affectionate afterward. Sweet and abundant was the peace that was permitted to flow into my heart the rest of the day, so that I could exclaim, with Wilberforce, "How good God is to us!" He has been far better to me than my fears,—from my youth up, I may truly say,—and yet I go on faithlessly.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

Eleventh mo. 18th, 1847.

. . . After a while we settled in and had a very comfortable, interesting time together. Then Chenda and myself took a long walk upon the light-house hills, which thoroughly refreshed me. The air was so delightful, and sweet and pleasant was the thought of those "still waters and green pastures," on and beside which some tenderly beloved ones are now reposing in joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The journey, undertaken with such cheering anticipations, was destined soon to end in deep sadness. The usual alternations of hope and fear attended as the dear invalid's condition varied from day to day, yet her weakness evidently increased. A political disturbance in Italy made it necessary for the party to take refuge on board the English man-of-war steamer "Bulldog," then lying in the harbor of Palermo; and on her deck, on the 17th of First mo., 1848, Anna Backhouse breathed her last.

"How sad that thus her course should end,
With War's terrific thunders nigh!
A battle-ship its shelter lend,

Warriors her dying couch befriend,
Mourners unknown her bier attend,—
'Twas 'a strange place to die!' "*

The following letters give some indication of the deep sorrow which this mysterious Providence occasioned:

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 2d, 1848.

. . . Oh, how sweet and heart-cheering it is to look above the gloom and sadness of the grave, to contemplate the joys of that reunion, the fulness of that song of praise which I could almost fancy I hear in the deep stillness of this dear stripped home! "When shall I wake and find me there?" How wonderfully all my ties to earth are loosening Surely I shall not be left in this wilderness alone!

. . . Her end was perfect peace, on board the vessel off Palermo. She had been very nicely the day before, but going on deck to inquire after Mary Ann, who had been uncomfortable in another vessel, she complained of shortness of breath, asked to be laid on the deck, said she was very comfortable, thought it was a strange place to die in, kissed dear little Johnny and told him to be a good boy and

* Her own expression.

he would go to heaven, said she was going to Jesus and to her dearest father, and quietly and sweetly breathed her last. How like her life has her death been! Dearest John says never was there a spirit more meet for heaven, and this would be the testimony of every one who knew her well.

William Forster to E. P. G., on the death of Anna Backhouse.

Second mo. 3d, 1848.

. . . I know we ought to rejoice and give thanks that our dear Anna is safely gathered to her heavenly rest, but still we cannot but feel what we have lost. It may not be for our comfort to dwell too much upon the time and place and circumstances under which she was led through the dark valley, but rather to cherish all confidence that her Lord was with her, that His blessing rested upon her, that His eye was over her, that He cared for her, that He ministered to her abundantly, according to what He knew to be her need, and that she—blessed be His name!—knew that He had prepared a mansion for her in His Father's house. What more ought we, could we, ask or desire?

Surely we are bound more than ever to confess to the wisdom and love of our tender and merciful Father in Heaven that He took dearest Joseph to

Himself before all this came upon us. Certainly it was at an hour appointed of God, and chosen in His love.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

EARLHAM, Second mo. 9th, 1848.

I told William that I should read the letter from Palermo to the servants and villagers in the evening, with a few observations I had made upon it, and when we went into the anteroom, to my surprise, I found it filled,—between fifty and sixty persons present. Nothing could exceed their profound attention, and the feeling they manifested almost prevented my getting on. But I was enabled to finish it, and a most interesting and solemn time we had.

E. P. G. to —— ——.

EARLHAM (no date).

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—Thy kind, sympathizing letter was duly received, and very acceptable, but I do not feel as if I could write much to any one. "By terrible things in righteousness" the Lord seems indeed to have been answering our prayers that He would make us wholly His own; and very solemn has been the conviction which this added sorrow has sealed on my own mind that there will soon be but little left to divert my attention from heaven and heavenly things, while the attraction thitherward is

continually strengthening. A more affectionate, dutiful, loving, and sympathizing daughter no own mother could, I think, have possessed, and the loss is great in proportion. I believe I may truly say not a single cloud intercepted the closeness of our union from its commencement to its close; and we have kept up a regular correspondence, whenever we have been separated, for the last seven years. Some of her letters from the Continent have been peculiarly sweet, and manifest a ripeness for the heavenly inheritance very surprising in so young a person.

S. Grellet to E. P. G.

Third mo. 8th, 1848.

My beloved Friend,—Through the kind attention of thy dear sister Clarke we have received this morning the very affecting and mournful intelligence of the sore bereavement thou hast so soon again to witness by the decease of thy so tenderly beloved daughter, Anna Backhouse. We are sensible what a rending of heart this is to thee, and to many other of her nearly attached relatives, with whom we mingle in near sympathy. It seems as if thou hadst now to drink again of the full cup of bitterness that was by Him, whose ways and dispensations are all in wisdom and in mercy, prepared for thee very little more than twelve months before. I doubt not, be-

loved friend, but that the same Almighty arm that was then so eminently and graciously extended for thy support and consolation is now also felt by thee to be very near, and that thou canst with faith and assurance draw on the present occasion comfort and consolation out of the same stream thou didst so bountifully before. Amidst deep mourning there is, methinks, the springing up of great joy. Father and daughter were very closely united in their lives; they are now also after death. I thought her a very lovely plant. She loved the Saviour, and He loves His own unto the end. Dear Eliza, in Divine mercy, may we not contemplate thy steps to have been directed to England, not to contract ties to attach thee to this life through great and sweet enjoyments, but to form ties that draw thy spirit strongly heavenward, where the rich treasures are gathering, whereto thy heart also is often lifted up? Yet a little while, my dear sister, and, through the tender mercies of the dear Redeemer, thou wilt be permitted to join the purified spirits in keeping the solemn feast of ingathering.

In the Sixth mo., 1848, E. P. Gurney was gratified by the arrival of her sister, Julia K. Clarke, from America, for an extended visit, which was truly cheering and comforting to her.

The large establishment at Earlham, with its heavy cares and responsibilities, had now become a burden from which E. P. Gurney felt that she should be relieved. The tie that had held her there was broken, the charm dispelled.

> ". . . The radiance was not dim
> That used to gild his favorite hill;
> The pleasures that were dear to him
> Were dear to life and nature still.
> The life was gone, the breath had fled,
> And what had been no more could be;
> The well-known form, the welcome tread,—
> Oh, where were they, and where was he?"

Yet the elegant home, which taste and skill had so long labored to beautify and adorn, could not be left without awakening deep and mingled feelings in all who had shared in its enjoyments. Well might Catharine Gurney write to E. P. G.: . . . "I don't like to think of the future as it regards Earlham, and can only trust it will be ordered aright for all of us. How I do feel the force of those words, 'I have seen an end of all perfection;' but we must not omit as the contrast, 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' Nothing ever made us feel this so powerfully as the event of last year. Such a rooting up of earthly dependence!"

E. P. G.'s plans were thus foreshadowed in a letter to her cousin and sister-in-law, S. A. Bacon, with whom she at one time had a most happy home:

EARLHAM, 1848.

. . . I do not yet see my way clearly to anything, but I think the probability is I shall remain at Earlham until the Sixth mo., and then remove to the Grove, the dear old residence of Joseph Gurney, the father of Hannah C. Backhouse. It is a sweet spot, only three miles from Earlham, and I have some deeply interesting associations with it, so that if I leave Earlham I shall prefer going there; but I wish to be directed in every step. It would be a wrench indeed to tear myself away from this loved spot, but if it is in right ordering it will all be made easy.

At present peace rests in a remarkable manner on my tarriance here.

Amelia Opie to E. P. G.

Sixth mo. 23d, 1848.

. . . Thou art often in my thoughts, and hast been often on my tongue this evening, for it is pleasant to talk of those we love and honor with those who appreciate them as we ourselves do. The near approach now of my return to my new home is truly welcome to me. I have a strong conviction on my

mind that I shall never probably see London again. I do not say this despondingly, but cheerfully, as I trust that my new home will appear to me a comfortable one for my declining age, and a quiet place to die in. When a nun takes the veil, she puts on for the last time all the jewelled fineries and splendid apparel she used to be pleased to wear, and then she takes them off forever, and exchanges them for a more simple robe becoming her altered feelings. I compare my own present brilliant career here this year in many pleasant scenes, with welcoming and loving and distinguished friends around me, to the different scene which awaits me in my humble home and my more bounded circle; where, forsaking probably forever my London scenes, I shall, I humbly hope, be happy to remain till this mortal shall put on immortality. It is time it should be so. It will not, however, be so easy for me to give up Yearly Meeting. My recollections of that time are full of thee, dearest Eliza, and I remember with heartfelt pleasure thy interesting and touching and modest bearing in the meetings at which I saw thee, and I felt it a privilege to be always so near thee.

E. P. G.'s removal to the Grove took place in the Seventh mo., 1848.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Ninth mo. 3d, 1848.

I took my last farewell of the grounds with my sister, who was deeply feeling the whole thing. So far I had not shed a single tear, though my heart was heavy as lead; but when, on our return to the house, I saw William Forster standing at the hall door, looking unutterably sad, I felt I could stout it out no longer, and completely broke down, which was a real relief to me, and made the actual drive-off much easier. Still, it was sad enough to turn my back forever on that cherished home, the birth- and burying-place of one far dearer to me than my own existence, even when that existence was much brighter than it can ever be again. Our drive was one of almost unbroken silence, but as soon as I reached this dear spot a gleam of comfort shot across my heart, accompanied with the conviction that it would indeed be a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting-place.

A wakeful night was my portion, but not entirely sleepless, and far from being altogether a painful one, though it was strange and bewildering to feel myself really in a new home, to know the event I had so long looked forward to with dread has actually taken place, and that the dwelling I had entered

with feelings of cloudless happiness not quite seven years ago was closed on me forever. But it is all in right ordering, and I must now leave the things that are behind and endeavor to press forward toward the mark. Oh, if I may but attain to it at last and win the prize!

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Fifth mo. 3d, 1849.

My aunt Paul, my sister Shoemaker, and some other of my relatives in Philadelphia are rather concerned about my health, having probably heard exaggerated accounts of it, and they urge my returning to America this summer with J. A. and Harriet, thinking my native air may do me good. I am, however, much better since our return from Dover, and do not see my way across the water at present. I may, nevertheless, tell thee, dearest mamma, that I have seen more light on revisiting my native land in the last few weeks than ever before, and I should not be surprised if another summer (not this) found me in Philadelphia. But I have no anxiety about it, and only desire to leave it in the hands of the great Disposer of events, who, I am well assured, will order all things wisely, and cause them to promote our highest good. I think I cannot yet spare Harriet. J. A. still talks of returning

after the Yearly Meeting, but some of the family have been persuading her that she cannot leave me, and indeed I should miss her very much,—her influence is so cheering in the house.

The near approach of this annual gathering looks somewhat fearful, and one almost shrinks from encountering it. How altered it is in its character since I first knew it! so many gone and going. But what a blessed company of tenderly beloved ones is gathered and still gathering to the general assembly and church of the first born whose names are written in heaven! How many dear ones have returned to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads! May we be enabled, in some small measure, to unite in their praises and rejoice with their joy!

Her sister, J. K. Clarke, returned to America in the summer of 1849. E. P. Gurney thus writes to her Eighth mo. 31st:

It seems strange indeed to address thee with pen and ink, and I can scarcely believe thou art actually gone for good. Yet there is such a stamp of right upon the step, and that peace which passeth all understanding so remarkably rests upon it, I cannot have any misgivings. But perhaps we may all meet in America some day, as I quite look forward

to visiting my native land in the course of another year, and this makes it easier to part with thee, my beloved sister. Truly, thy visit was well timed. Thou hast secured many warm and attached friends, and wilt read our letters with increased zest, having a perfect knowledge of people and things; so that in every way the gain of thy having come has been great. Indeed, I do not know how I should have summoned courage to break away from all the fond associations of my dear Earlham home if it had not been for thy cheering influence. I have often thought that thou wast sent, in very tender mercy, to take me from the sorrows of the recent overwhelming past, back to the happy days of early childhood, turning the current of my thoughts into a healthier channel, and giving me a hold on life again.

Edward Pease to E. P. G.

Eleventh mo. 14th, 1849.

. . . Thy expression that my last had tended to cheer thee gives me a little courage, and bids me to say, dear Eliza, that thy most welcome, beautifully-filled sheet did deeply interest and comfort me. We are, I humbly trust, of that company of whom a book of remembrance was written, and, precious addition, "They shall be mine." Sometimes the love of Christ is so shed over us that, reverently, we

dare so to think and to believe; and it seems to me that it has been so remarkably thy lot in life to see the wonders of the Lord in the depths of His dealings with thee, and in the indescribable extent of His loving kindness and purifying refinings, that, when the jewels are made up, thou wilt be there. I say not this in that affection that I bear to thee as a friend, great as that is, but from having long marked the turnings of the Lord's hand on thee, and giving thee of His peace as well as His power. And, dear Eliza, wherever thou art, or under whatever circumstances, have courage to use it, so that thy ways pleasing the Lord, if even there was enmity in any spirit, it should be at peace with thee; so fear not. . . . I can well comprehend the pleasure of mingling with thy beloved relations, and while no one can condemn the execution of thy design (to visit America), yet my secret wish seems to be that it might not be carried out in my time, which may be very short. I do not like that this land should spare thee, and the church, in which thou hast a good and useful standing, cannot spare thee permanently, so may I ask thee not to indulge one thought about settling there, but so long as I live let me have the pleasure of contemplating thy return, and that we may meet again; if not, may we meet on a happier shore.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Eleventh mo., 1849.

Cousin Anna Gurney dined with us yesterday very agreeably, and I invited Lucy Aggs, Amelia Opie, and Anna Forster and her sister to meet her, which answered nicely. She came at three o'clock, on purpose that we might have a nice private chat together before the others arrived, and most sweet and affectionate she was. What a treat it is, in this little minny-minded world, to meet with a large-souled, generous, noble creature of whom you can approve entirely! Just such is Cousin Anna. I never was more deeply impressed with the greatness of her character than during our intimate conversation yesterday. What a splendid Friend and minister she would have made, notwithstanding her lameness! Indeed, I think her very helplessness would have added to the effect, giving an emphasis of interest to the whole. But, alas! not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble seem to stumble into our path, or rather, perhaps I should say, seem willing to be led into it.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE.

. . . I then took them to Anderson Reid's and to the jail, to both of which places R. Sturges has

rather a concern to go. The whole weight of the service, however, fell upon me, most unexpectedly, and she said she believed she had gone on my account. I was much interested in two young women (one of them only eighteen) who are to be transported. They were exceedingly affected when I addressed them, and listened with great interest to a tract we read to them. In parting I simply said, "Farewell! I hope I may meet you next where there is no more sin and no more death; but, remember, as death leaves us judgment will find us," and the poor creatures put up their aprons to their faces and sobbed aloud. I do not know when I have had such a sense of the awfulness of sin or of the exceeding greatness of redeeming love through Jesus Christ our Lord. We afterward visited a debtor, whose heart was as hard as a stone, a fine lady-like-looking person, but very high, and justifying herself in the strongest terms. She was brought down, however, in degree by being reminded that, though man may judge wrongfully, there is One that searcheth the heart, who will render unto each of us according to our works. "Whither shall I flee from Thy spirit?" R. Sturges also said a few words to her, and I hope her heart was touched, as she received our tracts with thanks; but she was not in the tender state that those poor creatures were by any means.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, First mo. 15th, 1850.

Some part of every day since Sixth day last has been devoted to poor old Sarah Racey's dying bed. It was really quite striking to see any one so calm and self-possessed at such a moment, for she is evidently passing through the dark valley, and is entirely sensible of it. We had quite a smiling time over the blessedness of putting off mortality, with all its sorrows, sufferings, and tribulations, and being clothed upon with immortality, its light and joy and peace and happiness. She echoed all I said about it, clasping her hands and looking really pleased, as if she were about to take a pleasant journey and liked to hear of the accommodations at the end of it. I could not understand myself to be so utterly unmoved by such a scene,—death used to seem so awful to me. Has my heart grown colder, or is it that we learn to form a truer estimate of things as life goes on? Instead of being the end of pleasure and enjoyment, as we are apt to consider it in early life, we learn to think of it as the termination of sorrow and suffering, and the commencement of true happiness. She broke forth into praises and thanksgiving just before I left her, very touchingly exclaiming, with a voice broken by the great oppres-

sion on her breathing, "Oh, yes, my Saviour is most merciful. He does not willingly afflict me. Blessed forever be His worthy name!"

From E. P. G.'s Journal.

Grove, First mo. 21st, 1850.—Oh, were it not that we are graciously permitted and invited to come with our emptiness to the fulness which is in Christ,—aye, and with the burthen of our guilt and transgression,—to the atoning fountain of the everlasting covenant, what would become of any one of us? Help, Lord, or we perish forever!

There is something very sad, almost humiliating to me, in the idea of time blunting our feelings, so that we do not feel the same acute sorrow for the loss of those we so tenderly loved as we did in the early days of our bereavement, while suffering under the immediate pressure of the stroke, and while the wound is bleeding freshly from the sudden rending of the cherished tie. Yet surely this is in the merciful ordering of Him whose name is Love.

"Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break."

I have often been reminded latterly of these beautiful lines of Montgomery and have felt their truth; yet surely I have no cause to quarrel with my own heart for not being faithful to its sorrows, if I may so speak. They seem to be engraven upon it with an iron pen, and I believe death alone will ever obliterate them.

How often, under a humbling sense of my own poverty and nothingness, have I been led to put up the petition of the royal Psalmist, "O God, Thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hidden from Thee. Let not those that wait on Thee be ashamed for my sake; let not those that seek Thee be confounded for my sake, Lord God of Israel." And I believe in this instance He was pleased to hear my prayer.

J. C. B. lent us the "Life of Goldsmith," by Washington Irving, and I commenced reading it to H. C. B., as she liked, beside the Bible, to have some book on hand, and this we thought might serve to entertain her. But we soon found that it was anything but satisfactory, and were glad to substitute the "Life of Rebecca Jones," in which she became deeply interested. She did not, however, like to give up "Goldsmith" entirely, and we continued to

read a very small portion every day until we finished the volume. The account of his last days evidently affected her, and I shall not soon, I believe, forget either the serious expression of her countenance or the emphatic manner with which she repeated his last words, "I feel uneasy!" "Oh," she said, "what a life and what a death! That word 'uneasy,' what does it convey? Not only the suffering of the body, but a mind ill at ease at such an hour!" I do not remember hearing her speak with so much energy on any occasion, and again and again she remarked, "What an unsatisfactory life was that poor man's!" It seemed like trying it in the balance of the sanctuary on the verge of eternity, and when the life of pleasure was so tried it was indeed found sorrowfully wanting. In the unpretending history of the labors and sacrifices of Rebecca Jones her spirit seemed always to find both refreshment and repose.

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Second mo. 11th, 1850.

Chenda thinks my sister, Catherine Gurney, is very much coming round about my going to America, and that they are all resolved to look on the bright side and regard it only as a temporary separation, fully expecting to see me again next year, if life is granted. Thou must follow their example, should

it really seem best for me to go. But at present "my eyes are holden" and my faith a little tried, the time for decision seems drawing so near, and there are so many arrangements that will have to be made about house and servants and horses and everything. Yet I do trust I may be preserved from any undue anxiety, which has so far been remarkably the case; and a little faith is given me that light will arise from obscurity, and my darkness become as the noonday. Thou wilt not be surprised, however, that I feel the responsibility of the whole thing; and then I am so wonderfully left to my own devices as regards any human aid. Certainly it would not always be a comfort to me to believe that those tenderly beloved ones who are taken from us are cognizant of what is passing in their earthly homes. I should be quite beset with the notion that some of my hours of untold loneliness would cause disquiet and discomfort even there. One scarcely knows what to wish about it, for, oh! the anguish which those words have given me: "His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish." "Also their love and their hatred is now perished, neither have they any more a portion in anything that is done under the sun." Oh, how these things have saddened my solitary heart! But there is one thing I will believe

in, and that is recognition in a future state. What it would be to be welcomed into those joys which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, by some of those redeemed ones whom we have dearly loved! I have quite enjoyed "Dr. Gordon's Life," which I got on thy recommendation. His thoughts of death and heaven were so delightful. Surely, if we lived nearer to the Source of light, we should have more frequent glimpses of the better land. The apostle says, "Ye are come unto Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the New Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." Then why should we not hold communion with them and realize their joy and blessedness? Why should we not, like Stephen, see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of the throne of God? Is it not because we do not walk in the Spirit as Stephen did?

E. P. G. to H. C. B.

GROVE, Third mo. 3d, 1850.

I begin to long to see thee, dearest mamma, and the thought of it in meeting this afternoon was accompanied with a feeling of true sweetness, and an earnest desire that we might know yet more of a living spiritual union; so that, whether we are permitted to spend many of our remaining days to-

gether, or whether the broad Atlantic shall roll between us, we may indeed be each other's joy in the Lord. After a season of rather unusual lowness, in which I think I have known something of being "baptized into the cloud and into the sea," partly, perhaps, from being left so solitary, this has been a day of arising, wherein the new song has been put into my mouth, even praises unto our God. Indeed, so precious has been the sense of His love and power, that I thought, as I sat in profound quietness this afternoon, that if only a small portion of the peace which has filled my heart this day were graciously vouchsafed to me during the remainder of my pilgrimage, it would be of little consequence whether it was spent in England or America.

> "Could I be cast where Thou art not,
> That were indeed a dreadful lot;
> But if, O God! Thou guid'st my way,
> 'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

This, I believe, is the sincere breathing of my heart, so thou need not be afraid to trust me; for thou knowest, as well as I do, that I can be no comfort to anybody out of my right allotment, and, setting aside all natural inclination and affectionate bias, I shall depend upon thy helping me to ascertain what my duty is.

Dear Susanna Corder is very much set against my leaving England, and says that, because I do not see clear light upon going, it is evident that it is not right for me to leave; but, on the other hand, I see less light upon remaining here. So what hath he to do "that walketh in darkness," but "trust in the Lord and stay upon his God"?

Then, with regard to what thou sayst about the Society troubles in America, I can truly say they do not at all disturb me, except to make me feel the desirableness of being rightly guided. It is my full intention to go knowing nothing, and "owing no man anything but to love one another."

> "Why should we differ by the way?
> Why should dissensions come?
> We hope to spend an endless day
> In one eternal home."

. . . And I have so enjoyed dear Edward Pease's account of thee, especially of thy "peaceful countenance and bright and acceptable communications" in meeting, of which he has often spoken. So pray go on in faith, and never mind a few wandering thoughts. I wonder if there ever was that being who was not troubled with them, since the days of him who said, "That which I would I do not." How sweet to remember Him who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities!"

On the 6th of Fifth mo., 1850, occurred the death of E. P. G.'s long-tried and honored friend, H. C. Backhouse,—a mother in Israel, loved and venerated alike for her works' sake, the charm of her society, and for her kindly and affectionate nature. Ever since their first association in America, the intimate relations then established between them had deepened and strengthened with their constant intercourse; and the maternal and filial regard mutually entertained, as years passed on, had grown into the closest Christian love and friendship, and the shock of parting was correspondingly severe. E. P. G.'s friends were abundant in their expressions of sympathy under this new trial.

Susanna Corder to E. P. Gurney.

Fifth mo. 7th, 1850.

. . . The sympathy which I feel with thee, dearest Eliza, cannot be expressed by me, but I feel assured thou wilt be strengthened and consoled by thy gracious Master, and that thou wilt be enabled to pursue the same path of perfect dedication which she so nobly and faithfully walked in, in which the dearest ties of nature never held her back from following her Lord, and from laboring in His glorious cause of truth. Neither death nor life, neither spirits nor powers, nor any other created thing, could

hinder her work of faith; and now surely her mantle, which often has covered thee, is henceforth to rest upon thee continually, and He who hath specially chosen thee, designs to be perfectly thy all in all, to His praise and glory.

From E. P. G.'s Journal.

Elisha Bates and Nathan Hunt addressed us very strikingly soon after we were banded together in America, comparing our companionship to that of Elijah and Elisha, and predicting that if I were with her at the close her mantle would descend upon me. So, I suppose, as I was not with her, it is to descend upon dear Jane, who is far more worthy to receive it in every way. How often did her precious mother remind me of the prediction, saying she felt satisfied I would one day come to England, if only to fulfil it. Oh, if a little portion of her loving, dedicated spirit might but rest upon me!

Just as I was leaving her she drew me to her very affectionately, and said, with emphasis; "Farewell, my darling! the God of Peace go with thee, bless thee, and prosper thee in all thy ways, and abundantly qualify thee for every work and service into which He may be pleased to call thee." So be it, saith my soul.

During a family gathering at Darlington, soon after the decease of H. C. Backhouse, E. P. Gurney was addressed in a striking manner by her friend and relative, John Hodgkin. The following outline of his remarks was taken down from memory:

During the time of our being thrown so interestingly together, my dear sister-cousin, on an occasion very solemn to us both, my spirit has been united to thine in bonds of a spiritual relationship which is closer than any natural tie. I have felt that this awful stroke has made thee (who hast been once "a widow indeed") twice an orphan, and have believed that in the desolation of thy feelings thou mayst be ready to conclude thou hast seen an end of all perfection, and that there is nothing now worth living for. But how strongly have I felt amid all this desolation that the Eternal God has been thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms! While, like the prophet of old, thou hast beheld the companion whom thou hast so dearly loved, and to whom thou wast united by no common tie, ascend as it were to the very gates of heaven, may we not believe a portion of her spirit has descended upon thee? Truly, my beloved cousin, thou hast known many and deep baptisms of flesh and spirit, baptisms into the cloud and into the sea. Yea, hast thou not known something of what it is to be baptized for

the dead? And all these fiery baptisms have been doing their office in purifying and cleansing and preparing thee for a yet fuller development, a yet larger exercise of thy various natural and spiritual gifts.

When our blessed Lord was about to reascend into heaven, His command to His chosen disciples was, "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Now, my dear sister, in looking forward to the change of allotment that may probably be awaiting thee, this command has afresh revived in my mind; and in entering a little into the probable conflicts and trials which may be thy portion, I have been encouraged and comforted on thy behalf in remembering the gracious assurance which followed, addressed to them that believe: "In my name ye shall cast out devils, and speak with new tongues. Ye shall take up serpents, and if ye drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you. Ye shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." I have been given to believe that thou, my dear cousin, wouldst realize something of this in thy experience; that, dwelling in the secret of His pavilion, thou wouldst be kept from the strife of tongues; that, even though thou shouldst tread upon what might be comparable to deadly serpents, they would

not be permitted to hurt thee; yea, that, in the power of thy Lord, thou shouldst even be enabled to lay hands on the spiritually sick, and they should recover; for the anointing oil would be so poured upon thy head as to descend upon the troubled waters and cause a blessed calm. Therefore I would have thee be of good courage, for I do assuredly believe thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and "as thy day is so shall thy strength be."

E. Barclay adds, in connection with the foregoing,—

. . . Then dear cousin E. P. G. said, very sweetly, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things the Lord hath in store for them that love Him." But God hath revealed them unto us by His spirit. Have we not, my beloved friends, at this solemn hour known something of the revealing of the good things of the kingdom? Have we not, in the tender mercy of the Lord, had some fresh sense given us of the glorious realities of the inheritance of the saints in light,—a little glimpse as it were within the veil? Have we not almost heard the sound of the redeemed ones returning to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads? And has not the acknowledgment been raised in some of our hearts,

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth"?

The loosening of so many ties which had hitherto bound her to her English home had for some time past, as has been seen, permitted E. P. Gurney seriously to entertain the thought of a return to her native land, at least for a time. She wrote to Mary Anna Longstreth, Sixth mo. 17th, 1850:

My way seems now remarkably opening for a return to my own land, at least for a season, and it was deeply impressed upon my mind that this would be the case some months ago, even when dearest H. C. B. was well as usual, though I never could believe it would be right for me to leave her, and my sister Catherine was strongly opposed to my going while *she* lived. Now the former is gathered home to her heavenly inheritance, and the latter is so far on her journey as to be wholly weaned from all earthly things, and I have already taken my leave of her, never expecting to see her again in mutability. Thou wilt easily believe, my beloved Marianna, that all this has not been passed through without much deep suffering; but it is my earnest desire to be more and more enabled to leave the things that are behind, and to press forward with renewed diligence toward the mark, looking solely unto Jesus, the

Author and Finisher of our faith. It is no light thing to me to think of returning to Philadelphia again, and I have always felt that I could not do it in my own way and time; but "simply follow as I lead" is the command that seems to be given me, and in endeavoring to do so, whatever my outward allotment may be, I feel a sweet and consoling assurance that my mind will be kept in peace.

This has hitherto been strikingly the case in the midst of many tribulations, and why should I doubt it now? May I be gifted with a double portion of "that wisdom which, by reason of its purity, passeth through all things," giving no offence to any, "neither to the Jew, nor to the Gentile, nor to the Church of God." "Owing no man anything, but to love one another." This, I can truly say, is the unfeigned prayer of my heart, and I humbly and reverently trust that He who searcheth the heart will hear and answer it.

Lady H. Buxton to E. P. Gurney.

Seventh mo. 17th, 1850.

. . . I do feel thou hast been most faithful, generous, sympathizing, and helpful to us all, and we have loved thee as a dear sister, an immense blessing and gift to our darling brother, and a comfort to us all. I trust thou wilt leave thy dear home and

this country for a season, with deep hopefulness that the grace of God has so abounded as to have enabled thee to do His will amongst us, to glorify His grace and His name, and to be made a remarkable blessing, not to our dearest Joseph only, but to us and to a large circle. I cannot say, dearest Eliza, how deeply I feel this. Thou hast been truly a blessing to us, a comfort, an encouragement, a minister of the Gospel, and a distributer of good things, spiritual and temporal. With tears I feel what thou hast been, with gratitude that we have had thee, my love, and now I feel that thy duty lies with thy own land and thy own people, and for a season we are willing to give thee up, though we feel what the giving up is.

E. P. Gurney's prospect of leaving England rapidly matured, and her preparations were made for an early departure; her niece, H. H. Kirkbride, accompanying her.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Seventh mo. 17th, 1850.

. . . We expect to leave the Grove on Seventh day week, spend a few days at Upton, and go on board the "Niagara" on the 3d of Eighth mo., a little more than two weeks from this time. I can scarcely believe what I write, it seems so incredible.

Pray do not be anxious about us. We have no fear of the sea, and shall very likely have a smooth and pleasant voyage. I am sure thou wilt be glad to hear that there is not the shadow of a cloud in the way, but all looks bright before me, though, of course, I truly feel the prospect of returning to America, as well as the thought of leaving many tenderly loved ones here, to some of whom our preparation for departure has given more pain than I anticipated.

On the eve of her embarkation a number of her friends assembled at Liverpool to bid farewell to one who had become so closely united to them, and her honored friend, William Forster, addressed her most impressively. The following brief sketch of his remarks has been preserved:

"Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Although I cannot always appropriate this promise to myself, yet I think I have been enabled to rejoice in it on thy account, my dearly beloved sister, believing that thou art one of those who do indeed love the law of the Lord, and that thou hast been faithfully endeavoring, since thou hast been called from thy kindred and thy native country, to yield obedience to its manifested

requirings, in doing which thou hast known the blessed promise abundantly verified. Great peace has been thy portion, and nothing has been able to offend thee. And I have felt comforted in the persuasion that, in following the leadings of thy Lord and Master, who is now taking thee from us for a season, thou wilt continue to witness the fulfilment of this gracious assurance; so that whatever trials may be permitted to assail thee, the angel of His presence shall encamp round about thee and nothing be permitted to offend.

The memory of the just is blessed and will not decay. Very precious has been the remembrance of our tenderly beloved departed brother since we have been assembled together on this very interesting and to me deeply affecting occasion; for I feel that I am parting with a precious sister,—a sister in the unchangeable truth, a sister dearly beloved in the Lord. Ah, I believe our dear departed brother has been very near to many of us at this time, and I have rejoiced in thinking how thy various steppings since thou wast written "widow and desolate" would have been approved by him, how entirely he would now sanction this step; so that, in a little fresh faith and confidence, I can bid thee go forward in the name of the Lord, believing assuredly that He will never leave thee nor forsake thee; for He has promised

(and His promises are yea and amen forever) that He will be with His children always, even unto the end of the world. Yea, and I believe He will again and again put the new song into thy mouth, even praises unto His great and ever-excellent name.

WEST HILL, NEAR BURLINGTON, N. J.

CHAPTER IV.

Soon after E. P. Gurney's arrival in America she settled at West Hill, a retired and commodious mansion beautifully situated about two miles from Burlington, New Jersey, originally occupied by Samuel Emlen, and latterly the home of Susanna R. Smith, an esteemed minister of Burlington meeting. Her household arrangements were peculiarly happy and congenial. Her widowed sisters, Mary Ann Williams and Julia K. Clarke, were both with her; the former under her roof, the latter occupying a pleasant cottage near at hand. She delighted in the cheerful society of her younger relatives, some of whom were constantly gathered about her in the mutual exchange of kindly service. In the immediate neighborhood resided several families of her intimate friends, with whom she maintained daily intercourse. Prominent among these were Harrison Alderson, a valuable minister, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, his sister Hannah and his brothers Abram M. and James Taylor, and Susanna R. Smith (above mentioned), with their families.

The atmosphere of the place was rich with spiritual graces and intellectual culture, and the household grew year by year more attractive and beautiful. Those who were favored with access to its inner life can never forget the elegant simplicity of the ample parlors, devoid of useless ornament, but supplied with all the appliances for restful ease or profitable study,—the capacious chair from which the mistress of the mansion presided over her domain with courtly grace; the store of books, always ready to be handed with wise selection to casual guests; the hospitable dining-room, the scene of so many cheerful and memorable gatherings; and the literary treasures piled upon the shelves of the library.

To the members of her own religious society the house was especially a centre of attraction. Ministers from distant parts of the country received freely of her wise counsels and ready sympathy, as well as substantial aid in large measure; and the young people delighted in her sprightly and instructive converse and unaffected interest in all their affairs.

In reference to a few of her friends more remotely situated, it may be allowed to quote from an interesting notice by J. B. Braithwaite, published in the "Annual Monitor," England:

"At Philadelphia, also, there was a large circle with whom E. P. Gurney continued to maintain delightful Christian intercourse. There was Israel W. Morris, the aged veteran of Green Hill Farm, near Philadelphia, whose recollection reached back to the times of Washington, if not also to those of the Revolutionary war; who in younger and middle life was, like Dr. Taylor, a devoted companion and helper to the Lord's messengers, and remained to the last an upright pillar in the Church, whose memory is precious to those who knew him. With him may be associated three others, all remarkable men, presenting in their somewhat differing characteristics varied aspects of the same precious truth which they equally loved,—Thomas Evans, a member of a well-known and influential family, the compiler of the "Exposition of the Faith of the Society of Friends," and one of the editors of the "Friends' Library," whose mind, disciplined in the school of Christ, and enriched by varied reading and culture, was a treasure of Christian wisdom and experience; Samuel Bettle (whose father had been the able clerk to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting during the trials of the separation), in whom the calm dignity of the Christian minister was beautifully combined with the clothing of humility and a sympathy inexpressibly tender; and Charles Yarnall, a wise and faithful elder, dis-

tinguished for sound and enlightened judgment, and a mind of varied culture seasoned with grace. Nor must his beloved sister, Amy Y. Tatum, also an elder, or John M. and Mary Whitall be forgotten in this little sketch (brief and imperfect as it must necessarily be), all overflowing with love, impressed with the King's image, and ready to be spent in His service. Such, amongst many others that might be named, were the friends amongst whom E. P. Gurney felt it a privilege to pass the evening of her day, and whom it was her lot to survive."

A warm welcome was extended to her on her settlement by tongue and pen. A few examples follow:

Hannah B. Mott to E. P. G.

Second mo. 1st, 1851.

My dear Friend,—It has been so much on my mind for some days past to convey to thee an expression of my most sincere pleasure on hearing of thy conclusion to dwell among us, that I will yield to the feeling and thus give thee my cordial welcome. I have no doubt the subject has weighed much upon thy mind, and I rejoice in thy decision, at the same time that I hope I am able to enter into sympathy with thee at the prospect of entering upon

thy new abode. Many contrasts and sad remembrances will pour upon thy heart; but remember, dear Eliza, that the gardener, in removing some of his choicest plants, carefully seeks to place them in a poorer soil, covers them from the heat and shades them from the light, until the tender roots have time to feel that they are at rest, and gradually expand and grow under the fostering care of one skilled in rearing them, one who knows just where to place them in a situation to flourish and spread abroad their fragrance and beauty. So, in time, my dear friend, I hope not only to see West Hill rejoicing under thy tasteful care and blossoming as the rose, but that thou also, as the dispenser of much comfort and happiness to those around thee, wilt find a sweet reward in thy own bosom, verifying the language of the poetical Jeremiah: "Seek ye the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive, and pray unto the Lord for it, for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace."

E. P. G. to Susanna Corder.

WEST HILL, Ninth mo. 3d, 1851.

. . . Now I am settled in my Jersey home, I have quite a longing to see some of your familiar faces, and think you cannot leave it long before you come. How thou wouldst enjoy mingling with dear Stephen

Grellet and his wife, Richard Mott and his daughter, the Allinsons, Susan R. Smith, etc.! I do not think there is such a circle of friends to be found anywhere, —so much refinement and true Christian charity. But death is making gradual inroads into it, and in a few years more it probably will be greatly changed. Already two of its brightest ornaments are gone,— Richard Mott's wife, a truly dignified and upright pillar in the Church, within the last two months, and dear Abigail Barker, while I was in England. So do not leave it long, or thou wilt never know from actual observation what a sweet band of Christians we have had amongst us. I cannot tell thee what a help and comfort dear Stephen Grellet has been to me since coming here,—a father in the truth I may well call him. His spirit is so sweet and heavenly we cannot hope to keep him long amongst us, though he is now apparently recovering from a fearful illness which brought him very low. I think I must give thee an outline of a precious sermon he addressed to me a few weeks since, which I took down directly afterward in my private journal. He seemed very anxious to see me in my new home, and, though scarcely equal to the effort, not having taken so long a drive for several years, he came one morning early, accompanied by his precious wife, who is scarcely less of a saint than himself. (Have

we not good Scripture authority for calling the righteous so?) I felt it a privilege to have them under my roof, and, after we had conversed a little together I took dear Rebecca over the house to show her the alterations and improvements. When we returned we found her venerable husband, who truly looks like an apostle, reclining in a large arm-chair, his face illuminated with the anointing oil, so that it fairly shone like Stephen's. He beckoned us to be seated, and a covering of solemnity came over us at once such as I rarely remember to have witnessed. After a little time the dear old man broke forth in nearly the following words, or at least this is a correct outline of his striking sermon: "'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.' While thou hast been so kindly engaged, my beloved sister, in showing my wife the alterations and improvements in the accommodation of thy outward dwelling-place, thy external habitation, my mind has been occupied in following thee, as it were, into the inner temple, the temple of the heart, where I have seen the rod that budded, and the precious offerings, and the sweet incense ascending. Yes, I was wandering, whilst thou wast absent, into thy little sanctuary, where thou hadst just been pouring out thy prayers and supplications to the Lord, renewing thy covenant with Him, and the odor of the ointment filled

the room. Ah, my endeared sister, it has been given me to see in my inward vision, while I have been silently musing in this thy pleasant earthly abode, that the offerings and the sacrifices which thou hast made in that little sanctuary, when no human eye saw thee, had indeed ascended as sweet incense before the Lord, and were accepted of Him. Then is not this cause for encouragement to continue to put thy whole trust in Him? Has He not been with thee all thy life long, guiding thee by His counsel, and remarkably sustaining thee by His spirit in times of deep trial and sore adversity? and has He not promised that He will be with His own always, even unto the end of the world? Then lift up thy head in hope, my endeared sister. He who has been with thee in six troubles will not forsake thee in the seventh. He will continue to pour forth of His anointing oil upon thee, and qualify thee for His own work and service more and more; yea, thou shalt be as a fruitful field, the smell whereof shall be known afar off," etc.

This is the merest skeleton of a deeply-interesting sermon. I feel it wants all the bones and sinews to make it complete, but I know it will interest thee and dear Jane Fox. I think thou hadst better not show this to any one else: it might convey a very wrong impression of my real condition, which has

often been one of great discouragement and deep poverty since my return to my native land.

Rebecca W. Allinson to E. P. G.

Second mo. 21st, 1851.

My dear Friend,—I hope it may not seem intrusive if I offer, in a few words, the welcome which awaits thy coming to our little city, as one with whom we may take sweet counsel, and go up to the house of God in company. Our family are all prepared to rejoice that thou hast found permission to dwell amongst us; and we trust, though thy spirit may often yearn for communion with distant dear ones, thou wilt find, in sojourning within our borders, that thou art truly in the midst of thine own people who will have it in their hearts to do thee good, and not evil, all the days of thy life. And though, beloved friend, a further acquaintance with our state may give thee to perceive that we are not rich or increased with goods, but often feel our little company to be an afflicted and poor people, yet thou wilt not shrink from taking a share of our burdens, if thy dear Master thus commissions thee, that so, when the times of refreshing come from His presence, we may also rejoice together. Mayst thou, dear Eliza, more and more be enabled to praise the name of Him who hath "showed thee His marvellous kind-

ness in a strong city," and realize, in the Lord's own time, even while a pilgrim here, that He whom thou desirest to serve is indeed the "Repairer of the breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in."

In true affection, thy friend.

A few extracts from E. P. G.'s journal, which was not very regularly kept, may properly find place here:

West Hill, Seventh mo. 9th, 1851.—Months pass away, and I seem to add nothing to my journal. Is it because I shrink from looking myself steadily in the face? Ah, were it not that there is One who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, who pardons the iniquities of His penitent, believing children, and (notwithstanding their innumerable backslidings) loves them freely, well might I faint beneath an overwhelming sense of my manifold shortcomings, yea, my "crimson sins."

Three weeks have elapsed since I left Philadelphia, and the probability is I shall know it as an abiding-place no more. The way, however, clearly opened for pitching my tent in this delightful spot, and great was the relief and peace I felt. There are some very interesting persons there, to whom I feel much attached, and I left them with regret.

Peaceful and happy has been my settlement in this quiet retreat, and, oh! how have I desired that, let others do as they may, as for me and my house, we might serve the Lord! "I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing." I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. Oh, when wilt Thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

West Hill, Seventh mo. 16th, 1851.—I must make a little memorandum of a deeply interesting visit I paid on Second day last, in company with Isaac and Rebecca Collins, to Hickory Grove.

Dear Abigail Mott had had a paralytic stroke, and was lying in the room adjoining the parlor, in a very low condition physically, but calm and composed in spirit, quietly waiting till her change shall come. She is indeed a dignified mother in Israel, and as we stood by her bedside dear Hannah Mott remarked, "The work is finished here; I think I know it to be so; and the words are continually in my mind, 'Soldier of Christ, well done!'" I thought this was a beautiful testimony from one who was so intimately acquainted with her, and I believe it to be a true one.

The solemnity that reigned throughout our visit was very remarkable; the odor of a well-spent life,

and the sweet fragrance of a loving spirit, at peace with God and man, like Mary's ointment, seemed to fill the house, and precious was it to partake of the refreshment of it. But, oh! it was most touching to see her faithful, stricken partner bowing beneath the stroke. While his submissive spirit seems to breathe the language, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth him good," I believe his affectionate feelings make it difficult to utter "Thy will, not mine, be done." But the Lord, whom he has served so long faithfully, will "hear him in the day of trouble, send him help from His sanctuary, and strengthen him out of Zion."

First mo. 29th, 1852.—While I painfully realize that my ties to this world are wonderfully loosened, I am often comforted by the conviction that to a better, holier inheritance they are increased and strengthened. He will keep that which is committed unto Him: then, oh! what treasure I must have in heaven! I love to dwell upon the blessed company assembled there,—father and mother, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and nieces, whom I dearly loved, beside those precious ones of later days, with whom, I trust I may say, I have been bound up in the bundle of life; yea, I loved them as my own soul.

Fourth mo. 5th, 1852.—More than two months have passed since I opened this little volume, and now, could I record my many failures in watchfulness, patience, condescension, gentleness, meekness, forbearance, charity, should I not have abundant cause for the acknowledgment that to me belongs blushing and confusion of face, but to my gracious Lord and Saviour long-suffering mercy and tender compassion, or would He not have cut me off forever? Oh, that He would take away every remnant of the stony heart, and give me a heart of flesh, that I might never again, in an unguarded moment, give way to a hasty and impatient spirit, and thus inflict a wound on those I love!

Few things have cost me so much suffering as this apparent want of tenderness, this hasty, proud, and domineering spirit. My very soul detests it, and yet I surely do not strive against it as I ought, or I should not be always sinning and repenting as I am, one minute conferring a favor, and the next finding fault. Oh, that I might act less from impulse, and more from fixed principle!

"When I would do good, evil is present with me." Alas, alas! who shall deliver me from the body of this death, who but the great Liberator, Christ

Jesus our Lord? With Him all things are possible, even the perfect restoration of my sinful heart to that image of holiness and purity that was lost in the Fall. Blessed Redeemer! wilt thou not hasten the day?

Since I wrote last, Eli and Sibyl Jones, at my request, have committed their two dear children to my care,*—one not yet two years old, the other eight. I feel it a great responsibility, much more so than I anticipated, but I believed it right to make the offer. May I be helped to do my duty by them! for I am more and more persuaded I can do nothing well without Divine assistance.

E. P. G. to C. W. Beesley (in allusion to the decease of H. C. Backhouse).

Second mo., 1852.

I send thee the last of the letters. Deeply interesting it has been to me to glance them over, and my very heart has ached under the fresh remembrance that all that powerful love and sympathy have been withdrawn, and can be mine no more on earth forever. Yet other streams are mercifully opened, other hearts are warmed with pure and

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* E. and S. Jones were about embarking on a religious visit to Africa.

generous affection for me, and I desire to number my remaining blessings, while humbled under an abasing consciousness that I am utterly unworthy of the very least of all the many mercies which my indulgent heavenly Parent has bestowed upon me.

. . . I longed to point ——'s attention to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; for, though we must be born again, the new creation must be formed in us,—old things must be done away, and all things become new before we are made meet for an inheritance among the saints in light, yet how impotent are all our own endeavors to effect this work! Is not the humbling preparation for it a deep and heartfelt sense of our natural depravity, and of our utter inability of ourselves to do any good thing, even to think a good thought? And will not this solemn conviction prostrate us at the mercy-seat as guilty sinners, yet with the fervent prayer, "A Saviour, or I die; a Redeemer, or I perish forever!" Oh, may we indeed know what it is to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by that new and living way which He hath consecrated for us! There is no other; He hath Himself declared it: "No man cometh unto the Father but by me;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life." And having this holy High Priest over the house of God, the penitent believer is enabled, through the

riches of His grace, through the fulness of His intercession, the freeness of His pardoning and atoning love, "to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,"—not for any works of righteousness that we have done, but because our hearts are sprinkled from an evil conscience by that blood of sprinkling which was shed for us abundantly on Calvary, and which can alone cleanse us from the defilement of our past iniquities, or free us from the guilt and power of sin.

I know thou art not one of those who, on hearing the blessed doctrine of Christ crucified, would be ready to exclaim, "What then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?" How striking the apostle's answer to his own query: "God forbid! How shall they that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Ah, no! a living, saving faith in the Redeemer of men must bring forth fruits of righteousness; for faith without works is dead, being alone.

E. P. G. to C. W. B.

West Hill, Fifth mo. 3d, 1852.

. . . After the full and somewhat oppressive week in Philadelphia, the rest and quiet of West Hill are most refreshing, and again and again have the words been passing through my mind,—

"Oh, where is peace, for thou its paths hast trod,
In stillness, in retirement, and with God?"

I do not say "in poverty," because I do not believe it is confined to any station, and I have happened to see it enjoyed in its fulness where He who giveth all things richly to enjoy had been pleased to pour in of the abundance of corn, wine, and oil, and added the yet richer blessing of a thankful heart. We are not told in the Bible that it is the rich or the poor, but the meek who shall inherit the earth and delight themselves in the abundance of peace. May we strive to become yet more and more of this blessed number! Truly, I do not count myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I earnestly and prayerfully desire to do: leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forward unto those which are before, even the glorious realities of that city into which nothing that is unholy can ever come, I do desire to be strengthened to press forward toward the mark. Let this be our concern, and let us turn away from all the "voices that are in the world."

E. P. G. to H. B. Mott.

WEST HILL (no date).

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—As I think thy dear and honored father was a little suspicious of our incredulity with regard to his "chapter on scruples," last

evening, I want thee to tell him, with my love, that it was not read to us in vain; for in the midnight watches, remembering what he said about cherishing our scruples and attending to them, and thus having more laid upon us, I endeavored to search and see whether there was anything in my own habitation that gave me uneasiness. The result of my cogitations is, I have ordered two silver gravy-boats and a silver dish to be put out of the way, and not to be forthcoming again. They were placed on the table without my direction, and I felt a little uneasy with it at the time, but I was beginning to get accustomed to seeing them there, and very likely the "scruple" would not have been attended to but for his timely hint. I do not know of anything else that has given me uneasiness, but if any one has been stumbled by me in any way, I hope you will be kind enough and candid enough to tell me of it. No one, I think, can have more respect for honest, truthful scruples than myself, believing that "whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" therefore "happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth."

I know my own weakness is great, but I think I do sincerely desire to be preserved from placing a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in a brother's way.

I hope thy dear father was no worse for his exertions yesterday. Although there was no indication of it, my heart was afresh introduced into tender sympathy with him, in the low and solitary places he is passing through.* Thou, too, knowest well what it is, my precious friend and sister.

E. P. G.'s domestic quiet was interrupted in the autumn of 1852 by an apprehension that she was called to religious service in some of the meetings of Friends in the Western States. She thus speaks of this engagement and its peaceful completion:

During this season of domestic solicitude my mind was invested with a concern to attend the Yearly Meeting of Indiana, and a few other meetings by the way. It was a comfort to me that the Monthly Meeting cordially united with the prospect, and gave me a very satisfactory certificate; for it would be trying indeed to go from home without the unity and sympathy of Friends. The question of companionship I desired to leave entirely to the great Disposer of events, who, I assuredly believe, does guide His poor dependent children, even to an hair's breadth; and He knoweth our need of all these

* Philippians iv. 19; [therefore] iv. 4.

things. In a little while I heard that dear Rebecca Collins had the same concern, and that her husband was intending to accompany her. This struck me very pleasantly; and on naming the subject to Mahlon Day, I found his mind also was drawn toward that Yearly Meeting, and had been for several years, though the way had not opened for attending it. Thus, without any effort on our parts, our little company seemed banded for the service, as it were; and I think we had reason to believe we were rightly united together. Some of the Providences of the interesting journey I believe I shall never forget; and, oh! may I cherish a grateful remembrance of the gentle dealings of my Lord and Master, who mercifully condescended to be "mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance" to one of the most feeble and unworthy of His flock, if, indeed, it is not presuming to suppose that I belong to it at all.

The first Sabbath day we spent at Baltimore, which place I entered with a heavy heart; and before going to meeting an unusual weight of exercise so clothed and oppressed my spirit, that I found it difficult to converse with the dear, kind friends at whose house I was pleasantly sojourning. How I have suffered from this very cause! and, oh! how hard it is for poor, proud human nature to submit to be a "fool"—yea, to be "drunk with silence"—

when the Lord commands it, and even to withhold our peace from good!

E. P. G. to C. W. B., referring to visit to Indiana.

Eighth mo. 22d, 1852.

. . . I truly desire to have no will of my own about it, and that I may be enabled, cheerfully and thankfully, to acquiesce in the pointings and orderings of Him who is perfect in wisdom, and who leadeth the blind by a way which they know not. Dost thou remember those sweet little verses in "Thoughts of Peace"?—

> "Lead, Saviour, lead; amid the encircling gloom
> Lead Thou me on!
> The night is dark, and I am far from home,
> Lead Thou me on!
> Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
> The distant scene: one step's enough for me."

They have been much before me lately, and I trust some capacity has been given to adopt them for my own. Oh, what an unspeakable favor to be led and guided by Israel's unslumbering Shepherd! May this God be our God for ever and ever! May He be our guide even unto death!

To the Same.

RICHMOND, INDIANA, Ninth mo. 29th, 1852.

. . . My heart was in great heaviness, and continued so until after our large and solemn meeting on First day morning. This brought such a feeling of peace and relief into my mind, that I began to doubt whether I should have any weights left by the time I reached Indiana. However, I have since found that we have not yet come to that blessed rest and inheritance, where "the clouds return not after the rain." Sometimes, at home, they used quite to disappear for a little season, but never since I left your city, with a burden on my spirit such as I could not attempt to describe, has the lowering cloud ceased to hang about the horizon, though at times it decreases to the size of "a man's hand," and does not quite obscure all pleasant objects. I have indeed passed through a season of close proving and conflict since I saw thee, dear; but, oh! what an unspeakable mercy to know the clouds to discharge themselves, one after another, and to witness the "clear shining after the rain,"—to see a little glimpse of the light of the countenance of that blessed Master whose we are, and whom we desire to serve, and then to hear His gracious language, as if compassionating our weakness and infirmities: "Let

her alone, she hath done what she could." Surely this is recompense enough for any suffering we may have to bear. The meetings, both yesterday and to-day, are considered by Friends to have been times of favor, though the crowd this morning about the doors prevented stillness in the early part. James Jones and Lindley M. Hoag were engaged in testimony, Rebecca Collins and two other Friends in prayer. I had only to open the door for the former by a few sentences, for which, I think I may say, I felt truly thankful, as I was beginning to be almost frightened at hearing my own voice. Yet I trust I may never cast away my confidence, which has been so remarkably renewed and strengthened in this Western journey.

So far, not one good thing has failed of all that the Lord promised us. Oh, if we may but see the waymarks plainly to the end! Friends are all kindness. Many have invited us pressingly to their neighborhoods; but I did not see anything beyond this Yearly Meeting when I came out, and hope we may be able to leave pretty directly after the meeting closes.

E. P. G. to C. W. B.

Tenth mo. 16th, 1852.

. . . Thou mayst have heard already that I am actually safe and sound in my own dear home.

Never did it look so bright and peaceful as it does this day, and oh! that my gratitude to the bounteous Giver may bear some proportion to His mercies, which are truly manifold. Tell thy dear uncle, Thomas Evans, that his cordial welcome met me, with many others, and was very cheering. The words he quoted had been much with me on my journey home: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

E. P. G. to Edward Pease.

WEST HILL, First mo. 18th, 1853.

. . . Certainly the Friends who compose the little Burlington circle are among the "finest of the wheat" in America, and I cannot be too thankful to my heavenly Father that the lines have fallen unto me in such pleasant places. The meeting is preserved in precious unity, and the two aged veterans who sit at the head of it,* being "delivered from the noise of the archers," continue to "rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord in the places of drawing water." They are both remarkably bright at the present time, and are frequently engaged in the occupancy of their ministerial gifts, to the comfort and edification of the Church. Dear Richard Mott

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* Stephen Grellet and Richard Mott.

generally attends our little reading meetings, of which he may be considered the dignified head, being now in his eighty-eighth year. Yet I think I must also acknowledge that He who is Head over all things to His Church has sometimes been pleased to favor us with His life-giving presence, especially in the seasons of retirement at the close, uniting and contriting our spirits, and giving us to feel that our fellowship is with the Father and with the Son, and one with another in Him. This was remarkably the case last evening, when dear Richard Mott addressed us very strikingly in reference to the founder of our Society, whose "Life" (by Marsh) we are now engaged in reading. He said his feelings had been affected by the account we had just heard of the sufferings of our worthy predecessors; and while reflecting on the privileges these very sufferings had purchased for us, he had earnestly desired we might bring the subject closely home, that we might feel humbled under a sense of it, and be afresh stimulated to entire faithfulness, to unreserved dedication of all that we have and all that we are to the Master's service. He told us he had been forcibly impressed with the greatness of the character of this remarkable man; that there was no fanaticism about it: he was earnest for the truth, and willing to sacrifice all in the promotion of it. It was true he some-

times used expressions which were common in that day, but not so familiar to the gentle ears of modern times, yet he was a true gentleman, quoting in proof of this some parts of William Penn's description of him. But I cannot at all do justice to his beautiful testimony, though I did rejoice in it, on account of the many interesting young people who were assembled with us. We sometimes number fifty-seven or fifty-eight. At first we occupied ourselves with needle-work. But I proposed, a few weeks ago, that we should knit for the poor, and it is pleasant to see with what spirit they have taken it up. The interest thou expressed about our little social gatherings last winter was very grateful to us. . . .

I have often thought that few things are more helpful to a feeble, inexperienced Christian traveller than passing words of cheer from aged pilgrims, who, having stood as waymarks on the heavenward journey, fought the good fight and kept the faith, are finishing their course with joy, the Spirit bearing witness with their spirits that an eternal crown of glory is laid up for them in the world to come. This, I rejoicingly believe, is thy experience, my dear and honored friend, under a solemnizing consciousness that, in the natural course of things, "the time of thy departure is at hand." But, although I

am sensible that to depart and be with Christ would be "far better" for thee, yet thy continuance in the flesh does seem to be so needful for us and for the Church, I have some confidence thou wilt abide with us all a little longer, for our furtherance in the gospel and rejoicing in the faith.

I spent last evening at dear Stephen Grellet's, in company with my sisters, and just before we left we had a very precious opportunity, in which he seemed to have a little glimpse of those eternal realities and unrevealed joys with which the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared. The spirits of the just made perfect seemed to be hovering around us, and the dear old apostle spoke as if really partaking with them of that river of pleasure which flows at God's right hand for evermore. His words of living ministry brought tears from eyes that are not used to weeping.

J. Hodgkin to E. P. G.

Second mo. 4th, 1853.

. . . I was much interested in sharing, whilst with dear Jane, thy comforting report of thy journey to Indiana; and it is truly satisfactory to hear confirmatory evidence through other channels of the character of that visit. May it encourage thee still to trust and not be afraid; and if Paul's experience

has been therein confirming thee in the truth and applicability of the prediction in the eighteenth verse of the last chapter of Mark, let it prepare thee to expect a call to further service, somewhat after this sort: "As thou hast testified of me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." I apply not either locality, but an analogous enlargement and diversity of service I believe awaits thee.

. . . William Forster, the elder (the father of the present), told me that, when he was a boy, he used to like to find out the very oldest persons who were then living, thinking that he ought to lose no time in the search of such, for every year lessened his chance of collecting traditional knowledge. When at Hertford, at the age of fifteen, he fell in with a very aged woman-Friend who knew William Penn intimately. She was so fond of him that she told W. F. she would not have married if he would not have come to the wedding. She described in very glowing terms his fervor of spirit, and how, under the constraining love of Christ, his gospel ministry literally overflowed. She has seen him come into a meeting already gathered, pull off his hat as he walked up the aisle, commence preaching, and, when he reached the place where he usually sat, remain

standing, and continue his discourse almost to the end of the meeting.

I believe it is a great mistake to attribute quietism to our early Friends. That was a parasitical plant which grew at a much later period upon the old Quaker stock, under the influence of Guyon, Fénelon, and Law. They (the early Friends) most soundly maintained that words without life were of no avail; that if any man ministered, he must do it of the ability that God giveth. But they believed that that ability *would* be given; they asked, and had it; they stirred up the gift that was in them; their sense of the high vocation wherewith they were called prevented their lying flat on their faces, as Joshua did before Ai. At the bidding of the Lord they rose up, and led on their forces into the land of promise. I have a very strong persuasion that we, as a people, are weak, not only because of the spirit of the world, but because we *think* we are weak, because we are a discouraged people; and that which is true of us as a whole is not less true in Norfolk than in other parts. "Arise and build, for the joy of the Lord is still your strength."

In 1853 E. P. Gurney attended the Yearly Meeting of New England, held at Newport, where she was most kindly greeted. Jane G. Fox, daughter

of H. C. Backhouse, writes, in relation to this visit,—

. . . I cannot tell thee how truly I enjoyed the narrative of thy visit to New England, and thy going over the field traversed before in company with our precious mother, thus fulfilling the prophecies that went before on thee. Well, in this line only will, I believe, be thy peace on earth, and in it thy communion with beloved ones in heaven.

The deep interest which Friends in England had long taken on the subject of negro slavery led them, at the Yearly Meeting in 1853, to prepare an address to the President, and others in authority in the United States, relative to its suppression. William and Josiah Forster, John Candler and William Holmes were chosen to be the bearers of the document. William Forster also had a minute for some religious service by the way. Soon after their arrival they spent a short time at West Hill for needed rest, proceeding thence to Washington and the Western and Southern States in the prosecution of their beneficent errand. While in Tennessee, William Forster was prostrated by illness, and after a few days of great suffering and weakness, to use his brother's words, he "breathed out his soul unto

God." His remains were laid in Friends' burying-ground at Friendsville (Tennessee). Interesting details of the progress of the delegation in their mission and of the solemn close of W. Forster's devoted life will be found in the memoir edited by Benjamin Seebohm.

While at St. Louis, W. Forster had written to E. P. Gurney,—

Eleventh mo. 23d, 1853.

. . . I owe thee so much, my dear friend, for all thy hospitality and kindness and sisterly love so bountifully and liberally heaped upon me from one time to another. It does a little pain me to think how inadequate all expression is to convey the gratitude that I desire to feel, and do sometimes, toward thee, dear Eliza, and toward Him who has given thee such an understanding of me, and has often made thee a help and comfort to me in my low estate. Thou hast made West Hill so much of a home,—such an one as I do not expect or desire to find until I get back again once more, I trust, to my own dear home,—thou must bear with me when I say that I love to think of returning to you again, and sometimes long for it. You are all in my remembrance with love and thankfulness,—thy sisters and dear Harriet; she was so sweet and tender, almost like a

child of my own. I cannot, and would not wish to, forget it. . . . Considering my many infirmities and my great feebleness, it is very possible that I may be excused from going to some of those very remote districts to which my mind is often most strongly drawn.

From E. P. Gurney's private memoranda we take the following outline of an interesting occasion at Baltimore:

Second mo. 14th, 1854.

For my own satisfaction in days to come, I must preserve some record of the very solemn day we spent at Baltimore, just two weeks after the remains of that devoted servant of the Lord, William Forster, had been committed to the silent grave. It was the first Friends' meeting the sad and contracted little band had attended since their bereavement, and I believe it seemed to many besides myself like the "burial day." A heavy burthen had oppressed my spirit ever since hearing the affecting tidings, but I was mercifully helped to throw it off on that most solemn, sorrowful occasion. After the meeting had been gathered about half an hour, I felt constrained to rise with the words, "Forever with the Lord! Gathered to the just of all generations; washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." How

precious are considerations such as these when loved and honored ones are taken from us, who have stood as firm and upright pillars in the Church, who have counted not their lives dear unto themselves, that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. And though to our shortsightedness the dispensation may appear to have been mysterious, the mission uufulfilled, yet, my beloved friends, we must ever remember that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And whenever He may see meet, in His infinite and unsearchable wisdom, to say to His dedicated servants, "It is enough," whether it be in the morning, at midday, or in the evening, his work is done. And may we not reverently believe that when, in tender love and mercy, the work is thus cut short in righteousness, the compassionate Shepherd of Israel does sometimes whisper to the departing spirit, even in the solemn stillness of the bed of death, "It was well that it was in thine heart: depart in peace, thy faith hath saved thee"? Then let us not be too much dismayed or cast down, as though some strange thing had happened unto us, but let us put on fresh strength in the name of the Lord. Is not the need increased? Let us press forward with redoubled

diligence, not only to make our calling and election sure, but also that we may do our part in hastening the coming of that glorious day when the knowledge of God and of his Christ shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. I have remembered, for my own instruction,—and it may be that it is designed for the instruction of others,—that it is recorded in the volume of divine inspiration: "The people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen the mighty works and wonders of the Lord;" but after a time all that generation were gathered to their fathers, and another generation arose "which knew not the Lord, nor yet the mighty deeds that He had done for Israel."

Oh, that this may never be said of us, is the earnest breathing of my spirit; but may the mantle of Elijah descend upon the Elishas of the present day, that by a thorough surrender of the heart to the crucifying power of the cross of Christ there may be a succession of standard-bearers and testimony-bearers raised up from among this people, to whom the Great Head of the Church did indeed, in former days, commit a noble banner, that it might be displayed because of His own blessed Truth. Oh, then, my beloved friends, though it may indeed be said on the present solemn occasion that the Church

mourns, that we are brought low under the chastening hand of our God, let us take heed that we be not slothful, but followers of them who, we do reverently believe, are now, even at this very moment, through faith and patience, inheriting the promises.

"And though a Paul has run his course,
Or an Apollos dies,
Is Israel left without resource,
And are there no supplies?
Yes; while the dear Redeemer lives
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what He gives
Who lives for evermore."

Then may we not all join, as with one heart and one accord, in the prayer of His disciples formerly, "Lord, evermore give us this bread"?—even this heavenly bread, bread which alone can satisfy the hunger of the immortal spirit and nourish it up unto eternal life. Thus being strengthened to fill up the ranks in righteousness, having served our generation according to the will of God, we also may be gathered, through the riches of atoning love and mercy, to that glorious company of ransomed ones who are already come unto Mount Zion and unto the City of the Living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names

are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant. Oh, the blessedness of such a change as this! gathered by a hand of infinite mercy from a state of conflict and mourning to one of love and joy and peace,—translated, as it were, from death and darkness into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God.

"These hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne doth feed them and lead them to fountains of living waters, and God Himself—blessed be His holy name forever!—hath wiped away all tears from every eye."

William Edward Forster to E. P. G., after his Father's death in America.

Second mo. 23d, 1854.

My very dear Friend,—There is little I can bear to write, but I do not like the American post to go without a letter to thee. . . . Thy being on *his* side of the Atlantic has been through all a great comfort to me; though thou couldst not get him under thy roof, where he would have been so tenderly cared for, yet I am sure the feeling that he might get to thee was a comfort and alleviation of absence to him. Do, pray, let our most kind friend, Dr. Taylor, know

how deeply grateful my mother and myself feel for his kindness in undertaking so long and tiresome a journey on my dearest father's account. . . . He has been allowed to fall a martyr to his devotion to that great and holy cause of the abolition of negro slavery, in the earnest, untiring advocacy of which so large a portion of his life has from time to time been spent; and I cannot but believe that his thus dying in one of your Slave States will encourage American Friends more and more to devote themselves to this cause in a like spirit.

In Seventh mo., 1855, her continued affectionate interest in her many English friends, and the belief that she was called to some further religious service in Europe, induced E. P. Gurney once more to cross the Atlantic, accompanied by her niece, Harriet H. Kirkbride, who was afterward married to Theodore Fox, and settled in England.

E. P. G.'s notes of the voyage are of interest:

On board the "Baltic," eighteen hundred miles from New York, Seventh mo. 17th, 1855.—This is our seventh day at sea, my beloved sisters, and I have nothing but mercies to record, rich and unmerited mercies, since that last memorable morning when, with a heavy heart yet quiet spirit, I

bade farewell to dear-loved relatives and friends and fatherland,—whether for longer or shorter time is known only to Him who appoints the bounds of our habitation and doeth all things well. Oh, were it not for this blessed assurance, which for the last thirty years has been an abiding one with me, I know not how I should have borne the manifold uprootings that are meted out to me. For a little season I am permitted, through the tender mercy of my heavenly Father, to encamp with those I love beneath the shadowing palm-trees and by the wells of water long desired; but no sooner is my spirit cheered and comforted than I am called to pull up stakes, remove my tent, and journey on again. Yet so far I have seen the need be for every uprooting, and I desire to hold fast my confidence firm unto the end. Perhaps my faith never was more closely tried than in this last strange step, it seemed so perfectly unnatural to turn my back on my delightful home and loved and loving friends and venture once again upon this treacherous ocean, not knowing why or wherefore. But "Have not I commanded thee?" is an appeal which ought to answer every doubt and silence every fear, and I may thankfully acknowledge its power to do so.

After the last long look at the dear ones who so kindly accompanied us to the steamer, we got

comfortably ensconced under our umbrella, and were soon joined by the lady to whom we had been introduced at the pier. She at once interested us greatly, not only by the exceeding gentleness and refinement of her manners, but by the striking renunciation of self which is apparent in every movement. She is a perfect Florence Nightingale to the ship, visiting daily all the sick and wounded, and ministering to their necessities with a grace and tenderness I have rarely seen excelled. To me her constant kind and sisterly attention is beyond all price, and I hope when we get to England I may have an opportunity to return it. I felt quite free from sickness, had a most peaceful, comfortable night, and woke refreshed next morning. This seemed to be in mercy granted me. . . .

20th.—What may await us in England we little know, or whether any home is provided for us. But I have remembered with comfort the beautiful Scripture promise quoted by dear R. Shober, in the first meeting I attended after my return to my native land, which, I may confess with heartfelt thankfulness, has been remarkably fulfilled in my experience: "I will be to them a little sanctuary in all places whither they may come."

Never has my dear and faithful Saviour allowed me to feel homeless, a "stranger and foreigner" on

His earth, since the day that I entered into covenant with Him that if He would lead me in the way that I should go, I would serve Him. Oh, that in His tender love and mercy He would graciously enable me to fulfil my part of the covenant, cost me what it may! In taking a retrospective view of the years spent in America, although blushing and confusion of face might well be my portion in remembrance of my manifold shortcomings and infirmities, yet I am bound to acknowledge gratefully that, through the infinite compassion of a pitying Saviour, I have felt no condemnation, being able in sincerity of soul to make the appeal, "Thou knowest I have desired to do Thy will."

21st.—The Irish coast in view, and Captain Comstock hopes to be in Liverpool early to-morrow morning. The sea just like a mirror. Every one well on board. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits!

Ham House, 24th.—When I was about closing my sea notes all seemed fair and promising. In a very short time, however, a dense fog gathered round us, and we knew by the constant ringing of the bell and the whistle, which they only use in time of danger, that the captain was beginning to be anxious. He soon had a barrier placed on the deck, that no one should approach the place where he was stand-

ing, and commanded that no voice should be heard but his own. In a few minutes we were sensible of a jar, and after waiting a little in breathless suspense were told that a large ship had run so near us as to graze the steamer, but passed on unhurt. We knew that the peril was great, though all were profoundly silent. Directly came another heavier jar, and word was quickly sent into the cabin that we had sunk a schooner which had run against us, and that a boat had put off to save the crew if possible. Judge what our feelings were at such a moment! In about half an hour they returned, bringing nine men and one poor frightened girl of thirteen years of age,—the whole ship's company. It appeared they thought it not unlikely they might be run down, and had got into their boat just as the vessel struck. It was an awful night; almost the whole ship's company were up till three or four o'clock, the dismal bell and whistle still informing us the danger was not over. Soon after this, however, the fog cleared away, and a lovely morning succeeded. The captain said if the largest ship had struck our steamer instead of only grazing it, it would undoubtedly have sunk both vessels. May we be enabled to praise the Lord for His goodness! Not very long after the pilot met us we saw a little boat hovering around us, and presently descried my noble brother, Samuel Gurney, Sarah,

Richenda Barclay, and young Edward Buxton, who had most kindly come the day before to Birkenhead to meet us and conduct us to Ham House, where we are now most peacefully and comfortably settled.

I have not said how truly affecting it was to me to see the pale and altered countenance of my much-loved brother; but he has the same sweet, gentle, loving spirit, and it is delightful to be with him again, even at this changed home, where a void is deeply felt at every moment. John Henry met us at the station, looking as beaming and sweet as possible. Nothing could possibly exceed the cordial welcome we receive on every hand, and, what is best of all, the peace of my own mind has been unbroken.

Shortly after their arrival, E. P. Gurney established herself at Earlham Road, the former residence of her lamented friend, William Forster, near Norwich, where she remained nearly three years, resuming her former habits of familiar intercourse with the remaining members of the delightful circle in which she had so long moved, now rapidly narrowing with the lapse of time. Having a certificate of removal from her friends at home, she became again a member of Norwich Monthly Meeting. The death of the venerable Stephen Grellet occurred soon after E. P. G. left America, of which she writes:

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM ROAD, Twelfth mo. 4th, 1855.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—Can it be that that dear aged pilgrim is gone, to be seen of men no more? Having heard from time to time such sorrowful accounts of his physical sufferings, my first feeling on receiving the tidings of his blessed translation were those of rejoicing, as I dwelt on the words of the Psalmist: "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth him out of all his troubles." But the more I reflect upon it, the wider and deeper seems the void which the departure of this saint has made, not only in his own beloved and stricken family, not only in our section of the Christian Church, of which he was so bright an ornament, but in the Church at large. It may seem strange to speak thus of one whose services of latter time have been so much confined to his own neighborhood; but who can estimate the loss of the prayers of one such deeply-exercised spirit as his, poured forth, as they often were, both in public and private, for the universal Church and for the world? Surely they have come up in sweet memorial before the Throne. And then, how teaching was his patient spirit! to say nothing of his powerful evangelical ministry, which seems only to have ceased with his latest breath. Few of the

Lord's dedicated messengers have been more generally known or more truly honored. Dear, dear old prophet,—for such he surely was,—when shall we look upon his like again? I loved him sincerely for his abundant kindness and unfailing sympathy, but most of all "for the grace of God that was in him." Truly it may be said of him, "He was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Have we not seen his face shine with the oil of the kingdom when, pressed in spirit, he has powerfully declared unto us the whole counsel of God? Surely "the signs of an apostle were wrought among us, in all patience and wonders and mighty deeds." And few had more marks of apostleship in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the sea, and, worst of all and hardest to endure, in perils by false brethren at home. Dear patient saint! My heart aches under a sense of his sufferings, and yet through all how heaven-bound he seemed, and how beautifully did his straightforward and still brightening path proclaim the language, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." And now that ministry is fin-

ished, and that course is run. He has "warred a good warfare," and is, we reverently believe, through the atoning mercy of his risen Saviour, "made more than conqueror over death, hell, and the grave." As to the beloved, bereaved, devoted wife and daughter, I feel as if I hardly knew how to mention them. . . . May "the Lord hear them in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend them, send them help from His sanctuary, and strengthen them out of Zion!"

E. P. G. to William J. and R. W. Allinson.

EARLHAM ROAD, Twelfth mo. 13th, 1855.

. . . By a living faith in the only Saviour, and a thorough surrender of the heart to the baptizing power of the Holy Spirit, this dedicated servant of the Lord Jesus (S. Grellet) may surely be said to have attained to his measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, yea, to the perfect man in Christ Jesus; and whatever may have been the estimate of his character made by some of his mistaken fellow-believers, we, who have fully known his "doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, patience, charity," rejoice in the conviction that the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," that He giveth unto them eternal life, and that no man shall

ever be able to pluck them out of His hand. How tenderly I have felt for the beloved bereaved ones I cannot say, but they will be cared for, they will be comforted. "A Father to the fatherless and a Judge of the widow is God in His holy habitation." I have also truly felt for the little band of worshippers, who shall behold his heaven-illumined countenance no more. But may we not believe that though absent in the body he will be present in spirit, "joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." It has been grateful as well as touching to my feelings to have been made, as it were, a centre of sympathy on this affecting occasion. How often have I thought of the words in Ecclesiastes, I think, in reference to him since hearing that he was gone to be with Jesus: "Fools counted his life madness, but he is in peace."

E. P. G. to her Sisters, J. K. Clarke and M. A. Williams.

EARLHAM ROAD, Eighth mo. 19th, 1856.

I was intending to write you by the next steamer before we received the affecting intelligence of the decease of our dear and honored friend, Richard Mott. At such an advanced age there is no feeling of surprise, yet it is impossible there should not be one of sadness in the reflection that the place which

has known these aged worthies, who are dropping off one by one, shall know them no more. How changed will dear old Burlington appear without those truly dignified and venerated champions for the truth! (Referring also to Stephen Grellet.) I used often to look at them at the head of the gallery, and wonder where two other such men could be found, taking their age and dedication into account. But they have served their generation according to the will of God, and now, as we reverently believe, are gathered to the general assembly and church of the first-born, where all is love and unity and peace and joy. How well do I remember, when I bade farewell to those aged pilgrims, the one at his own door and the other at the railway station, both pronounced a blessing upon me: "The Lord be with thee!" "The Lord bless thee!" Blessed and joyous, as I humbly but confidingly believe, will be the reassembling of the faithful round the throne of God. May we, my dearest sisters, be of the happy number! Then, though our earthly lots be far asunder, we shall at last, through boundless love and mercy, be reunited where they part no more.

CHAPTER V.

In the latter part of 1856, E. P. Gurney made a visit, in the love of the gospel, to Friends and others in the south of France and Northern Italy, the scene of her labors when travelling with her husband in former years. Her helpful and congenial companions were Robert Alsop and his wife, the latter (formerly Christine Majolier) being a native of Congenies, in France, with whom E. P. G. had formed a close friendship during her previous visit.

The following letters afford pleasant glimpses of their progress, and of some interesting interviews in the course of the tour:

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

Ninth mo. 16th, 1856.

. . . My heart is somewhat lightened of its heavy burthen since our Monthly Meeting, and I feel more capacity to share in the trials of others. The fullest unity was expressed with my somewhat formidable prospect, and much sympathy manifested in the tearful eyes of some of our honest-hearted Norfolk

friends. I think it will be a comfort to you to find that Robert and Christine Alsop are prepared to accompany me, and I quite believe, on many accounts, I could not have more agreeable or suitable companions. Christine says, in a note I had from her a few days ago, she is sure I could not find any who love me more, or who would be more desirous to do all they could to promote my comfort in every way. This I entirely believe, having proved them in my visit to Ireland. So I hope, my beloved sister, you will have no uneasiness about me. I trust I am going on the Lord's errand, and to His gracious care and keeping you must commit me, in a little grain of faith that this sacrifice will be among the "all things" which shall work together for good to your poor pilgrim sister, who sometimes does feel herself to be a stranger and sojourner on the earth, but seeking, as I trust, a better country, even an heavenly.

E. P. G. to Eliza Barclay.

La Tour, Tenth mo. 18th, 1856.

In return for thy great kindness I think thou art fairly entitled to the first letter from the valleys of Piedmont, where everything we see and hear reminds us of thee. We reached La Tour last evening, and were very kindly welcomed by Adéle Revel,

who had been on the lookout for us for several days, as she understood we left England on the 7th. But I must go back and tell thee a little of our previous history. Thou wilt probably have heard of us as far as Lyons, where we were detained three days, because there were no places in the diligence on Sixth and Seventh days, and we did not incline to travel on the Sabbath, especially in France, where this day of rest is so wholly disregarded. We had no cause, however, to regret the detention, as we had some very interesting intercourse, both social and religious, with some of the pious Protestants residing there. One of the ladies met me very warmly, and when she found I did not remember her the tears came into her eyes. "Do you not know me?" said she. "I translated for you fourteen years ago, when you were last at Lyons." When she told me her name, "Delamarre," I had some recollection of her, but I fear my memory is a very faithless one. On Second day we went to Chambéry by diligence, and quite enjoyed it; there obtained a carriage just large enough to pack us in with half our luggage, and on Fifth day we had a charming drive across Mont Cenis. The weather cold, but beautifully bright most of the time, with now and then a sprinkling of snow. I had rather dreaded this part of the journey, but the road is so fine and so well protected all fear was taken

away, and we quite feasted on the splendid scenery. Feeling a little burthened, when I rose in the morning, with the unknown future before me, my heart was comforted in remembering the declaration that "His faithfulness is like the great mountains," steadfast, immovable. Then "what have His poor trembling ones to fear?" Almost at the top of Mont Cenis we found a nice, bright family living in one of the most comfortless abodes I ever saw; six daughters, with their delicately-turned Italian countenances, quite interested us. I gave one of them a New Testament, with which she seemed greatly delighted, saying she had only seen some portions of it when she was at school, but now she could read the whole. We have distributed many tracts and books for children, and almost invariably they have been gratefully received.

Second day morning.

I did not like to tell thee, my dearest E., under what a weight of discouragement I was writing the above, but now that the clouds are a little dispersed I must give thee some account of our arrival here. In the first place, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and we were taken to the old inn, which looked comfortless enough, without either carpets or fire, for the weather was become very cold. Adéle Revel soon came to welcome us; but she only remained a few

minutes, saying she would not interrupt us then, but would call the next day, and that, if we preferred doing so, we could then remove into the new house. So we settled in, and made things as comfortable as we could, but were glad to remove in the morning, though the rain continued to pour. By the aid of good fires and a few travelling-rugs we soon made this abode quite habitable, and were interested in finding a nice young Englishwoman in the upper rooms by the name of Gasparini. She had married an Italian when only fifteen years of age, and now had to support both him and their children by her needle and pencil. But I think you met with her at Nice last winter. We invited the Revels to tea, and found them very agreeable. I ventured to ask the "moderator" if he thought we could have a few of their friends at our hotel on First day evening, and, rather to our surprise, he responded very warmly, as we fancied they had previously shown some reserve on the subject. If the weather was fine, they said, our rooms would be more than filled. But all First day the rain continued to come down in torrents, and nothing could look more discouraging; however, more than thirty came, although the streets were quite impassable in various places, and many of the little bridges were swept away.

Our congregation was of the better sort, and I think we are bound to acknowledge gratefully that, through the loving kindness and overshadowing presence of the Minister of ministers, we had a solemn assembly. Just at the close our friend Revel observed, with much feeling and emphasis, "We are told by the great apostle that Paul planteth and Apollos watereth, and God giveth the increase. A short time ago our brother, who is now with God, planted the good seed in our hearts; and now our sister has been sent to water them. We have been cheered and encouraged by the labors of both. May a blessing from above rest upon them! May the seed take root in our hearts, and may God give the increase!" He said a little more, which I cannot remember exactly, but his allusion to dear William Forster was sweet and touching to me. When the meeting was over they were all as warm as possible, Pastor Malan especially begging us to have a meeting in the school-house this evening, as, he said, many more than our rooms could contain would be glad to attend. This, however, we thought best to decline, as we are likely to be with them some time longer; and it was well we did, for the rain continued without interruption, so that they fear the seed that has been sown on the mountains will be utterly washed away.

They all say it is well we came when we did, as now to cross Mont Cenis would be very difficult, the snow being very deep. One of the diligences was overturned by a whirlwind on the top of Mont Cenis, but no one was seriously hurt.

E. P. G. to E. H. H.

PEROSA, Eleventh mo. 5th, 1856.

I trust you are thinking of us for good, though we hear so little from you. Truly we need the prayers of those who are concerned for the prosperity of the Truth. No woman Friend has ever visited this place before in the character of a gospel minister; but, as the moderator observed, "the people expressed no surprise, but appeared quite prepared to receive our gospel message as coming from the Lord." What a mercy it is, my dear friend, that when the blessed Shepherd sendeth forth even the weakest of the flock, He goeth before them to prepare the way. Robert and Christine are very kind and helpful, and we get on harmoniously together. In the first few meetings the vocal service devolved entirely upon me; then Robert spoke a little at the conclusion, and afterward Christine came out, to my relief, for I had felt the weight of the meetings, as well as the preparatory baptisms,—which, I assure thee, have

not been small,—rather heavy upon me. The last two or three evenings she has taken her full part.

E. P. G. to Edward Pease.

GENOA, Eleventh mo. 12th, 1856.

Thou wilt have heard of our progress through the valleys of Piedmont, where we had ten large and relieving meetings,—eight in Luzerna and two in St. Martin. The roads to some of them were very difficult, especially those to Angrogna and Bobin, in the former valley, and that to Ville-Sèche, in the latter. I never saw such magnificent mountain scenery; but some of the great, huge precipices, to my unpractised eye, looked rather fearful. How I did think of poor dear William Forster, who, they all told us, suffered exceedingly with fear in traversing these rugged mountain-passes. But he has left a very sweet impression, and I believe his visit to the valleys opened the way for ours. They call him (as with one accord) "that holy man of God," and all their countenances brighten up whenever he is named. We met with the greatest kindness from all the pastors, especially from Revel, the moderator, who, when Christine was not quite well, proposed to go to Angrogna to interpret for me. This was rather remarkable, as he is a sort of bishop among them, and it was evident at first there was a

little scruple in their minds against women's ministry. However, as Adéle Revel told me, it was only because it was a new thing, and she believed it was wholly done away. We became really attached to these warm-hearted people. Their simple piety and faith and zeal are very striking, and, I thought, instructive also. I could but long that some of our transatlantic friends, who are wasting their lives in "contending for the faith," as they call it, might witness the single-hearted dedication of these mountaineers; for surely it may be said of some of the over-zealous ones, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."

When we got to Turin everything looked gloomy enough, and the prospect of a meeting as dull as possible. However, I felt that attraction to the place which would warrant our making some inquiry, and Robert and Christine went in the evening to call on Pastor Bert, who returned with them to our hotel, and seemed very kind, but was evidently frightened at the prospect, and wondering how it would be accomplished. The other pastor, Meille, to whom we had a letter from E. Barclay, had never noticed us in any way, so that strong faith and confidence were needed in order to carry us through. But these were not withheld by Him who has promised He will not forsake his poor depending chil-

dren; and at the hour appointed we proceeded to the meeting-place, a nice large room, in which they hold their evening service, as they call it. It will contain three or four hundred persons, and was soon quite full. Here Pastor Meille was introduced to us, and we fancied he looked very cold. However, after a short but solemn silence, I was enabled thoroughly to relieve my mind to a most serious and attentive audience on the faith and the words of Abraham, "God will provide Himself a lamb;" and soon after I sat down, Bert rose and thanked us warmly, on behalf of himself and the congregation, explaining who we were, and that it was in the love of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour we had come amongst them. Then Meille knelt down, and in a truly solemn, feeling manner commended us and our mission to the Lord, fervently praying that the word which had been spoken amongst them might be the means of stimulating them to greater diligence, that they might indeed be the children of faithful Abraham, not counting anything too dear to part with at the command of the Lord. I do not know when I have heard more earnest, fervent prayer, and the meeting broke up under a feeling of true solemnity. Bert returned home with us, and was as warm as possible; and the next day, according to agreement, Meille called and took us to the

different schools, in two of which he translated what was said into Italian in a most impressive manner. Christine said he seemed to be preaching himself, he spoke so earnestly. I forgot to say that, after the meeting on First day evening, we went to the Berts' to tea, and they all came to us the next evening. Charles Bunsen also came, and spent an hour with us very agreeably; and in the morning, when we reached the platform, we found our friends, the pastors, and an English lady by the name of Greenfield waiting to see us off,—no one more cordial than the Pastor Meille, with whom in those two days we formed a real friendship.

We have found large openings for books and money everywhere we have gone, and I have felt so much interest in many of their objects that I have been ready to wish my purse had no end. As to the fear that has been expressed that the Vaudois were in danger of being injured by kindness, I believe there is no truth in it. Many of the poor mountaineers have scarcely the means of subsistence, especially since the failure of the vine. This year, however, the chestnuts have been abundant, which is a merciful provision for them; and as to the pastors, they cannot be called hirelings, for they receive almost nothing for their truly laborious services,—going up the mountains in the depth of

winter, and sometimes not returning until late at night, plodding home through the snow. I thought, though peace of mind might pay for such exertion, no money ever could, certainly not the pittance they receive.

On Third day morning we left Turin and went on to Genoa, where I felt no inclination for a meeting, and my faith was confirmed on finding that there could have been no opening for one if I had, for the Protestant flock in that city is small and scattered, and understand only Italian.

However, I did not feel at liberty to leave on Fourth day, though I could not tell why, but in the course of the morning Christine incidentally heard that the Duchess of Orleans was in the neighborhood, and as I had all along been under the impression I should see her somewhere, though I had no idea where she was, I concluded to write her a line and ask for an interview the following day, when we found we should pass her door. Accordingly, at a quarter past eleven we were there,—an unreasonable hour, to be sure, but we were bound to a certain stopping-place, and could not help it. A German lady met us in the drawing-room, and told us she had written to appoint "one o'clock" for our call; wished to know if we could not wait, as the Duchess was engaged with her drawing-master. I replied

that I should be very sorry to disturb her, but that I believed we must be going on our way, and was about to leave a message, when she interrupted me, exclaiming, "Oh, but she says she must see you; so if you cannot wait she will come down directly." In a very few minutes the sweet young creature appeared, looking extremely delicate, but gentle and lovely as ever. She led me to a seat on the sofa, and referred to our former interview with much interest and feeling; said she had read Sir Fowell Buxton's life, and wished to know whether I could not recommend her some more such religious biographies. After conversing pleasantly for a short time, I asked for a few minutes' silence, which she willingly assented to, and immediately informed the German lady of my request. I think I may truly say they were moments of fervent prayer that words might be given me suited to her need, and I trust they were not withheld, for as soon as I had ceased she seized my hand with affectionate earnestness, saying in broken English, "Oh, my dear friend, how shall I thank you for all your good words and all your great kindness to me? Will you continue your prayers for me when we are far separated? for I do so much need them." She then inquired where we had been and where we were going, showing much interest about it, and saying, with great em-

phasis, "I so like the Friends." When I bade her farewell she said, "And when do you go to England?" I told her I could not say exactly, but before very long. "Then," she said, quickly, "you will go to Claremont? The Queen will be glad to see you, and now you can tell her all about us." I gave her some books, and we parted most affectionately, she telling us that she believed a blessing would descend upon our mission. It was a truly interesting occasion, and one we shall not very soon forget.

Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh days were spent in travelling from Genoa to Mentone, where we are spending a quiet, peaceful Sabbath-day. I feel it a mercy to be here, with carpeted floors, soft beds, and every comfort, having a feverish influenza cold, which needs a little nursing. The weather, however, is lovely, and I trust it will soon wear off. Our journey by the Cornice road I will not attempt to describe. It was fearfully grand and beautiful. Indeed, we have had a feast of exquisite scenery. I had no idea of our having such a treat. It is truly touching to be at this lovely spot, reminding me at every turn of that precious brother, whose place will know him no more. To-morrow we go on to Nice, which will be yet more reminding.

How I wish you could share with me in the

splendid scene that is just below my window,—the deep-blue Mediterranean glittering beneath the golden rays of the setting sun. We have been travelling beside it for the last three days.

E. P. G. to Sarah Gurney, daughter of Samuel Gurney.

CANNES, Eleventh mo. 25th, 1856.

On Fourth day morning a strange concern came over me; I felt it came in such a way I dare not turn from it. This was to ask for a religious interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is spending the winter at Nice. Robert called upon the Baron Majendoof, and saw the Baroness, who took the note which I had written, and said she would show it to her husband, but seemed very doubtful about his handing it to the Empress. The next morning he called again by appointment and saw the Baron, but found the note had not been delivered. Indeed, the Baron thought it was quite impossible to trouble her with notes from any one. Her Imperial Majesty was very, very much engaged: she was expecting the High Priest every moment, and some of the royal family were to come to Nice in a day or two. Besides, he could not conceive what Madame Gurney could possibly want with the

Empress: she was not a "Quaker." The Empress had her own religion, and Madame Gurney had hers, and it was not likely she could convert her. R. Alsop assured him that I had no wish to make a Quaker of her; that I merely offered the visit in a feeling of Christian interest; that all we asked was that the Empress might see the note, and then, if she did not wish to receive us, we should be quite satisfied. At last he permitted the note should be delivered, and we should have an answer about five o'clock that evening. But about half-past two a special messenger was sent from the Empress, with a note to me from the Baron, saying the Empress would see me next morning,—the hour would be indicated at a later period. In the evening we had a meeting at the chapel, which I felt to be a very important one, and the preparatory baptism was almost as much as I knew how to bear. There was a large congregation, and after a short but solemn silence I rose with the words, "And they shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God," which we afterward found was very applicable, as there were present Russians, Germans, French, Italians, Irish, English, Scotch, Dutch, Swiss, Vaudois, and Americans. I believe I may say the meeting was owned by the

Great Head of the Church. The people were as quiet and attentive as possible. This meeting was an inexpressible relief to me. Early the next morning came a note from our friend the Baron, to say the Empress would receive us at half-past twelve. R. and C. Alsop went with me, intending to go in, if they were not forbidden. We were soon shown up into an ante-room, and in a few minutes a very tall and stately-looking lady stood before us. We could not doubt for a moment who she was, for her whole presence was that of an Empress. She instantly took my hand and led me into her private drawing-room, R. and C. following, but leaving the astonished attendants behind.

Very soon she began speaking about our meeting the evening before, and said some of her people had attended. She spoke of my sister Fry, and of women's preaching, which she could not exactly understand; but she said, "You can hardly remember her, you are so very young." I assured her I was turned of fifty, at which she expressed great surprise, and told two of her ladies afterwards as a thing not to be believed. In the first place, she told us of her irreparable loss with much feeling. She said the Emperor was the noblest of men, and that she had not ceased to mourn for him day and night,—in fact, that she often prayed that her life might be

taken, she felt so desolate without him,—that they had not lived together as Emperor and Empress, but as husband and wife. She looked very pale and ill, and so full of feeling as truly to excite our sympathy; but it was no easy matter to address her as a minister just after she had expressed her astonishment that women should ever be called upon to preach. In this critical moment my gracious Lord did not forsake me. Indeed, I believe if ever I was empowered to preach the gospel, it was on this interesting occasion. I soon perceived the Empress was in tears, and after I had addressed her for about two minutes or more, we sat together in solemn silence for a little time, when she came to me very kindly and kissed me on both cheeks, thanking me for the visit, and expressing a desire that a blessing might descend upon it, or, as I believe, she said that the words spoken might be blessed to her. She then inquired how long I had been a minister, whether we were engaged on a religious mission, etc., and was much interested in hearing about the Vaudois; accepted some books I offered, and was surprised to find that Christine was a Frenchwoman, as she spoke English so correctly. The Empress herself speaks quite fairly, and said she understood every word I said, because I spoke so "simply and so distinctly."

On the whole we felt deeply interested in our visit, and my heart was filled with sympathy for the poor dear Empress. Suffice it to say that our visit to Nice was full of intense interest.

E. P. G. to Josiah Forster.

CONGÉNIES, Twelfth mo. 3d, 1856.

. . . When we called to take leave, they were much interested in telling us about the conclusion of the meeting that we had at Nîmes on First day evening. A friend of Christine's also called and gave us an account of it. It appears that after we came away the people still kept their seats, though one or two persons standing round the pulpit beckoned them toward the door. For a little time they sat in profound silence; then the Methodist minister asked one of the Evangelical pastors if he had anything to say to them, on which he immediately commenced and recapitulated all I had said, commending it to their serious consideration, and expressed an earnest desire that they might never forget the gospel truths that had been proclaimed amongst them. Then Jean Monod (a pastor whose praise seems to be in all their churches) offered up fervent prayer that a blessing might descend upon the word preached, and upon us and our gospel mission; that we might be the means of winning

many souls unto Christ, etc. They said it was really solemn and very interesting, because they did it so heartily, and they could not but wish we had been there.

I had quite the feeling that the meeting was not over, and I cannot but believe that these dear people spoke from right authority. Perhaps our not being present would make what they said afterward have even more effect.

E. P. G. to Jane Fox.

CONGÉNIES (GARD), Twelfth mo. 16th, 1856.

I must go back to Robert's leaving us at Nîmes on account of his mother's illness, of which thou hast no doubt heard. It was rather trying to part with him, but we were thankful to be in the midst of our friends when we heard the sad intelligence, and a day or two after he left we got a nice travelling carriage and came to this place, where we remained a week, attending meetings here and in the neighborhood, and on Third day, accompanied by a nephew of Christine's, we set off for St. Hippolite. I had asked this nephew to go with us, thinking it might be useful to him, as he appeared to be a really nice, intelligent young man, though neither he nor his father ever think of going to a place of worship

from one year's end to another, and yet I think they are nominally Friends.

On Third day evening we reached St. Hippolite, and a tremendous plunge I had on our arrival there, as Christine told me, if I wished to have the meetings I had spoken of, she ought to write at once and have them all appointed; then fancy me (my mind a perfect blank, and feeling just as if I might never be called upon to minister to any one) fixing to have three meetings, beside the one with Friends next morning at St. Hippolite!

Oh, how I thought of our dearest one saying "her soul was in a furnace" in seasons such as this; for, though I thought the expression was a strong one then, I now quite comprehend it. I went into the room to Fanny (who is as kind as possible), and told her I believed I must go home,—I could not bear this burthen any longer. However, I had a peaceful night, and the meeting with the Friends in the morning was quite a refreshment.

At Anduze we had a large meeting,—three or four hundred people I should think at least,—and to my own feelings it was one of the best we have held. When it was over we went up into the pastor's drawing-room, which was just above (for his chapel is in his own house), and, to our great surprise, it was full of people, they having gone up by

another way. It seemed impossible to keep them from falling into silence, there was such a sweet and solemn covering over us, and presently the pastor came to me with an urgent request to have a meeting on the following morning. I told him we wished to leave at eleven o'clock, and as we had engaged to breakfast with him and his wife at ten, there would be no opportunity for it, beside which I had not thought of having a second meeting in that place. All this he communicated to them, but they said they would be very glad to come at nine o'clock, and seemed so earnest about it that, although it was truly in the cross, I felt I dare not turn away. We have several times been solicited to hold a second meeting, but I never before have thought it was required of me to yield to the request. When we arrived in the morning the pastor's room was full, and a sweet and solemn time we had together, after which we went to Lasalle, where a meeting was appointed for the evening at seven o'clock; but about half-past six the pastor (who is a very young man and a converted Catholic) dispatched his servant to request we would come at once, for the chapel was quite full, and he did not know what to do with the people. When we reached his house he took us into a private room, and, with a look of much anxiety, wanted to know how we commenced

our meetings. On telling him "in silence," he seemed quite frightened, and said he was very much afraid his people would not understand it; for, although many of them were serious, and would come from a desire to be edified, yet there were others who would only come out of curiosity, and he could not answer for their behavior. Would it not be better to begin with a hymn? etc. I told him I did not think that was necessary, that we had generally found there was a Power over us which could silence them without the intervention of man, and I believed we might trust it on the present occasion.

Accordingly we walked into the chapel, and the moment we made our appearance, though the people were so much crowded that many were obliged to stand, they were all as quiet as possible, and the silence continued to be profound until we left the house. It was partly perhaps from awe and astonishment, there never having been a Friends' meeting in that place before, but I never witnessed a more serious or attentive assembly. The pastor, who has been instrumental of much good in the neighborhood, seemed thoroughly warmed up, and congratulated us on the successful issue of the undertaking, which he hoped might be blessed to the people.

E. P. G. to Josiah Forster.

St. Etienne, First mo. 4th, 1857.

On Second day we proceeded (*viâ* Nîmes) to Valence, and on Third day morning we set off for Pialoux, the residence of Bertrand Combe, which we found most difficult of access. It is more than twelve miles from Valence, and the roads are bad at best, but now, being filled with snow, we were compelled to leave the carriage and walk a long distance, though the weather was piercingly cold. However, a warm welcome awaited us, and we remained with that interesting family until Fifth day. On Fourth day afternoon, at my request, he collected his neighbors, amounting to fifty or sixty, and I do not remember that I ever was more sensible of the overshadowing wing of heavenly love than on that occasion. The next morning we had a very solemn and tendering opportunity with B. C.'s family, in which I believe we were every one of us brought to tears. The whole household seem devoted to the service of the Lord. Some one told us that every servant who came to live with them was sure to become serious before they left.

On Fifth day morning we came on to Annonay by way of Valence, Bertrand Combe accompanying us, with man and horse to drag us through the snow,

for several miles. Poor Claude Ruel was overjoyed at seeing us, and on Sixth day we had some interesting communication with him and the two or three other individuals who unite with Friends. Truly simple and honest-hearted Christians we found them. Claude himself is no common man, remarkably shrewd and discerning, uniting the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. In the evening we had a meeting with the "Dissidents," or dissenters from the National Church, held in their own little chapel. There were nearly two hundred present, and some of them sympathized in good degree with many of the views of Friends. After we had been sitting a little while in profound silence, one of the Darbyists arose and said he felt bound to testify against the ministry of women, referring the people to chapter and verse in the Bible to prove they were forbidden to speak. Having borne his testimony, which he did in no very Christian spirit, he walked out of the meeting, which remained as quiet as possible, being wholly unmoved by what he said.

It was rather curious that at that very moment my mind was dwelling on the enmity of the carnally-minded Jews to the spiritual nature of the gospel dispensation: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" etc., and in connection with it the conver-

sation of our Lord with the woman at Jacob's well, her leaving her water-pot and going into the city to preach Christ, that many of the Samaritans believed on Him because of her word. Having understood very little that he said, I rose directly after he was gone and dwelt some time on the subject, as I afterwards found, to the surprise and satisfaction of some of the company, who were much annoyed by the attempt of the Darbyist to disturb and unsettle the meeting. I think, however, it will all be overruled for good, as there were several present who sometimes attend the reunions, and the spirit which this man manifested may tend to open their eyes. I have seldom been at a more solemn meeting; perhaps the solemnity was increased by this singular circumstance, as no one appeared to sympathize with the zealous opposer. On Seventh day noon we came to St. Etienne, and this morning we have had a truly interesting meeting with the little flock of serious-minded people, who in great measure sympathize with Friends. It was indeed a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. There are about a dozen of them altogether, and we felt that to most, if not all, we could extend the right hand of fellowship and own them as brethren in the Lord. One young man in particular seems to be an "Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile," and

strongly attached to our principles. There appears to have been no human instrumentality employed in gathering this little flock to the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, but they have lately been reading some of our books with much interest. The essay on "Love to God" they spoke of as being very precious to them, and so did the flock at Annonay.

To-morrow we are going to Lyons, where we may spend a day or two, from thence to Paris, and if we find we may leave Germany till warmer weather, we may be at home next week.

E. P. G. to Katharine Backhouse.

PARIS, First mo. 13th, 1857.

As soon as I arrived in Paris I felt I was in bonds and dare not move, though we were greatly longing to get on, and nothing opening at first made the detention still more trying to us. I felt it right, however, to invite some Christian friends to meet us here last evening, and a choice company we had, although a small, select one. I did not like to have the notice given publicly, and now I find there are a number, even in this hotel, who much regret they did not know of it. A gentleman named St. Hilaire, who is said to be one of the first men in France, a professor in the Sorbonne and a true evangelist, came with his amiable wife, and at the conclusion of

the meeting, after we had been sitting in profound silence for some little time, he offered up a most solemn prayer, not only for a blessing on the evening, and that our thus coming together might be for the good of our immortal souls, but he prayed fervently that the Lord of the vineyard would bless the seed that had been sown in every field in which we had been laboring; that He would bless the Society to which we belonged; that His choicest blessings might descend upon us and upon every mission in which He might be pleased to employ us. It was very striking, coming from such a man, and truly under the anointing. Directly afterward, and before we sat down, the Methodist or Wesleyan minister offered up fervent prayer, so that it was a truly solemn opportunity. At Lyons we had a much larger and very interesting meeting,—four or five pastors present, who seemed very cordial afterwards.

Fourth day.

We spent a very pleasant evening at the Coquerels'. He is an uncommonly interesting man, but slightly tinctured with Unitarianism, which caused me to pass through some suffering, that ended in faithfully preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ: "Take heed to yourselves and to the flock," etc. And when, after sitting a short time in silence, he rose and, taking me by the hand, said, very earnestly,

"Madame, we cannot thank you for what you have said," I confess I was a little frightened. He added, however, directly, "But I sincerely trust we shall profit by it. You have spoken truth in so much love and with such sincerity, we cannot help receiving it, and may the Lord abundantly bless you, and bless your labors in His name!" I do not know when I have met with a person of a more lovely spirit. He is very popular here with a certain class, and all speak highly of him.

The magnificent rooms we have here are a striking contrast to some we have occupied. I am afraid I like the luxuries of life too well.

Adele Revel to E. P. G.

La Tour, February 3d, 1857.

Dear and precious Friend,—It was indeed a great delight to me yesterday to receive a letter from dear friend Josiah Forster, announcing your safe arrival in England. I have followed you with my thoughts ever since we parted, and I prayed God that He would keep you as the apple of His eye, and bring you safe home, doing His work as you went along. Oh, may you have been the means of drawing many to inquire about the salvation of their souls, and strengthening many who are still wavering between the world and Christ! not by might,

nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord. Yes, that earnest waiting to be made an instrument in His hands, ascribing all the glory to Him, is the way we can best glorify and serve Him. I hope it may be with many as it is with me: your visit has left a fragrance inexpressibly sweet. I feel that I am bound to you with a tie that will only tighten till we meet to part no more. It does me good to recall the sweet communions we held together, to dwell upon them, to wait in silence for the Spirit to seal them upon my heart. I know and feel that you continue to pray for me, that I may be kept steadfast in the faith.

In the Seventh month, 1857, E. P. Gurney felt herself once more constrained to visit the Continent on a similar mission to that of the preceding year, Robert and Christine Alsop being again her efficient helpers. Their route this time lay through parts of Switzerland and Germany.

While at Potsdam they became deeply interested in the case of a young man who had been long imprisoned for his conscientious refusal to bear arms. Exerting themselves to obtain some relief for him, they were finally gratified by learning that he had been liberated through the representations they had been able to make to those in authority.

A remarkable interview with the royal family of Prussia is thus described by E. P. G.:

E. P. G. to J. H. Gurney and E. Barclay.

REHME, Seventh mo. 25th, 1857.

I was scarcely able to be off the sofa till Fifth day, when, thinking we must really make a start, and yet not feeling at liberty to leave Potsdam without seeing the King, by the advice of our most kind doctor, we concluded to drive to Sans Souci about ten o'clock, ask for the Lord Chamberlain, and send in our cards. When we got to the palace door, we saw Count Keller standing on the terrace, and Robert went up to him at once; but he told him the King was fully occupied, and could not even be spoken to till two o'clock; that they were not at liberty to send anything in after he had commenced with the business of the day. Robert asked him if there was any probability of our seeing him at two o'clock; but he thought it very doubtful, as many of his family were about him; and Robert returned to the carriage quite disheartened. I begged him to ask Count Keller to speak to me. He did so, and I saw, the moment he took me by the hand, his resolution was shaken. Perhaps my sad and pallid countenance made him relent, perhaps some sense was

given him that I was striving to obey the "King of kings." At all events he took my card at once, and said he would soon ascertain whether His Majesty had really commenced his business; if not, he would send it in. Directly the coachman was beckoned to drive to the door; the good, kind count was there to hand me out and offer me his arm into the anteroom, where we waited about five minutes, when the King appeared. He was most kind and cordial, exclaiming, as he took my hand, "The prisoner is liberated, and he will go to England." He then spoke warmly of my sister Fry and the dear party that accompanied her in 1841, then of my illness, how I liked his doctor, etc. "But I will call the Empress: she wishes to see you, and tells me you are an old friend of hers,—she saw you at Nice." While he was gone, the Chamberlain told us that it was in consequence of the Empress being with him my card was sent in. If she had not been there, he would of course have been engaged in business. If she had not been there, we should have missed the opportunity of seeing her, and this I should greatly have regretted. Why was she with the King just at that moment when the poor Quakers stood before the door? "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord." Directly the large folding-doors

were opened, and certainly the scene that presented was enough to dazzle our unpractised eyes.

The King, the Queen, the Empress, the Grand Duke Michael, and a beautiful Princess of Baden, to whom he is betrothed, appeared before us. The Empress was splendidly attired in rich white silk with lilac flounces, which is, I have been told, the Russian mourning. Her tall, elegant, and graceful figure set off the enormous width of her hooped skirts. The Queen in blue and white; the King dressed like a private gentleman, except perhaps a little extra lacing on the collar. I think I hardly ever spent so much time in describing dress before, but really the picture before us was one long to be remembered. Two ladies in waiting, Count Keller, and the aide-de-camp filled up the group. The Empress raised her hands on seeing me, exclaiming, "My dear friend!" and gave me both her cheeks to kiss very affectionately. Perhaps that is hardly the word, as she is remarkably stately and dignified, and not very warm in her manner by any means, yet to me she was truly kind, saying, "You must sit down; you are too ill to stand." And seating me beside her on the sofa, she asked me many questions,—where we had been, how long I had been ill, etc.,—saying she had just that moment heard we were at Potsdam. But my heart was too heavy to go on, so

in my usual rather stupid way, which she did not appear to observe, I said, in great simplicity, "Will the Empress ask the King if we may sit in silence?" not thinking of her leaving her seat. However, she jumped up directly and went to the other side of the room, where the King was, and in a moment he was looking about for a chair, for, as they always stand in the royal presence, there were only a very few in the room. All this I learned from Christine afterwards, as I was too much absorbed by my own feelings to observe what passed around me.

We fell at once into a solemn silence, and I think I may truly say I was helped by my gracious Lord to declare His truth, being remarkably without any might or power of my own. With the Empress on one side, and the King on the other, I felt just as quiet and composed as I did in the cell of the prisoner, and was enabled fully to relieve my mind, addressing them for nearly half an hour, without interpretation of course, as they all speak English. A profound silence reigned whilst I was speaking, and for some minutes afterwards, and then the King seized my hand and said, with much emotion, "I thank you a thousand times for your good desires for me. May all the blessings you have asked for me come down upon your own head a hundredfold. God bless you! God bless you!" We were now

standing, and the Empress put her arm round the King's neck and kissed him in the most affectionate and sisterly manner. It was a striking scene. She also evinced much feeling, and said to me, very kindly, "I am so glad to have met you again." The sweet Princess of Baden came up and kissed me warmly, and the Grand Duke shook hands with me in the kindest manner, and with great simplicity, reminding me a little of Sir Edward Buxton, though not at all resembling him in person, being a well-bronzed Russian of the hardier sort. The Queen appeared to me the least impressible, but she is very open and good-tempered, apparently forgetting she is a Queen herself, and suffering others to forget it also. She spoke to me about my sister Fry, and said she "loved her dearly;" and Christine says she questioned her about our darling Anna, and seemed much interested in hearing of her precious boy, saying she well remembered her, and Bessie also. After spending about three-quarters of an hour with this singularly interesting party, we took our leave, the Empress again giving me her cheeks to kiss, and begging me to remember her in my prayers. Poor dear! she looks less oppressed with grief than when I saw her before, but still she is, I am sure, a thorough mourner. Had I been well enough to see the King when I first proposed it, I should have missed

this interview with her, as she did not arrive at Potsdam until two days afterwards, so that surely I may say with the apostle, "In all things I am instructed." It is now the 27th of the month, and my letter is not yet off, and I find there are one or two things I omitted to tell thee. One is that when we came to settle with our kind physician he quite declined receiving anything, but asked how to spell my name, and said he must make his report to the King; so thou seest I was in fact a royal patient. However, of course, before we left the place we sent the kind doctor a present. I liked him very much, and cannot but believe he is a serious man.

E. P. Gurney had long felt desirous of paying a visit of sympathy to the ex-Queen of the French, the widow of Louis Philippe, and her grandsons, at Claremont. This she was enabled to accomplish, in company with her friend John Hodgkin, in the Seventh month, 1858. The following is part of her description of this occasion:

E. P. G. to Lady Buxton.

Seventh mo. 20th, 1858.

. . . We were first ushered into an anteroom, and presently the Countess, . . . a very agreeable person, appeared, and conducted us into a large and

pleasant-looking drawing-room, where we conversed about five minutes, and then the poor dear sorrow-stricken Queen made her appearance. I don't know why, but I felt touched at seeing her, she looked so pale and altered; and then it was not easy to forget that four of the small company who met at Neuilly were gone, and would be seen of men no more,—in fact, that we two were the only ones remaining. She took me by the hand very affectionately, and led me to a chair, at the same time requesting John Hodgkin to be seated, whom I introduced as the brother of Dr. Hodgkin; and she directly said, "Ah, he is a very clever doctor: he is so good for my son." Very soon the Queen made some allusion to our visit to Neuilly in 1843, which she seemed to remember well, spoke of my sister Fry and her works of charity with animation; and now she said, "You are following in her footsteps," which I disclaimed. But she persisted in it, saying, "Yes, you are; you go about doing good, and so did she, and now I hear you are going to America." I had previously made some allusion to the loss they had met with, expressing my hearty sympathy, which was kindly and gratefully received. The tears came in her eyes as she said, "Ah, you are very kind. She was a great loss for me. And then there were two in six months,—two in six months,"

she repeated, with much feeling, referring to the Duchess de Nemours. I presently mentioned her grandsons, inquiring how they were. She replied, "They are very well," and added, to my great relief, "they are both here." I ventured to ask if we could see them, adding that the duchess had regretted they were not at home when I had the pleasure of seeing her at Sestri. She said they were very much occupied in preparing for their Continental journey, as they intended to set out the following day but one; she would, however, send to inquire if they could come down for a little while, and requested John Hodgkin to ring the bell. It was answered immediately, and she spoke most politely to the servant, desiring him to be so good as to inform her grandsons that Madame Gurney was here, and would like to see them. Almost directly the Comte de Paris made his appearance. I was quite struck with the amiability and frankness of his manner as he came toward me and shook hands cordially; and when I made an allusion to his mother, he said, "Oh, yes, I have often heard her speak of you; and I was very sorry not to be at home when you were there." On hearing that J. Hodgkin was Dr. Hodgkin's brother, he shook hands warmly with him, saying he knew the doctor, and that he had met him lately. He asked how long I had been in Italy, Germany,

etc., and presently the Duc de Chartres appeared, who also greeted us in a most friendly manner. My heart was heavy laden all this time, and I felt I could do nothing else but ask for silence, which the Queen very kindly granted us, observing that her grandsons' time was closely occupied, and they could not remain very long; on which I said I hoped that I should not improperly detain them, but was quite reassured by the emphatic answer of the dear young Count: "Not at all, not at all, I assure you." We then fell into solemn silence, and I think I may say I was strengthened by that gracious Saviour, who is a present help in every time of need, completely to relieve my burthened mind, both to the Queen and to those two dear young men, toward whom I felt remarkably attracted. The Queen looked very serious, and bowed her head repeatedly in token of assent while I was speaking; and afterwards she thanked me warmly for my good desires for them, saying very earnestly, "Pray for me, pray for my children, pray for my grandchildren," motioning toward them as she spoke. Some allusion had been made to the probability of our never meeting in this world again, and the hope expressed that, through the riches of redeeming mercy, we might all re-assemble round the Throne, to which she thoroughly responded, saying, "That is

the happy meeting-place; there is no parting there," or words to this effect. John Hodgkin set his seal impressively to what I had communicated, and made a few appropriate remarks; and then the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres both thanked us warmly for the kind interest we had manifested. Not knowing how to address them, I had said, "My dear young friends, if you will so allow me to call you;" and directly after the opportunity was over the Count most kindly took my hand, and said with earnestness, "Yes, you may call us your dear friends, for you have been true friends to us, and we do thank you very much." The Duc de Chartres then took my other hand, saying, "We are so much obliged to you." And as I stood between those dear young men, holding a hand of each, I really felt a hearty love for them, and, making some allusion to their sainted mother, which they both seemed to feel, I expressed in a few words my heartfelt prayer even that the best of blessings might descend upon them. Thus ended this deeply interesting interview, and we left Claremont with a feeling of peace and relief which we could indeed acknowledge to be an abundant compensation for the effort and exercise this visit had cost us.

E. P. G. to J. K. Clarke.

EARLHAM ROAD.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—It is indeed a favor, and one which I desire to be thankful for, to be permitted once again to date my letters from this peaceful home, after an absence of four months, and many heights and depths and sparing mercies. How great is the goodness of our Father in heaven to His unworthy children! I rather shrank from returning to my desolate habitation without one kindred heart to welcome me; but I had two nice young French companions, and the maids came out to meet me, looking so neat and nice in their light muslin dresses, and all seemed so pleased to see their mistress safe at home again; but, above all, such an unusual flood of heavenly peace was poured into my heart that, as I roamed about the velvet lawn and flowery garden, I felt indeed I could adopt the language, "We are abundantly satisfied with the goodness of Thy house. Thou hast made us to drink of the river of Thy pleasures."

With the foregoing and some other religious service, E. P. Gurney's mission abroad seemed to be accomplished, and on the 28th of the Eighth month, 1858, she took her final leave of England,

followed, as before, by the loving remembrance of her relatives and friends in that land, as evinced by their letters of affectionate interest.

Katharine Backhouse to E. P. G.

Twelfth mo. 29th, 1858.

. . . Now the time draws near for this to go to the post, and what more can I say to thee, beloved one, but "grace, mercy, and peace be with thee," through Him who has loved thee and given Himself for thee? Oh, blessed provision for all who love the Saviour in truth and sincerity! Here thou and I may meet, if nowhere else.

Esther Seebohm to E. P. G.

Third mo. 27th, 1859.

. . . I have long deferred the expression of the grateful sense of thy various kindnesses, which lives in my heart, and often brings thee in vivid colors before me, not only as the generous friend, the sympathizer in the trials of the earthly pilgrimage, but as the messenger of comfort and instruction, the advocate of the great and glorious cause. These, in looking round, seem few and far between; and the thought that thou art no longer one of us in person, though still near in spirit, is not one we like to entertain. But we know thou art amongst those

whom thou loves and serves, and who greatly need thy sympathy and encouragement; therefore in this, and all other things, be it ours to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

E. P. Gurney continued diligent in the exercise of her precious gift in the ministry, both in her own meeting and in several visits to neighboring Yearly and other meetings. Of most of these but few memoranda are to be found. The following letter refers to one of these engagements:

W. J. Allinson to E. P. G.

First mo. 16th, 1860.

How often, dear friend, I have thanked God for thee, that He has enabled thee so truly to maintain the sacred trust given thee as the partner of such an one! His reputation, safe in the Record-book on high, is in another sense safe in thy keeping, and no words can tell the tenderness of feeling with which we associate the two links, one bright in the ineffable glory, the other kept bright amid the tarnishing influences of time, through Him "who is a crown of glory and a diadem of beauty to the residue of His people."

Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

Fifth mo. 12th, 1860.

It was no surprise to me to hear thou wert going from home. It came vividly before me while confined to my bed, about Yearly Meeting time, and brought me into near feeling with thee. I was ready to wonder at my feelings, and almost to call them into question as the working of a lively imagination. Well, my friend, go on in thy simplicity; and though thou may seem to have neither scrip nor staff, bow nor spear, yet, trusting in the God of Israel, He will be thy shield and buckler, give thee the gospel sling and the smooth stone from Shiloh's gentle brook, guide them by His eye, and make them effective through the power of His own spirit. What a mercy that we poor, short-sighted creatures are not obliged to plan and contrive and carry out our work for ourselves, but have a gracious Master who goes before, opens the way and appoints the work, and clearly shows what it is, and then gives wisdom and strength to perform it, so that we have no need to puzzle or trouble ourselves about it, but simply follow His leading and do His bidding! Do not let in any doubts or reasonings, but just go quietly on, trusting in and leaning wholly on Him, and He will bring thee safely through, and

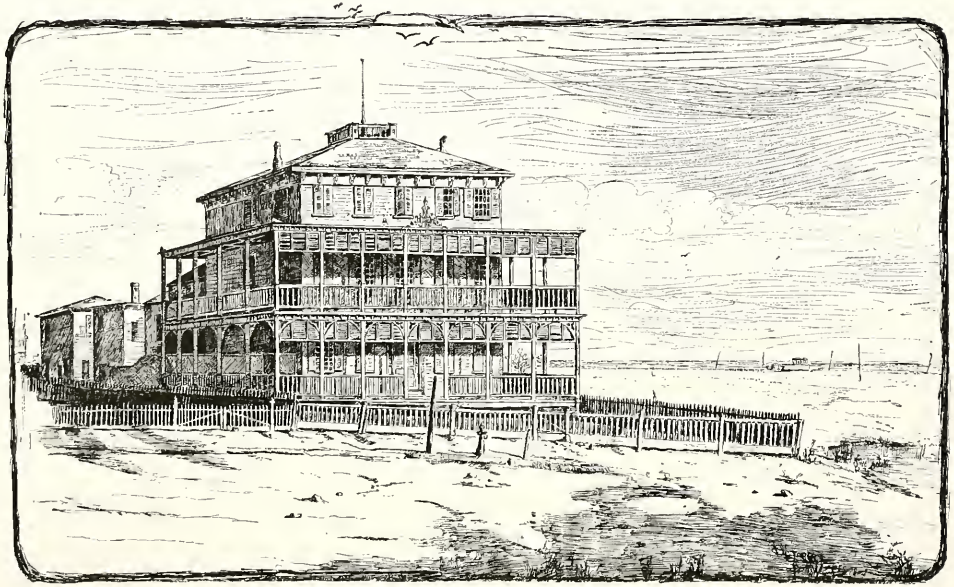
cause thee in humble gratitude to set up thy Ebenezer.

E. P. Gurney's beloved friend and relative, John Hodgkin, was at this time engaged in extensive religious service in this country, making West Hill a point of occasional resort when his duties permitted, to their mutual comfort and refreshment. Allusion is made in the following letter to one of these visits:

E. P. G. to C. W. Stroud.

Fifth mo. 13th, 1861.

We have just said farewell to our friends in a feeling of true peace, after a precious parting opportunity,—a "season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." What shall we render unto Him for all His benefits? for this fresh token of His loving care in sending to His weary heritage a publisher of peace, a bringer of glad tidings, declaring unto Zion and to Zion's children, "Thy God reigneth"? I cannot describe the deep and varied interest of his visit here,—the public meetings, the family visiting, the precious opportunities, both social and religious, which have been graciously vouchsafed to us in our peaceful domicile, the quietude and repose of which, he said, had been a true enjoyment to him; and he does not leave us with any feeling of not seeing us



EARLHAM LODGE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

again. The meeting at Mount Holly was crowded and a remarkable occasion. At Rancocas we have heard it was a striking time.

A painful affection of the eyes and head, often known as "rose cold," which was aggravated by the luxuriant vegetation of West Hill, rendered it desirable for E. P. Gurney to seek a sea-shore resort during the summer months. With this view she erected a beautiful and commodious cottage at Atlantic City, on the New Jersey coast, commanding an extensive view of the ocean, and swept by its health-giving breezes. To this delightful retreat, which she called Earlham Lodge, she continued to repair every summer during the remainder of her life, finding compensation for her voluntary exile in greatly increased vigor and comfort, and, with her unfailing hospitality, sharing the benefit she received with numerous relatives and friends, who came at her generous bidding in almost constant succession.

Nor was she unmindful in her retirement of her higher duties. Atlantic City had at this time a large floating population and various places of public worship, but no established meeting of Friends, although many of that denomination were among its visitors. A little congregation of these had for three or four years been accustomed to gather on First

day during the summer in the cottage of John M. Whitall, kindly offered for their reception. E. P. Gurney felt it incumbent upon her to open her spacious parlors to those who felt disposed to sit down with her for divine worship on First day morning, after the manner of Friends, and large companies frequently availed themselves of the privilege. One of her nieces describes these meetings as "often crowded with a mixed company of gay, fashionable people, mingling there with simple Quakers, all appearing solemnized and impressed, both by the silent worship and the loving, powerful appeals to accept the truth as it is in Jesus. Many were the sorrowing, heavy-laden hearts that were comforted and cheered."

The notice of E. P. Gurney by J. B. Braithwaite, before referred to, quotes from one of her own letters as follows:

"I can hardly tell thee what these meetings are to me,—both our large parlors and the hall packed closely every First day morning, and myself feeling so poor and weak to be made an instrument in feeding the multitude. But I am bound in gratitude to say that the great Minister of ministers makes Himself known amongst us, blesses the bread and breaks it, and condescends to employ one of the most unworthy of His servants to hand it to the almost

famished ones, of whom there are not a few in this vicinity, weary of forms and panting for the substance. With such as these we have sometimes been permitted to sit down, as at the table of the Lord, enjoying true communion, and realizing that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

. . . Thy sympathy with my religious exercises is truly helpful to me, for no one but my heavenly Father knows the depths that I have passed through in this place year after year. These never have been greater than the present summer, when people of all classes and denominations come thronging into our parlors till they are quite filled. The last two weeks our meetings were unusually crowned by a remarkable solemnity.

. . . And now, my dear friend, I may tell thee that the encouragement contained in thy letter was truly helpful to me in discharging what I felt to be my duty in one of the most exercising meetings I have yet attended. But, oh! how all that is within me shrinks from this continuous labor, except indeed the earnest wish to be found fully faithful to my God. I had not the least anticipation of this sort of service in coming here, and it is so unlike

my home experience. But I suppose the constant changes in the gatherings at this place, in part at least, account for this; and I can truly say the only time I have felt condemnation was when I wilfully resolved on one occasion to hold my peace; and there were several there to whom I never, in all human probability, shall be again permitted to declare the blessed tidings of salvation through a risen Lord.

I thought thou ought to know how much thou hadst helped and comforted a poor, weak, faltering sister by the abounding consolation wherewith, I do believe, thou hast thyself been comforted of God.

Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

PHILADELPHIA, Eighth mo. 21st, 1862.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,—It has given me pleasure to learn that thy sea-side home has proved a means of relief from some of the distress in thy eyes; and I doubt not the benefit it has enabled thee to confer on others, by the exercise of a generous and noble hospitality, bringing not a few within the healthful influence of ocean breezes who would not otherwise have partaken of them, affords thee solid satisfaction. If there is anything that renders wealth desirable, it is the pleasure it confers by thus benefiting others; but too often, when the means are possessed, the open heart and liberal hand thus to employ it are

wanting. Go on, my dear friend, in thy Christian munificence, and a blessing will attend it. I have received some very interesting accounts of your religious meetings. The burden must rest heavily on thee and our dear friends, J. M. and M. Whitall; but don't shrink from it, for if only one soul is helped on its way heavenward the reward will be abundant, and he that watereth others shall be watered himself. . . . Some memorable instances of strangers, attracted by curiosity, being unexpectedly arrested, and broken and contrited to many tears, have lately come under my notice; so that I am prepared to say, Go on in faith, following the leadings of the Good Shepherd. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand," whenever the Master bids; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that. And the promise is sure that "His word shall not return unto Him void, but shall prosper in that whereto He sends it."

Thomas Evans to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 16th, 1862.

. . . The Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as ours. He works by means which to human apprehension seem foolish and despicable, but being of His ordering, and sanctified by His spirit, they are fruitful of holiness, and no flesh can

glory in them. We need have no fear or anxiety as to the result of means which He appoints, weak and inadequate as they may seem to us. How precious is that word of ancient declaration to the soul that is emptied of itself and of all sense of good: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. Be of good cheer, and go on in faith, nothing doubting." . . . Thy precious letter was as welcome as it was unexpected, and I felt really obliged to thee for making the effort to write it. I derived comfort from the fact that thy feelings were so much like those I had been laboring under, and to me thou wast made a messenger of consolation. Ah, what a mystery this is to the men of this world,—that when poor and needy, and destitute of nearly all sense of good, the servant of Christ is yet made the minister of good to others, and, after watering them, has to return again, perhaps, to her own feeling of drought and emptiness! Is it not a striking and convincing proof that the service is of the Lord, and not of man's contrivance? Be encouraged, my dear sister, to wait upon thy gift; diligently occupy it, and thou wilt reap the reward.

CHAPTER VI.

THE outbreak of the Rebellion in the Southern States occurred in 1861, threatening for a time the disruption of the government, and shrouding all hearts in sorrow and dismay with its constantly accumulating horrors. E. P. Gurney, in common with her peaceful sect, naturally felt her sympathies called into their fullest exercise for those at the head of affairs, that they might be rightly guided in this momentous crisis.

In Tenth month, 1862, she felt constrained to pay a religious visit to Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States, in which she was accompanied by John M. Whitall, Hannah B. Mott, and James Carey; and after some difficulty in obtaining an interview, waiting two days for the purpose, during which their faith was sorely tried, to use her own words, "The great iron door seemed to open of itself." J. B. Braithwaite remarks, in the notice previously quoted from: "It was on the morning of the first day of the week, in a beating rain, that the little party

repaired to the White House, where they were at once introduced into the private apartment of President Lincoln. They quickly recognized his tall, commanding figure as he rose to receive them; and the cordial grasp of his hand as they were separately named to him at once placed them at ease. Deep thoughtfulness and intense anxiety marked his countenance, and created involuntary sympathy for him in this great national crisis. He at first supposed E. P. Gurney to be from England, but was soon undeceived."

One of the party, in describing the visit, remarked: "It was a time not soon to be forgotten; the deep solemnity, the almost awful silence that reigned within that room formed, as thou wilt believe, a striking contrast to the fearful scene of strife and carnage that was enacted, almost within sight, just on the other bank of the Potomac. And then to see the tears run down the cheeks of our honored President as E. P. Gurney solemnly addressed him! I cannot possibly describe the impressive scene. When prayer was offered, he reverently bowed his head, and certainly evinced deep feeling. When we rose to go, he very kindly took leave of us all, and, retaining E. P. Gurney's hand, he made a beautiful response to what had been previously said. Her address to him was taken down from memory by

our little party,—at least an outline of it,—and it is as follows:

"'I can truly say it is not from any motive of idle curiosity that I have requested this interview. I come in the love of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,—that blessed gospel which breathes glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men. In common with the members of my own Society,—may I not say in common with every true-hearted citizen of the United States? —my spirit has been introduced into near sympathy with our Chief Magistrate in the heavy weight of responsibility that rests upon him; believing, as I do, that in the faithful discharge of his various and important duties he does endeavor to preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and man. And earnestly have I desired that when weighted with cares and anxieties he may commit his way unto the Lord, that he may be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, he may let his requests be made known unto God; and then, whatever the trials and perplexities he may have to pass through, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will keep his heart and mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"'In common with thousands and tens of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic, my heart has re-

joiced in the noble effort which our honored President has made to keep the true fast,—the fast which the Lord hath chosen,—to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burthens, to let the oppressed go free; and I assuredly believe that for this magnanimous deed the children yet unborn will rise up and call him blessed in the name of the Lord. But trials and persecutions are the lot of all who endeavor to maintain a just weight and a just balance, and who desire to be found walking in the path of uprightness. Then how sweet is the assurance to the Christian believer that God is his refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river the streams whereof make glad the whole heritage of God. And seeing how difficult it is to accomplish that which we wish, and how vain is the help of man, I have earnestly desired that the President might repair day by day, and oftener than the day, to this river of God, which is full of water, even to the well-spring of Eternal Life, that thus his spirit may be strengthened and refreshed, and be fitted for the right performance of his various and arduous duties; and by the grace of

God he may be made an instrument in hastening the coming of that glorious day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and He shall rule and reign forever and for evermore; when swords shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation, nor the people learn war any more. What a glorious transition would be witnessed here, from a scene of desolation and sorrow and suffering to one of peace and joy and love! The wilderness would become as Eden, the desert as the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness would be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody. And now, my dear friend, if so I may be permitted to call thee, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, lift up the light of His glorious countenance upon thee, and give thee peace! How precious is the assurance, contained in the blessed book of Divine inspiration, that they that dwell in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty! He shall cover them with His feathers, and under His wings shall they trust. His truth shall be their shield and buckler. A thousand may fall at their side, and ten thousand at their right hand, but it shall not come nigh them, because they have made the Lord their refuge, even the Most High their habitation; there shall no evil

befall them, neither shall any plague come nigh their dwelling.

"'May this be thy blessed experience! May our Father in heaven guide thee by His own unerring counsel through the remaining difficulties of thy wilderness journey, bestow upon thee a double portion of that wisdom which cometh down from above, and, finally, when thou shalt have served thy generation according to the will of God, through the fulness of His atoning, pardoning love and mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord, receive thy ransomed spirit into that rest which remaineth for the people of God, unite it to the glorious company of victors whom the apostle saw standing on the sea of glass mingled with fire, having the harps of God in their hands! And they sang the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all Thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear before Thee and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy!"'

"E. P. Gurney then knelt in fervent prayer for her country and for the President, who appeared bowed under a sense of his deep responsibilities. After a solemn pause he replied, very deliberately, nearly in the following words:

"I am glad of this interview. In the very responsible situation in which I am placed, as an humble instrument in the hands of my heavenly Father, I have desired that all my words and actions may be in accordance with His will; but if, after endeavoring to do my best with the light which He affords me, I find my efforts fail, then I must believe that, for some purpose unknown to me, He wills it otherwise. If I had had my way, this war would never have been; but, nevertheless, it came. If I had had my way, the war would have ended before this; but, nevertheless, it still continues. We must conclude that He permits it for some wise purpose, though we may not be able to comprehend it; for we cannot but believe that He who made the world still governs it. I repeat that I am glad of this interview."

Nearly a year later, E. P. Gurney received a special request from the President, through Isaac Newton, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, that she would write to him; and having before had it on her mind to do so, she wrote the following:

To the President of the United States.

EARLHAM LODGE, Eighth mo. 18th, 1863.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—Many times since I was privileged to have an interview

with thee, nearly a year ago, my mind has turned toward thee with feelings of sincere and Christian interest; and as our kind friend, Isaac Newton, offers to be the bearer of a paper messenger, I feel inclined to give thee the assurance of my continued hearty sympathy in all thy heavy burthens and responsibilities, and to express not only my own earnest prayer, but, I believe, the prayer of many thousands whose hearts thou hast gladdened by thy praiseworthy and successful efforts "to burst the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free" that the Almighty Ruler of the universe may strengthen thee to accomplish all the blessed purposes which, in the unerring counsel of His will and wisdom, I do assuredly believe He did design to make thee instrumental in accomplishing when He appointed thee thy present post of vast responsibility as the Chief Magistrate of this great nation.

Many are the trials incident to such positions, and I believe thy conflicts and anxieties have not been few. "May the Lord hear thee in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from His sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion." The Lord fulfil all thy petitions that are put up in the name of the Prince of peace, of the increase of whose government and of whose peace He has Himself declared there shall never be an end.

I can hardly refrain from expressing my cordial approval of thy late excellent proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving for the sparing and preserving mercies which, in the tender loving-kindness of our God and Saviour, have been so bountifully showered upon us; for though (as a religious people) we do not set apart especial seasons for returning thanks either for spiritual or temporal blessings, yet, as I humbly trust, our hearts are filled with gratitude to our Almighty Father that His delivering arm of love and power has been so manifestly round about us. And I rejoice in the decided recognition of an all-wise and superintending Providence, which is so marked a feature in the aforesaid document, as well as the immediate influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, which perhaps never in any previous state paper has been so fully recognized before. Especially did my inmost heart respond to thy desire "that the angry feeling which has so long sustained this needless and cruel rebellion may be subdued, the hearts of the insurgents changed, and the whole nation be led through paths of repentance and submission to the Divine Will back to the perfect enjoyment of union and fraternal peace. May the Lord in His infinite compassion hasten the day! I will not occupy thy time unduly, but, in a feeling of true Christian sympathy and gospel love, com-

mend thee and thy wife and your two dear children to the preserving care of the unslumbering Shepherd, who in His matchless mercy gave His life for the sheep, who is alone able to keep us from falling, and, finally, when done with the unsatisfying things of mutability, to give us an everlasting inheritance among all them that are sanctified through the eternal spirit of our God.

Respectfully and sincerely thy assured friend,

ELIZA P. GURNEY.

In the following year President Lincoln sent to E. P. Gurney the following acknowledgment of her visit and letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, September 4th, 1864.

ELIZA P. GURNEY:

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have not forgotten, probably never shall forget, the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals

Executive Mansion,

Washington, September 4, 1864.

Eliza P. Gurney.

My esteemed friend.

I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friend visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter, written nearly a year later, ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations; and to no one of them, more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces

ces to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay.

Your people — the Friends — have had, and are having, a very great trial. Our principle, and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the laws. That you believe this I do not doubt; and believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend

A. Lincoln.

may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay. Your people, the Friends, have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law. That you believe this I doubt not, and, believing it, I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in heaven.

Your sincere friend,

A. Lincoln.

The original of the foregoing letter, which E. P. G. had treasured with great care, was finally presented by her, at the suggestion of William Edward

Forster, to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania for safe preservation.

The concluding letter of this interesting correspondence is subjoined:

To the President of the United States.

EARLHAM LODGE, Ninth mo. 8th, 1864.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—I like to address thee in thy own familiar way, and tell thee how grateful to my feelings is thy valued and valuable letter, which I shall keep among my treasured things, and for which allow me to return thee my sincere and grateful thanks. In the close and absorbing occupation of thy daily life, I know it must be difficult to find a moment to appropriate to courtesies of this description, and I appreciate accordingly the generous effort thou hast made on my behalf, one which I certainly did not anticipate when, from a motive of sincere and Christian interest, I ventured to impose upon thee a written evidence of my unfeigned regard. The visit which I paid thee two years since, of which thou hast made such gratifying mention, was not, as I believe thou art aware, the effect of idle curiosity, but of a true concern which, as I cannot doubt, was laid upon me by my heavenly Father, and of which I could not possibly divest myself in any other way. So that, if

there was any consolation in the message, I believe thou mayest receive it as coming not truly from a very feeble and unworthy instrument, but from that gracious God who comforts all that mourn.

May He continue to sustain and strengthen, uphold and comfort thee in every future exigency; and when He has enabled thee, in the meekness and gentleness, the patience and forbearance, the firmness and integrity of the truth, to fulfil His gracious will, when all His blessed purposes concerning thee shall be accomplished, through His redeeming and unbounded mercy in the only Saviour, may He receive thy ransomed spirit into glory! Friends have been placed, as thou hast justly said, in a peculiar and somewhat anomalous position. Decidedly opposed to all oppression, and believing as they do that the holding of our fellow-men in cruel bondage is a sin of the deepest dye in the sight of a just and holy Judge, and earnestly desiring their enfranchisement from the galling chains imposed upon them by their task-masters, nevertheless they cannot conscientiously resort to arms even to effect this blessed and devoutly to be wished for end. The weapons of their warfare are not carnal. The Saviour has commanded them to love their enemies; therefore they dare not fight them. The only victory which they as followers of the Prince of peace can with

consistency rejoice in, is that which is alone obtained, through the transforming power of the grace of God, over the world, the flesh, and the Evil One. "This is the victory that overcometh the world," saith the apostle, "even our faith." And, again, "Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." May this vital, operative faith, which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, be more abundantly bestowed upon us! Then, though the surface may be tempest-tossed, being justified by faith, the believer in Jesus will have a holy calm, peace with God, a deep, still undercurrent of soul-satisfying happiness which even the rudest storms of time fail to disturb, and none of the vicissitudes of life have any power over. An heir of heaven, with childlike confidence he can adopt the language, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a Rock, and now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies; therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy." That this may be thy blessed experience is the fervent desire of my heart. In conclusion, I would just remark that the

very kind consideration for the religious scruples of the Society of Friends which has been so invariably and generously manifested by the government, and especially by our honored Executive, has been fully and gratefully appreciated. I think I may venture to say that Friends are not less loyal for the leniency with which their honest convictions have been treated, and I believe there are very few amongst us who would not lament to see any other than Abraham Lincoln fill the Presidential chair, at least at the next election, believing as we do that he is conscientiously endeavoring, according to his own convictions of right, to fulfil the important trust committed to him, and to discharge the solemn duties of his high and responsible office, "not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." May our worthy Chief Magistrate yet see the day when the Prince of peace, the Wonderful Counsellor, shall rule and reign over this now distracted country! The Union unbroken, the oppressed set free, and, instead of the sounds of lamentation and woe which now so often fill the heart with mourning, "Joy and gladness shall be heard therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." That the Lord in His infinite compassion may hasten the day is the fervent prayer of thy sincere and obliged friend,

E. P. GURNEY.

After the close of the war in 1865, followed in a few days by the assassination of the President, E. P. Gurney had the mournful satisfaction of learning that "her first letter had been carefully treasured up by him, and was in his breast-pocket when the fatal shot reached him."

The summer of 1860 was saddened by the illness and death of E. P. Gurney's eldest sister, F. M. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, a bereavement which affected her deeply.

In the autumn of the same year occurred a delightful incident in E. P. Gurney's now quiet life, in a visit from her husband's grandson, John Henry Backhouse, the son of Anna Backhouse, accompanied by his aunt, Eliza Barclay, and his tutor, William S. Lean. The little child whom E. P. G. had left in England, so sadly bereaved of his mother, had now grown into a tall youth of brilliant promise and attractive manners, and his loving attention to his grandmother and lively, intelligent interest in the novel scenes about him afforded her the highest gratification.

The party passed several weeks at West Hill and in various excursions, among which may be noted the attendance of North Carolina Yearly Meeting by E. Barclay and E. P. Gurney, which proved an interesting experience.

The visitors returned to England in First month, 1861.

E. P. G. to E. Barclay.

WEST HILL, First mo. 10th, 1863.

. . . My heart is turning toward thee and our dear John Henry with loving interest, and earnest is the breathing of my spirit that the new year on which we have just entered, may, through the riches of a Saviour's love, be full of choicest blessings to you both. And in this wish I would include the two dear youths who are so pleasantly associated with you, in whose best welfare I do feel the truest interest, both for their own and for their parents' sake. There is something saddening to most hearts in glancing at the pages of the old year's history, especially if we find recorded there, "somewhat against us," duties neglected, hours misspent, and talents misemployed. Though this may not apply to the three dear ones who are now thy charge, I have desired that on the unseen, unsullied pages of the coming year may be inscribed a covenant of life and peace, a covenant that never can be broken; that the blessed Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep may betroth them unto Him in loving kindness and tender mercy, and in very faithfulness; that they may "know the Lord," that so the beautiful inspired declaration may apply to each of them, "My cove-

nant was with him of life and of peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me and was afraid before my name."

The memory of past griefs still from time to time cast a shadow over E. P. Gurney's spirit. She writes:

First mo. 5th, 1864.

. . . Alas! these solemn anniversaries! This was the seventeenth, and yet almost as sad as any that preceded it, everything did so vividly recall that awful, memorable day in 1847. The moon, that "faithful witness in heaven," seen through the hazy twilight of the early morning, just as I saw it then, just as I have continued to observe it since on each succeeding anniversary, the only time in the whole year I ever notice it; and then the ground all covered with its snowy shroud for the first time, as then. The resemblance was but too complete, making my heart ache painfully.

To-day, however, I can rise a little from this depth of sadness, and follow that most tenderly beloved and sainted one to his bright mansion of eternal joy. "When shall I wake and find me there?"

Amy Y. Tatum to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 6th, 1866.

. . . I think of thee now, my beloved friend, as again enjoying thy pleasant winter house, I hope with increased health and strength. I could enter into thy feeling in relation to the duty which devolved upon thee in thy seaside home,—duty which necessarily involved peculiar exercise; but I do so value a clear spiritual vision where there is scarcely room to doubt the Divine requisition, that in thinking of thee as filling thy mission, though through many exercises, it may be through much fear and trembling,—yet, I do not, cannot doubt, with the peaceful consciousness that thou art following His bidding,—I think of thee, dear Eliza, as one peculiarly blessed of the Lord. . . . A little while and the blessed summons will reunite the members of the household of faith in that better land, where it will be their glorious privilege to offer, without interruption and from sanctified spirits, the tribute of praise to Him who has redeemed them, and washed their robes in His own precious blood. That this will be thy experience, my dearest friend, I do not for one moment doubt; and wilt thou not pray for me, that it may, through atoning mercy, be granted to thy friend to witness the efficacy of the blood of

sprinkling, that her sins, which are many, may be blotted out, and she too be admitted, even though it be to the lowest place in the heavenly kingdom ?

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

Tenth mo. 31st, 1866.

. . . I was right glad to hear —— was acknowledged, believing that the time had come for it. My heart salutes him in a fresh feeling, as I trust, of gospel love, and bids him cordially Godspeed. Dear fellow ! I do truly feel for him in entering as it were upon the conflict, remembering vividly "the misery and the affliction, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me." I know this is not a popular doctrine in the present day, but I assuredly believe these painful humiliations are inseparable from a baptized and baptizing ministry, and therefore I could not ask exemption from them for any one I love. But may this youthful soldier "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," willing to "be a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel," not ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, but by the power of His spirit "rightly dividing the word of Truth," fighting the good fight of faith, laying hold on eternal life! May he at last receive the blessed welcome, not for any works of righteous-

ness which he hath done, but through the fulness of unmerited mercy: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

In 1866, E. P. Gurney was called to part with her beloved sister, Julia K. Clarke, who died Twelfth month 10th, after a lingering illness, in peace, and in confident hope of a blessed immortality. Remarkably warm and congenial in their feelings, yet of singularly independent judgment, the sisters had remained closely attached in heart through all the separations of their varied lives, and E. P. Gurney was deeply bowed under this affliction, in which her family and friends largely shared.

William J. Allinson to E. P. G. and M. A. W.

Twelfth mo., 1866.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I long to speak a word of sympathy, though I am well aware that, being comforted of God, the mere assurance of what you know we feel, cannot add to your consolation. What fulness of peace there is in the contemplation of dear J. K. Clarke's blessed decline and entrance into life! Her faith reminds me of the language respecting Abraham, that "He believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness." How wonderful the completeness of her preparation! All last words and

leave-takings, all arrangements perfected; the full assurance of pardon, peace, and acceptance granted; the glorious rejoicing in a sense of the King's favor, yet with sweet humility recognizing it as all of grace and mercy; no cloud permitted to pass over the Sun, which had risen to set no more; the anointing for the burial continuing sweet and fragrant; the perfectly painless dismissal; the whole tending to the glory of God, and loudly preaching the need of readiness for the Messenger, who often, as in this instance, cometh in an hour when we think not.

John Hodgkin to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 4th, 1868.

. . . I doubt not that with you, as well as with us, patience and faith are largely needed, lest we faint under the discouragements of the way. If this should reach thee whilst at Atlantic City, I must say to thee, as Moses did to Joshua, "Be strong, and of a good courage." It does seem to be a part of thy work which has in rather an especial manner been owned of the Lord.

Israel W. Morris to E. P. G.

Green Hill Farm, Fourth mo. 3d, 1868.

My dear Friend, E. P. Gurney,—In a letter received by me this day from our mutual friend, J. B.

Braithwaite, he says, "Will it be troubling thee too much for one of thy children to transmit a message of my dear love to E. P. Gurney? I often think of her, and had intended to write to-day. I hope to do so before long." Now love is so precious an article to deal in, that I have preferred myself to be the means for transmission, and it affords the facility to add that I am, in love, thy attached friend, Israel W. Morris.

The warrant for all this is abundantly afforded by Him in whom is our life, when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples: if ye have love one unto another." Farewell!

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

Fifth mo. 15th, 1868.

I have a letter from Charles L. Willits, saying that Friends of Haddonfield have come to the conclusion to hold a meeting at Atlantic City, of which I am truly glad. In some ways it will be a great relief to me, taking away the burthen of responsibility, which rested very heavily upon me. I do not see, however, how it would be possible to build a house in six or seven weeks, and think they must intend to rent a room.

The meeting referred to above was held for a time

in a room hired for the purpose, and under the care of a committee of Haddonfield Quarterly Meeting. A commodious and pleasant house was soon after built, and has since continued to be occupied by Friends on First day during the summer. The relief which this arrangement afforded to E. P. Gurney was very great, though her services in the ministry were still frequent, and often very impressive.

Some letters follow, though slightly out of chronological order, expressive of the interest and sympathy felt by her friends in these engagements.

M. Whitall to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 26th, 1868.

. . . I do believe I never said farewell to thee under a deeper feeling of true sympathy and a stronger flow of sisterly love, with a sense that the world, as it passed by thee at Atlantic City, knew nothing of the burdens and the baptisms that were sometimes thy portion. But there is an Eye that sees and an Ear that is ever open, and a blessed Arm extended for thy support. Its strength thou hast again and again proved, and it will never be withheld from thee. These meetings, with all the sayings and doings, have been no small matter, and now that they have been regularly commenced, the responsibility will rest with no little weight some-

where. I do expect thou wilt have thy portion, and believe that in and under all the Lord will be thy helper; therefore thou need not fear. Thy being at Atlantic City and thy services there I doubt not have been of His ordering and to His praise. Could thou ask more? We heard through several channels that you had a very good meeting on First day. I doubt whether thou wilt find it any easier than when in thy own house. I cannot but believe that it is the design of our Father that the healing influences of His love and mercy should flow there. May they run even into a broad river, that shall swallow up and carry to the bottom of the sea those mountains of prejudice that seem at times as if they would hide the love of Jesus.

William J. Allinson to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 9th, 1870.

We hear with pleasure that your meeting has opened, and that thou hast been employed therein. This is an important part of thy life-service,—to raise the standard when others would suffer it to trail. As I recently hinted to thee, I often feel thankful, not merely for the gift committed to thee, but for thy fidelity in keeping very closely to it, so that there is no room for gainsayers. This is a favor to the Church, as thou hast not only thy individual work

to perform, but art intrusted with sustaining the character and memory of one so greatly beloved and honored of the Lord. There is a beautiful Providence in this which has often affected my heart. The clear sounding of the full gospel truth through thee is a pledge and a convincing proof of *his* Christian and Quaker soundness, the value of which it is impossible to overestimate. I do not know, in the range of Christian history, an instance of equal value, —of a true wife triumphantly holding the pure fame of a noble husband, unscathed, untarnished, and glorious, above the billows of threatening yet impotent calumny. I do not touch lightly upon this sacred topic. I trust thou wilt excuse the liberty.

H. K. H. to M. Whitall.

Seventh mo. 11th, 1871.

. . . Thou wouldst have rejoiced in the meeting on First day; it was larger than that of the previous week, and a particularly sweet feeling prevailed. Darling Aunt Gurney spoke with much feeling and power. It was one of her full sermons, and the silence that followed was profound. She then knelt in solemn prayer. Thou knowest what her prayers are. I think I never more felt the sweetness and solemnity of this privilege; one forgot, as it were, the servant in the felt presence of the Master. Many tearful

eyes gave witness that hearts had been touched and comforted. George M. Elkinton said a few words in conclusion, and the meeting separated under a feeling of thankfulness to Him who had so truly fed the multitude. . . . I thought this morning, as I heard her talking to —— and —— of the Lord's dealings with His children, what a comforter she is to many. She seems stronger and better for being here, and, as thou sayest, she is truly in her right place.

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 29th, 1871.

. . . Whatever our anxieties may be, I have great faith that, in the tender mercy of our gracious Redeemer, the vessel will be preserved and guided through every storm. There may be times when, for the trial of the disciples' faith, He may be as it were asleep; but it is only that His power and love may be magnified when He shall be pleased to arise at their cry and say to the waves, "Peace, be still!"

M. Whitall to E. P. G.

Eighth mo. 12th, 1873.

. . . We often hear the remark, "We have had a most excellent sermon;" but when a person can say, "My case was so remarkably spoken to I was helped forward and strengthened to trust and not be

afraid," it means a great deal more. And I hope thou, my dear friend, may be more and more filled with an earnest desire to be found faithful in doing the Lord's work, be it what it may. It is certainly a very responsible thing to be intrusted with His precious gifts; and I believe the location of thy summer home is of His ordering. The field there is large and laborious. May the comparative rest thou may feel now be sweet to thee!

Dr. Joseph W. Taylor to E. P. G.

Ninth mo. 16th, 1875.

My dear Friend,—May I tell thee of the satisfaction the retrospect of my visit to you affords me? Truly, it felt to me a continuous Sabbath, and the "Son of Peace" seemed to dwell there. Was not this favor granted to thee, and, in some measure, to those around thee, as a reward for faithfulness in bearing the burdens of the word, and in preaching the gospel to that assemblage of attentive and interested people who have been drawn to your meetings at Atlantic City? I doubt not that the views and principles of Friends have thus been disseminated, and that many have been helped to see and feel the beauty, simplicity, and power of gospel truths beyond what they had ever known before. That meeting I consider second to none in Phila-

delphia Yearly Meeting in usefulness and importance, and upon thy shoulders has rested the burden of its support. My thoughts often turn with interest to these meetings, and with feelings of sympathy for thee. But, dear friend, no one knows better than thyself where to place these burdens, and find help in every time of need. Who can doubt that for this evening sacrifice a rich reward of peace will rest upon thee?

Samuel Bettle to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 24th, 1879.

. . . Inquiries of others and recent information have informed me of thy settlement by the sea, and of thy presence at meeting at Atlantic City. I am always glad to hear of thee in assemblies of the people, and especially at that city, where thy labors have been, as elsewhere, long and abundantly blessed. And the assurance is now evidently felt in thy heart that "He who has helped thee hitherto will help thee all thy journey through," and that the "dew of thy youth" will not dry up, but that thou wilt be found bringing forth fruit in advancing years. The Lord is not unrighteous to forget thy work and labor of love for Himself, and in ministrations to His servants and people. Continue thou, my beloved friend, to rest in His love and to labor in His cause. He

who has been thy morning light has not forgotten thee, and will be thy evening song and crown of rejoicing.

. . . How barren and fruitless of anything to interest this poor missive seems; but of this I can assure thee,—that it is a real comfort just to think of thee, to glance backward to our long, unbroken friendship, and forward to "our Father's home." May we through mere mercy be safely gathered there! Perhaps I cannot better conclude than by quoting a verse from a piece addressed to me on the subject of our mutual friendship by a poetic friend who died not long since, an Episcopal clergyman, Charles West Thomson:

> "May the seal of Eternity rest on the bond!
> Through life may it last, undiminished and pure;
> And when we may gain the bright region beyond,
> May we find it still round us, redoubled and sure!"

E. P. Gurney's path was again shadowed with deep sorrow by the decease, in the summer of 1869, of her husband's grandson, J. H. Backhouse, who had been so pleasantly with her some years before; and she could but bow in humble submission to the mysterious Providence which called away, as in a moment, this child of many prayers, just entering upon manhood, and, to all human perception, on the

threshold of a life of singular promise and possibilities. His character and happy end are well sketched in the following letters.

J. Hodgkin to E. P. G.

Seventh mo. 31st, 1869.

My heart turns with especial sympathy and love to thee in this great trial which has been dispensed to us so unexpectedly, and in which thou hast so large a part, both in thy own great loss and also from the fresh opening of wounds with which it is so closely connected. . . . My dear aunt and cousin are "chastened, but not killed;" they are "sorrowful," and yet, I might almost say, "alway rejoicing" in the blessed evidence which was so abundantly furnished that death was swallowed up in victory. It is indeed a privilege to be with them; for while we can but feel that dear Eliza is truly like a widowed mother who has lost an only son just entering upon a life full of promise of every kind, yet all her loving care in his training, spiritual, moral, and intellectual, seems to be crowned with complete success, only it is a success for heaven instead of earth. I wish thou couldst share the atmosphere of this house. I feel that all who are brought within the influence of the death-bed happiness of this youthful disciple of the Lord Jesus have an

added responsibility; for what but the certainty of the heavenly inheritance, the witness of the Spirit so abundantly granted him, could have enabled him to give up all his earthly possessions, interests, and prospects without a tinge of regret, and to thank God for the blessing and mercy and joy which were before him, and seemed almost present to his view?

A. Y. Tatum to E. P. G.

Eighth mo. 11th, 1869.

My own beloved Friend,—What a blow is this! Can it be that that cherished scion of a noble and venerated stock has been so early transplanted to his heavenly inheritance? How many hopes centred in a life so full of promise! Truly "death loves a shining mark." Dear E. B., too! Her best earthly hopes were placed on this son of her adoption, and now they are indeed crushed. His early and careful training, his position, his many noble qualities, and his ancestry all combined to create the fondest expectations. True indeed it is that here we know but in part, but *there* the veil so impenetrable to our mortal vision will be lifted. We know not what storms of temptation and of grief might have awaited him in a world which lieth in wickedness, and now he is safely housed from all. My own dear friend,

my heart goes forth to thee in unutterable sympathy and love, and I do rejoice in knowing that thou hast an anchor sure and steadfast. He who has been with thee in thy many deep trials will not fail thee now, but will, as heretofore, uphold thee by His strong arm of power, and enable thee, even in deep waters, to praise Him who has been, and is, the "light of thy countenance and thy God."

JOHN HENRY BACKHOUSE.

"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—*Psalms* xxi. 4.

We asked for life, dear Lord, for him,
A life attuned unto Thy praise;
We asked in faith. Thou gavest him
The length of everlasting days.
Thou gavest service, made him meet
To sit amid the blood-washed throng;
Then led him forth to Jesus' feet,
To join the everlasting song.

We longed that earth might know his tread,
God-sent, amid the haunts of crime,
That his good record might be read
Throughout the coming years of time.
Thou hadst not thus o'erfilled his hand
With seed to sow on life's broad plain,
But called him where the reapers stand
To gather in the golden grain.

We asked a grandsire's mantle white
Might fall upon him as he trod
Thy chosen pathway, in the light
Of Thy dear countenance, O God.
Thou hadst a better robe in store,—
Thou wouldst not give Thy dear child less;
Full white, he wears on yonder shore
The robe of Jesus' righteousness.

Thou gavest richly, as a King,
In answer to our earnest prayer;
And now those troubled hearts we bring,
Who in their cup have found full share
Of Marah's drops of bitterness
In parting from their loved one thus.
Be pleased their drooping hearts to bless,
For Thou alone canst comfort us.

Oh, comfort them while tear-drops fall!
To Thy dear face their dim eyes raise,
And show them how Thou gav'st him all
The wealth of everlasting days.
Unto their faith, O Father, prove
The blessing which he has with Thee,—
The fulness of a Saviour's love,
The glories of Eternity!

A. B. T.

Ninth month, 1869.

E. P. G. to H. K. H.

ATLANTIC CITY (no date).

. . . Now that the meetings are over, I feel as if I really could enjoy a little social intercourse, which I have hardly been able to do, from one cause or other, since coming down, so great has been the pressure on my spirit; and the exercise of mind I have had to pass through has been at times as much as I could bear. But to-day, thanks to unmerited mercy, "the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet;" and under a grateful sense of the tender loving-kindness of my Father in heaven, thanksgiving and the voice of melody are once again ascending from my faithless heart. But, oh! when I remember all my doubts and fears and conflicts, the upbraiding query will sometimes arise, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" The meeting yesterday was one of unusual solemnity, and though some Friends had looked to having another before the season closed, I felt satisfied the right time had come to conclude them, in which some others quite united, saying they thought it was "much better they should end when the tide was up."

E. P. G. to Thomas Evans.

WEST HILL (no date).

. . . I purposely avoided calling on thee in Philadelphia, because I do so thoroughly approve thy plan of perfect quietness. Indeed, I have thought, my dear and valued friend, that after thy late dedication thou might afford a season of entire rest to mind and body. "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile" was the language of the compassionate Redeemer when many were coming and going, and the poor disciples had not time so much as to eat. "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust," and "by His gentleness He maketh great." I feel it in my heart just to say, in reference to what thou hast remarked about thy deep unworthiness, that I assuredly believe, when thou hast finished all the work appointed thee to do, through the rich mercy of that blessed Saviour whom, not having seen, thou hast loved, the mansion is prepared, the crown is ready, and the gracious sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" is there awaiting thee in that heavenly kingdom, wherein it is declared that sorrow, suffering, parting, pain, and death shall never come. Oh, that through pardoning mercy I may meet thee there!

Mary Whitall to E. P. G.

Tenth mo. 4th, 1870.

. . . I received the book all safe, and am truly thankful for thy great kindness in sending it. I am reading and re-reading it with renewed interest, and think thou must feel at times as though thou hadst passed through two different worlds. I am sure thou feels, in many a backward glance, how wonderfully the Lord has guided thee and helped thee, and, in a prospective view, can believe "He will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

. . . How is it faring with thee, beloved? This inquiry has very often arisen in my heart, with tender longings for a reply, and, though it came not, there was ever a sweet sense that it was well; and whether amid the blossoming and the flowers and all the beauty of West Hill, or whether by the deep, moaning sea and the rain as we have had it to-day, the beams of the Sun of Righteousness were in thy dwelling. And besides the dear little circle around thee, thou had the companionship of that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who in thy early life called thee and took thee for His own. "I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine." The sweet young people about thee are cheerers I know, and will give thee heartfelt sympathy; but they are

entering upon the early and brightly opening pathway of life, while we are on the downward slope. But how the clouds are brightened, and such lovely views spread before us at sun-setting!

The last remaining sister of E. P. Gurney, Mary Ann Williams, died Eighth month 21st, 1872. She had been a member of her family since her first settlement at Burlington, and by her gentle, unobtrusive, and efficient ministries had contributed largely to the charm of the household.

A younger generation of great-nieces now clustered round the solitary hearth, cheering its loneliness with their fresh and buoyant life, and anticipating their aunt's increasing needs with watchful care.

Hannah L. Neall to E. P. G.

San Francisco, Tenth mo. 23d, 1872.

. . . I have been thinking a great deal about thee recently, and recalling, with something of the pleasurable sadness with which one looks upon the drifting autumn leaves, the dear days, now drifting to and fro in my memory, that I spent with thee and thine in thy quiet Burlington home.

My life, dear friend, has much to thank thee for; and it seems to me it must be pleasant, as our foot-

steps lead along the distant ways and toward the upward slopes, to hear now and then the echoes of some word or work of ours in the gone-by days which made others happier and better for our living. I have many such sweet reminiscences of thee, when, perhaps, thou little knew how much I needed and valued thy help. I hear of thee occasionally through home correspondents, of thy failing health and inability for as active a life as formerly; of thy increased work, even in this state, for thy Master, when, perhaps, thou art all unconscious of it; and I feel that I want to be near thee in these days of "beautiful sanctuary," and to come with my heartfelt love and blessing. Dear, true friend, I shall not forget thee! As the years roll on, and I near the golden sands of the Eternal shore, I look back with gratitude to those who have pointed the way, and see, as I clambered painfully along over broken arches, why they were sharp and rugged to my feet.

* * * * * * *

The summer wore her sweetest grace,
And roses flung their fragrance out,
While thou and I, with lingering pace,
Wandered the pleasant paths about.
The cottage doors were open wide,
The guests were gathered in the hall,
And I, from wanderings far and wide,
Returned as to a festival.

Oh, for that welcome once again!
My heart cries out, and still I wait.
Dear Lord, if prayers are all in vain,
Grant us beyond the golden gate
With full and joyous hearts to come,
Leaving our burdens here below,
And hear the blessed welcome home
Which all Thy weary pilgrims know.

Extract from Baroness Bunsen's letter to Elizabeth de Bunsen (daughter of Samuel Gurney).

January 29th, 1874.

. . . How kind you are to give me an account of your aunt, Eliza Gurney, whose image is so bright in my remembrance. I am thankful for her that she is bodily and mentally so well preserved as to be enabled in old age to continue in real usefulness to her brethren in Christ, having the gift of communicating to others of the work of God in her own soul. Pray, if you think of it, remember me to her when you write, and assure her how thankfully I recall her visit to my dearest husband at Wiltbad, in 1857, when she sat with us through the afternoon, and uttered so many words of Christian love and eloquence.

Mary Whitall to E. P. G.

First mo. 30th, 1873.

. . . I had such a lovely visit to thee in my wanderings in dreamland that I can hardly think of thee as on a sick-bed,—thou came before me then in such a glow of health, and I walked with thee over thy house, where everything was so bright and fresh; the rays of the brightest sunshine pierced every corner, and I repeated in my sleep some lines of poetry that I had not seen or thought of for a long time,—

"The sun shone on her house by day,
By night the moonbeams fair,
And as of old in Israel,
'Twas never darkness there,"—

and then tried to repeat to thee the following, but could only get hold of a line or two:

"He is my Lord, my Love, my all,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my strength in weakness, He
Strives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only hope and stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day."

It was just lovely, and West Hill seemed like a little heaven; and when I woke, and thought how thou hadst been going about comforting others, I could rejoicingly believe that joy and peace would be given thee.

E. P. Gurney's constant and helpful friend, William J. Allinson, died in Burlington, Sixth month, 1874. His widow, Rebecca W. Allinson, writes:

Eighth mo. 18th, 1874.

. . . My thoughts have been closely drawn toward thee in a fellowship of sympathy unknown before in the same degree. I know now, my precious friend, what it is to be glad for those who rest from their labors, while a sense of utter bereavement, as regards an almost life-long companionship, comes over one at moments with crushing weight. The thirty-five years of our union cover reminiscences blended with all that was lovely and of good report, often mingled with trial and proving, but still,

> "Through rough ascent and even slope,
> Permitting us to mourn with hope,"

and to rejoice with trembling. And then it will be only a little while and we may join the general assembly in our Father's house on high.

I was rejoiced to hear thou wast with the mourning company assembled on First day morning, and enabled to testify to the truth. Words are inadequate to express my sense of what thy sympathy and Christian love have been and still are to all of us.

The pure, beautiful shell is lovely to look upon, and seems to bear with it sweet thoughts of ocean's tossings, and of the time when there shall be "no more sea."

E. P. Gurney greatly enjoyed a short visit about this time from William Edward Forster, M.P., since Chief Secretary for Ireland, the son of her lamented friend, William Forster, together with Sir T. Fowell Buxton, grandson of the philanthropist of the same name, who were spending a few weeks in America. The former was again at West Hill rather later.

E. P. G. wrote to M. Whitall:

And now what shall I say of the delightful time we have had with our deeply-interesting and distinguished visitor? He came to us most unexpectedly on Seventh day, and left on Second, but not until we had had two or three precious hours of his company, including a sweet little reading and a heart-tendering farewell, because we fully realized that it would be

the last. How I did long for some of you beloved ones then! Both mind and heart were so entirely unlocked, and he appeared to such peculiar advantage. Those who just see him for a moment can scarcely appreciate the wealth of his affections, the riches of his intellect, the sparkling humor, which so reminds me of his uncle Buxton, and the remarkable straightforwardness which from his earliest years have marked his course. I was so glad to have the opportunity of talking intimately with him about my dear home relatives in England, John Henry most especially, of whom he spoke in terms to please even me.

Catharine M. Brown to E. P. G.

. . . I can hardly tell thee the gratification it has been to me to read again and again, with many memories, thy little volume, "Heart Utterances." It seems to me there may be only a few left who can look back through the very same years, beginning at Frankford and Westtown, and all the way forward through our long and marked pilgrimages,—who can read those pieces and trace them with more interest than I have done. Now, is this egotism? My eyes are dim, but it feels like love. . . . I can hardly tell which I like the best, but "When the eagle stirreth up her nest" seems just now to come impressively to

my heart; and surely, my dear friend, thou hast deeply known all its truths. The sweetest balm for all we suffer is to feel and believe

> "'Tis only the Parent hand of Love
> That is stirring up the nest."

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G., on the death of her beloved and honored friend, John Hodgkin.

Eighth mo., 1875.

Surely these losses are designed to draw us more close to Him in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell. The longer I live the more I love to rest upon the words "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." And yet, though we know that all our springs are in Him, we cannot but deeply feel when the vessels are taken away which were wont to convey to us such precious draughts from the living well.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

I have been hourly longing to acknowledge thy precious little farewell paper messenger, with all of which my spirit has true unity, but most especially with the latter part of it, to which I say "Amen" with all my heart. I often long to quit the "debata-

ble land" forever, it is so thoroughly unprofitable to dwell upon disputed points, and always leaves one utterly impoverished.

> "Why should we differ by the way?
> Why should dissensions come?
> We hope to spend an endless day
> In one eternal home."

Give my warmest love to thy dear and honored husband. Although we seldom meet, I always think of him as one whose silent ministry testifies loudly to the truth of the inspired language, that "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever." . . . While some of the dear, zealous Friends in Philadelphia are striving about words to little profit, and warming themselves with coals of their own kindling, I have been refreshing my spirit by looking over some delightful letters from veterans in the army of the Lamb, who are now engaged in singing living praises unto Him who hath washed them from their sins in His own precious blood, such as dear William Forster, Edward Pease, Stephen Grellet, John Cox, and others.

J. B. Braithwaite to E. P. G.

Fourth mo. 24th, 1876.

I have been thinking much of you during your Yearly Meeting, which is, I presume, now over. The state of things is peculiarly trying to the faith, especially for those who desire steadily to pursue the even tenor of their way, without turning aside to either extreme, but looking with the single eye unto the one Lord. I feel deeply for our dear young friends. The responsibility of the Church on their account is very great. The sense of it often makes me humble. But deeply as we may feel, nothing should induce us to put forth our hands to stay the tottering Ark in our own wisdom. The Lord's own time and method must be waited for. In the mean time we must watch with the listening ear and the willing and obedient heart. Prayer, deep, fervent, and believing, must be the atmosphere in which we live. And I have faith to believe that our gracious Lord, who has raised us up to bear testimony to so many precious portions of His truth, will in His mercy bless us and do us good, healing our backslidings and divisions, and uniting us in His love.

Elizabeth Hodgkin to E. P. G.

BOURNEMOUTH, Ninth mo. 10th, 1876.

MY BELOVED COUSIN,—I trust thou wilt not measure my gratitude for thy letter by my slowness in acknowledging it. I did highly appreciate the effort thou made in writing me, and I thank thee from the depths of my wearied heart for those understanding words of sympathy. Yes, it is the widow who alone can understand the new-made widow's anguish. One year has rolled away since my lovely Nellie went home, the first overwhelming grief,—I believe more heavy now, being unshared by him who best knew my heart's sorrow, and for my sake concealed his own. But it crushed him; he never rallied, and in three months the death-wound fell on him. . . . Oh, how often our heart and lips are now saying, "Oh, to be over yonder," where there is no more separation, "in the presence of the King!"

I am truly grieved to hear of dear, kind Dr. Taylor's failing health. I seem to love and value him now more than ever, so closely is his memory bound with my precious husband.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

. . . Since thou wast here I have been listening to ——'s critique, and think it excellent, as far as

it goes; that is to say, I entirely unite with her views in reference to justification by faith. But has she not laid herself open to the mystical remarks of her opponent by stopping short of the whole plan of salvation through a once-suffering and crucified Saviour, a now risen and reigning Lord? Has she not given an undue prominence to the blessed and glorious work that has been done for us without us, to the utter exclusion of the equally blessed and all-important work which must be accomplished within us, before we can be made meet for the heavenly inheritance that has been purchased for us, and to which we can have no possible claim but the free, unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus? While I would utterly ignore the unsound views of ——, I must confess my Bible teaches me that I must not only be freed from the guilt, but also from the pollution, of sin,—not only be justified by faith, but sanctified by the Spirit; for Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing. So that, while justification gives us the title to the mansion in the Father's house, sanctification must give us the fitness for it, for "without holiness no man can see the Lord." Dost thou remember

what Jay says on this disputed question?—"The one regards something done for us; the other, something done in us. The one is a change in our state; the other, a change in our nature. The one is perfect at once, the other is gradual. We need the one as well as the other; for if we were not sanctified as well as justified, we could neither serve God properly nor enjoy Him. Suppose an unrenewed man pardoned: he would be no more able to see the kingdom of God than before, but would feel the company, the pleasures, and the enjoyments of the heavenly state uncongenial and irksome. Or suppose you had a son, and you forbade him to enter a place of contagion, on pain of losing all you could leave him: he goes, and is seized with the infection. He thus is not only guilty by transgressing your command, but he is also diseased; and do you not perceive that your forgiving him does not heal him? He wants not only the father's pardon, but the physician's aid, and in vain is he freed from the forfeiture of his estate if he be left under the power of the disorder." Excuse my scribbling on at such a rate. I was so much interested by dear ——'s capital presentation of one-half the gospel plan, as I consider it, that my pen would not be restrained from adding the other. Wouldst thou mind sending her the accompanying tract of Bishop McIlvaine,

with my dear love, and ask her what she thinks of it? He is considered one of our soundest theologians. But I should like to quote a line or two from our own beloved and honored William Forster: "Oh, how I love to dwell upon the mercies of God in Christ Jesus! How it humbles the pride of man into the very dust of his unworthiness. And when applied under the animating influence of the Spirit, how it raises the soul in hope of an inheritance incorruptible in the heavens! No room for the creature, its own works, its own merits, its own excellences! There every crown is cast down at the footstool of the Redeemer, and Christ within and Christ without becomes our hope of glory,—not one without the other, but both in blessed unison, exalting His own praise!"

E. P. G. to M. Whitall (on the death of John M. Whitall).

Sixth mo., 1877.

I trust I shall not weary thee, my own dear friend, but I must send one line, if only to assure thee that thy sweet letter was a true help and comfort to me yesterday,—more so than I can possibly describe. . . . I have so followed thee from day to day and hour to hour, and in the silent watches of the night the breathing of my spirit for thee is, May the Lord

bless and keep thee, lift up the light of His glorious countenance upon thee, and give thee peace! Thy precious husband's message was a real comfort to me. It is so sweet to think of him as "safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on the Saviour's breast!"—safe for Time, safe for Eternity! "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Surely these beatitudes belong to him. And there is one which at this moment rises in my heart, as more especially appropriate to the beloved ones who are gathering around him: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

I feel sure, my beloved friend, thy prayer for a submissive spirit will be answered. Indeed, I think thou dost already realize that it is "sweet to lie passive in His hand, and know no will but His."

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

My precious Friend.— . . . In bidding thee lovingly farewell, I am comforted and cheered by the persuasion that thou art indeed a portion of the vineyard of the heavenly Husbandman, which He Himself hath blessed, of which He has said so sweetly, "I, the Lord, do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night

and day." Then to His tender care I do confidingly commit thee, for life or death. Perhaps He may see meet that we should look upon each other's faces once again in mutability; if not, I reverently believe that, through the fulness of His own atoning mercy, He will unite our ransomed spirits in that better land, where there is no more sorrow, no more separation, no more sin, and no more death, but where, with those most tenderly beloved ones who have gone before us, we may unite in singing praises unto Him who hath redeemed us with His own precious blood. So be it, saith my soul. I bid thee most affectionately farewell in the Lord, and am thy faithfully attached and grateful friend.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

"DEARLY BELOVED AND LONGED FOR,"—I am sure I can adopt this language of the apostle in all sincerity, for I do love thee dearly, and long to see thee more than I can say, although appearances are certainly against me, not having written thee a line since our sweet parting at Atlantic City. But how often have I thought of thee with true and tender sympathy, how often have I longed to share the pressure which I well know at times weighs down thy spirit, even when thy lips are uttering praises unto Him who dealeth tenderly with His believing

children! All are partakers of the cup of mixture; but how sweet to realize that it is in a loving Father's hand, that He poureth out the same, and giveth to His dear adopted children just so much of joy and sorrow as He sees there is a "need be" for! Thus, I assuredly believe, He has been dealing with thee, and the cheerful resignation of thy spirit is an acceptable sacrifice unto Him.

I rather hoped to have seen our dear friend, Stanley Pumphrey, at meeting this morning, but, as usual, we were left to ourselves; and now that R. W. Allinson is gone, it is really a lonely allotment. Only Sarah R. Smith and Robert Thomas in the gallery, and not a single utterance but my own, which I had hardly faith enough to render audible. Oh, how I miss the help of thy dear, sympathizing spirit at such times as these! It was a real comfort to me at Atlantic City, especially at the little cottage meetings, in which there certainly did seem to be as much solemnity as in the larger ones. But they are all passed away like a dream, and probably I shall never be there again. However, "secret things belong unto the Lord our God," and those that suffer according to His holy will must commit the keeping of their souls unto Him in well doing as unto a faithful Creator. We know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep

that which we have committed unto Him against that day.

Speaking of Stanley Pumphrey, I was fain to say that when I heard of his being so weighted by the prospect before him, I felt quite drawn to him in tender sympathy. Truly it is no light thing to speak in the name of the Lord at such a time as this, and I think he will feel it to be so.

E. P. G. to M. Whitall.

(No date.)

. . . I have been completely absorbed by the deeply interesting little memoir (of John M. Whitall). Dear H. has given us such a life-like picture of thy precious husband that I can almost fancy I have been conversing with him and have seen the twinkle in his laughing eye; but nothing has recalled him with such sweetness as his own faithful record of his inner life, his honest statement of his hits and misses, and his graphic description of all the way his blessed Lord had led him throughout the perils of the wilderness, "to humble him and to prove him, and to know what was in his heart, whether he would serve him, yea or nay," thus sealing it upon his dedicated servant's spirit that "man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Indeed, I have felt

it quite refreshing in these modern times to dwell on the experience of a "Quaker of the olden time," when men had fellowship one with another, and realized for themselves that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. But I must not enlarge. In these days of physical infirmity, when my heart and my flesh are failing me, I desire to be clothed with fervent charity, and to "owe no man anything, but to love one another." Is it not sweet to feel, my own dear friend, that the Great Shepherd of the sheep is watching over us, and that He does keep those in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Him, because they are trusting in Him? The breathing of my spirit at this moment is that, even though the billows may be suffered to arise and agitate and discompose the surface, the very "peace of God, which passeth understanding, may keep thy heart and mind through Jesus Christ."

E. P. Gurney's love for children was a prominent characteristic. The daily visits of her niece's little ones, living near by, were an unceasing pleasure; and her cordial greeting and endless store of interesting converse and amusement made her chair a centre of rare enjoyment to them.

A widowed niece, with her little daughter, about three years of age, resided with E. P. Gurney at

West Hill. The winning ways and sweet disposition of the child had endeared her very closely to her aunt, and she seemed the sunshine of the house. But a sudden attack of scarlet fever took her from their loving arms, and E. P. Gurney was again plunged into deep, but not hopeless, mourning. Most touching and appropriate were the words quoted by a dear friend at the little grave: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

E. P. G. to H. K. H.

West Hill, First mo., 1879.

I know thou hast been with us in spirit while the waves and the billows have been passing over us, and it has seemed at seasons as if the water flood must overwhelm, but—blessed be the name of our compassionate Saviour!—He has not suffered the deep to swallow us up, though truly He has "sore broken us in the valley of humiliation, and covered us with the shadow of death." Thou canst hardly imagine the depths we have been passing through, or the wrench it has been to some of us to part forever with this darling child, who had twined herself so closely round every fibre of our clinging hearts, —parted forever, as regards this fleeting scene, but I confidingly believe there is a glorious meeting-place

where, through the fulness of redeeming mercy, all the Lord's ransomed children will be safely garnered. . . . Do not think, dearest H., because I have dwelt so much on the heartrending sorrow of giving up this precious little one, that unmitigated grief has been our portion. So far from this, that loving Saviour, one of whose blessed offices it is to comfort all that mourn, has been very near to His sorrowing children, pouring the balm of healing into every stricken heart, very remarkably into dear, precious ——'s, who, while writhing under the weight of His chastening hand, has been enabled to magnify the name of the holy Chastener. I have rarely ever witnessed a more striking instance of the power of Divine grace to elevate the soul above the crushing trials of the present hour and fill it with thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

E. P. Gurney's feelings sought expression in the following lines:

Not lost, my darling Elsie, but only gone before,
To give us joyful greeting upon the other shore,—
To welcome those who love thee to thy genial home in heaven,
Where thou art now rejoicing with the washed and the forgiven,
With all the ransomed company who circle round the Throne,
The palm of victory in their hand, the crown of glory on!
Oh, who would bring thee back to earth, with all its hidden snares,
Its sorrows, its perplexities, its burdens, and its cares?

Yet how we miss thee, Elsie! we miss thy gleeful tone,
Thy gentle step, thy ringing laugh, thou precious little one!
We sadly miss thy look of love, thy words of tenderness.
Thy mother's arms are empty now; she can no longer press
The babe she loved so dearly to her poor stricken heart.
Oh, it was agony indeed from that sweet child to part;
But she turned the eye of faith to heaven, that she might there behold
Her precious little lambkin, safe in the Saviour's fold.
"Mamma, I do love Jesus," were the solemn words she said,
Then on her gentle Saviour's breast pillowed her wearied head,
Singing with the whole host of heaven the everlasting song,
"To Him who washed us in His blood glory and praise belong."

The winter of 1879–80 was unusually prolific of sorrow to E. P. Gurney. In the First month, 1880, died her near neighbor and long-loved friend, Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, a man upon whose sterling worth and clear judgment she had been accustomed to rely with confidence, and who was always prompt to render his efficient aid in her varied needs. Samuel Bettle and Mary Whitall, of Philadelphia, with both of whom she had maintained a close friendship for many years, were also removed by death after a short interval, leaving with her a sense of sore bereavement and loneliness.

E. P. Gurney had arranged and published, under the title of "The Garland," a number of her favorite

poems, generally of a devotional character. A collection of some of her own poetical effusions was afterward printed for private circulation, entitled "Heart Utterances at Various Periods of a Checkered Life." Reference is made to the latter volume in the following letters.

Joel Bean to E. P. G.

WEST BRANCH, Fourth mo. 14th, 1881.

. . . I am disposed to take the pen to send thee at least a message of love. Anna Potts mentioned lately thy eightieth birthday. Years ago it was one of thy heart utterances,—

> "Alas! they have left me all alone
> By the receding tide;
> But, oh! the countless multitudes
> Upon the other side!"

We think of thee as in one sense more alone than often falls to the lot of the Zionward pilgrim. Yet, in a better sense, we can think of no one less alone. He who was thy morning light is thy evening song, as He leads thee still through proving and lonely paths to larger knowledge and deeper experience of the unsearchable riches of His grace. He is ever with thee, whether with the conscious shining of His face to comfort and lift thy spirit up, or with a

veil to make thee long more and press closer to His side. And not alone His companionship: the mountain is full about thee. "Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

Hannah E. Bean to E. P. G.

Fourth mo. 16th, 1881.

BELOVED FRIEND,—Our thoughts have been much with thee of late, and ever with the heart-cheering feeling that, although feebleness of body may be thy portion, yet He who has so eminently been "the health of thy countenance and thy God" has thee so safely sheltered under His Almighty wing that the strength of His spirit is thine. Faithfully hast thou labored for thy King while health and strength were given; now He has drawn thee aside to the holy mount, where, as He prompts the vocal or unuttered prayers for the Church and the individual workers in the vineyard, they arise as sweet incense, "golden vials full of odors." For the Church's sake, we long that thou mayst tarry long in the land of Beulah; but earnest is the prayer of my heart that our Father will send many and continually brighter tokens of His love to thee, both instrumentally

through the dear ones who daily minister to thee, and absent ones who cherish thy image, and ever by His own best gift of Himself. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy name is continually before me." Purchased, redeemed, sanctified, what can we ask more for thee but that patient endurance of the last tests may be rewarded with His peace here and the crown hereafter?

It would seem superfluous to attempt any fuller delineation of E. P. Gurney's religious character than has been already set forth in some of the foregoing pages. Her ministry, like her correspondence, gave no uncertain sound; and she had a happy facility in conveying distinctly to others her own clear views of gospel truth. Her public addresses were seldom of great length, but delivered with much dignity and solemnity of manner, and distinct, deliberate utterance, and were especially attractive to the young. Unshrinking when her duty required the delivery of solemn warning or serious admonition, yet the love of God in Christ Jesus was her favorite theme, the key to all her interpretations of Scripture. Controversy on points of minor importance was especially distasteful to her, as well as all radical views in doctrine or Church polity. She once wrote, "Extremes are painful and oppressive

to me, be they on which side they may. I prefer the middle of the middle way." She loved peace for its own sake, and delighted to dwell on the olden days, when the name of Friend conveyed no thought of coldness or estrangement.

> "For there was freedom in that wakening time
> Of tender souls; to differ was not crime:
> The varying bells made up the perfect chime."

The promotion of social intercourse and the maintenance of mutual interest, especially by those who were prominent in the religious Society of which she was a member, were regarded by her as important duties. She wrote, in reference to one who had failed in these respects: "I thought, surely this is only fulfilling a part of the mission,—preaching the word, but not being willing to communicate; reproving, rebuking, exhorting in the public gatherings, but wholly neglecting in the social circle to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with those who weep.' Is it not a slighting of the exhortation, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ'?"

Her own example in this respect was remarkable. She possessed the happy faculty of drawing out the latent powers of others, and her conversation was rich with the ripened fruits of her large experience,

and marked with the Christian charity that thinketh no evil. She "opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." Her heart instinctively prompted her to share with others whatever good she might possess, and when, as so often happened, she had guests whose conversation she thought would especially interest or edify her neighbors, they were freely invited to partake with her of the intellectual feast.

Some passages from one or two of the many interesting letters received after her departure may perhaps be properly inserted here.

Dr. J. C. T. to G. B. K.

Eleventh mo. 9th, 1881.

. . . The charm of her graceful and brilliant conversation was peculiarly her own, and it was always a privilege to be permitted to be with her. Few persons have been possessed of so great an endowment of heart and mind, to which her varied acquaintance with men and manners gave additional interest. Her association with the Society of Friends has embraced all the periods of deepest interest in its history for the last sixty years. She might truly have said, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." Her work as a young woman with Hannah C. Backhouse and her marriage with J. J.

Gurney in after-years, threw her into the fore-front of the agencies which saved the Society in this country and in England from Socinianism. How greatly she enjoyed, how keenly she suffered during those eventful periods! Of her own service as a Christian and as a minister of Christ all with whom she mingled can testify. She had pre-eminently the prophetic gift, and spoke directly to the states of her hearers. . . .

H. L. Neall to H. K. H.

February 17th, 1882.

. . . A most rare and exceedingly lovely woman was thy beloved aunt. She had the gift of knowing when and where to touch sin for healing, sorrow for comforting, evil for reproving, grief for consoling. She carried with her an aroma of sweetness and purity that made Christianity lovely and to be desired as a joy and happiness; she exemplified in her daily walk its refining and beautifying influence. She made goodness attractive for its own sake, and won the timid and distrustful to confidence and trust in the love which permeated her own life. If she came, as I believe we all must come, to Christ through tribulation, she bore the palm of victory so assuredly that one saw more of the glory of conquering than of the pang of suffering, more of the

strength of overcoming than of the anguish of enduring, and thus realized the power of religion to put aside lets and hinderances and press forward for the prize of the high calling which is in our Lord and Saviour. I never felt ministrations so tender and touching as were hers to me; and since I was a young girl I have had a most reverent and enduring affection for her, which neither time nor separation could in the least diminish, for it has been one of the realities of my life. And although I may not have written to or heard from her for months personally, I always knew my place in her heart, and that she felt an abiding interest in me and in my temporal as well as spiritual welfare.

The ample means at E. P. Gurney's disposal enabled her largely to enjoy the luxury of doing good as well to the bodies as to the souls of the needy, and her charities, though discriminating, were widely spread. Rarely did she fail to respond to the call of want or suffering, esteeming herself as simply a steward, not only of the manifold grace of God in spiritual things, but of her abundant temporal blessings, endeavoring to administer wisely all the talents committed to her keeping.

In person E. P. Gurney was somewhat above the medium height, and remarkably attractive in appear-

ance and address. In early life she was of rather slender frame, becoming much stouter as years advanced. A sprained ankle, received in jumping hastily from a carriage, caused a weakness from which she never fully recovered, and debarred her in her latter years from much intercourse with her friends, except at her own fireside, where she ever welcomed her numerous visitors with kind and graceful courtesy.

Her naturally good constitution was now evidently showing the inroads of time. The sight of one eye had been gone for many years, and the other partook of the weakness to such an extent that reading and writing, except by the aid of others, was often interdicted, and at times impossible. This privation she keenly felt, the more so from the fear lest some of her correspondents should fail fully to comprehend her inability to respond as she would have wished to do, and attribute to want of interest the silence that was unavoidable. Surrounded by loving and devoted nieces and relatives, all that affection could suggest was done to mitigate the infirmities of advancing age, and to soothe its inevitable loneliness.

During the winter of 1880 she was often missed from her accustomed seat in meeting. In the following summer she was again able to go to the sea-shore,

but without receiving the usual benefit from the ocean breezes; and she returned for the last time to West Hill in a condition of great physical weakness. Her faith in her Redeemer, "undimmed by doubt, undarkened by despair," sustained her through the last weary days of bodily trial, and, after about three weeks of suffering, the end came, in perfect peace, on the 8th of the Eleventh month, 1881.

The funeral, which took place at Friends' Meeting-House, Burlington, on the 11th of Eleventh month, was a time of solemnity not soon to be forgotten. All classes of the community seemed anxious to manifest their regard for her memory, feeling, as was truthfully expressed at the time, that she had indeed been "a succorer of many;" and not a few could add, "and of myself also."

The notice in the "Annual Monitor," already quoted, says, "By a happy, undesigned coincidence Richard Hanbury Joseph Gurney, her husband's youngest grandson, with his youthful bride, the granddaughter of the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and William Fowler, M.P., one of the nephews of his second wife, all from England, were present, and added to the interest of the occasion. Various affectionate testimonies were borne to the graces of her Christian life and the blessedness of her hope, full of immortality."

Her mortal remains repose in the quiet burial-ground attached to the meeting-house, surrounded by those of many of her kindred, and of beloved ones with whom she was accustomed to take sweet counsel, and to go up to the house of God in company.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

IN MEMORIAM.

E. P. GURNEY.

Died November 8, 1881.

Fitting are sombre clouds to-day,
And wild November's wailing blast:
A noble soul, and true, hath passed
From earth away!

Silent are lips that ne'er before
Were unresponsive to our tears;
The life and love that blessed our years
For us are o'er.

Our steps are on the withered leaves;
Clouds are alike within, without;
Yea, sorrows compass us about
Whom Death bereaves.

But, oh! for her who loved her Lord,
Who daily poured upon his feet
Love's precious ointment, rich and sweet,
Death is reward.

Hush, hush these selfish tears, this woe:
Do ye not hear a holy Voice?
"Ye, if ye loved me, would rejoice
Because I go."

So would she speak from that bright shore,
Beyond Death's darkly rolling tide,
Where she in glory shall abide
For evermore.

F. M. SHARPLESS.

THE END.

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